THE

WORKS

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KNIGHT

CONTAINING

HIS DISCOURSES, IDLERS,
A JOURNEY TO FLANDERS AND HOLLAND,
AND HIS COMMENTARY ON DU FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

An Account of the Life and Writings of the Author.

BY

EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.,
ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

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QUASI NON EA PRÆCIPIAM ALIIS, QUÆ MIHI IPSI DESUNT.

Cicero

TO

THE KING.

The regular progress of cultivated life is from necessaries to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments. By your illustrious predecessors were established Marts for Manufactures and Colleges for Science; but for the arts of elegance, those arts by which manufactures are embellished and science is refined, to found an Academy was reserved for Your Majesty.

Had such patronage been without effect, there had been reason to believe that Nature had, by some insurmountable impediment, obstructed our proficiency; but the annual improvement of the Exhibitions which Your Majesty has been pleased to encourage, shows that only encouragement had been wanting.

To give advice to those who are contending for royal liberality, has been for some years the duty of my station in the Academy; and these Discourses hope for Your Majesty's acceptance, as well-intended endeavours to incite that emulation which your notice has kindled, and direct those studies which your bounty has rewarded.

May it please Your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most dutiful Servant,

And most faithful Subject,

[1778.] JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE author of the following admirable works having, for near half a century, been well known to almost every person in this country who had any pretensions to taste or literature, to the present age an account of him, however brief, may seem wholly unnecessary ; nor should the reader be detained, even for a few minutes, from the pleasure which awaits him, but that posterity, while they contemplate with delight and admiration those productions of his pencil which place him on a level with Titian and Vandyck, will naturally wish to know something of the *man* as well as of the *painter*.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, 16th July 1723, the son of Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter. He was on every side connected with the Church, for both his father and grandfather were in holy orders, his mother was the daughter of a clergyman, and his maternal grandmother the daughter of the Rev. Mr Baker, an eminent mathematician of the last century, of whom we have an account in the *Biographia Britannica*. His father's elder brother, John, was also a clergyman, a Fellow of Eton College, and Canon of St. Peter's, Exeter.[1]

Mr Samuel Reynolds taught the grammar-school of Plympton, which could have afforded him but a moderate subsistence;

[1] This gentleman, who died in 1758, left his library, and the greater part of his fortune, to Exeter College in Oxford. There is a mezzotinto print of him, scraped by M'Ardell, (from a portrait painted by his nephew, now in Eton College,) which has erroneously been supposed to represent the father of the painter. See Bromley's Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits, 4to. 1792, p. 280.

nor was he enabled, by any ecclesiastical preferment, to provide for his numerous family, amounting to eleven children in all, of whom Joshua was the tenth. Five, however, of these children died in their infancy. His father had a notion,[1] that it might at some future period of life be an advantage to a child to bear an uncommon christian name, which might recommend him to the attention and kindness of some person bearing the same name, who, if he should happen to have no natural object of his care, might be led, even by so slight a circumstance, to become a benefactor. Hence our author derived the scriptural name of Joshua, which, though not very uncommon, occurs less frequently than many others; of this baptismal name, however, the Register of Plympton, by some negligence or inaccuracy, has deprived him.[2]

Under the tuition of Mr Reynolds he was for some time instructed in the classics; but at an early age his inclination for that art, of which he afterwards became so illustrious a professor, began to display itself; and his imperfect attempts[3] at delineation were encouraged by his father, who was himself fond of drawings, and had a small collection of anatomical and other prints. The young artist's first essays were made in copying several little things done by two of his elder sisters, who had likewise a turn for the art; and he afterwards (as he himself informed me) eagerly copied such prints as he met with among his father's books, particularly those which were given in the translation of Plutarch's Lives, published by Dryden. But his principal fund of imitation

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[1] From Dr. Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore.

[2] In the Register of Plympton, by which it appears that he was baptized on the 30th of July, he is styled "*Joseph*, son of Samuel Reynolds, Clerk;" probably in consequence of the entry not being made at the time of the baptism. The name, I suppose, was written originally on a slip of paper in an abbreviated form—"*Jos.* son of Samuel Reynolds"—and was, at a subsequent period, entered erroneously by the clergyman or clerk of the parish.

[3] Lady Inchiquin has one of these very early essays; a perspective view of a book-case, under which his father has written—"Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." It is on the back of a Latin exercise. Joshua's idleness was, his preferring the employment of his pencil to that of the pen.

was Jacob Cats' Book of Emblems, which his great-grandmother by the father's side, a Dutch woman, had brought with her from Holland. When he was but eight years old, he read with great avidity and pleasure THE JESUIT'S PERSPECTIVE, a book which happened to lie on the window-seat of his father's parlour; and made himself so completely master of it, that he never afterwards had occasion to study any other treatise on that subject.[1] He then attempted to draw the School at Plympton, a building elevated on stone pillars; and he did it so well, that his father said, "Now this exemplifies what the author of the 'Perspective' asserts in his Preface,—that, by observing the rules laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful."[2] From these attempts he proceeded to draw likenesses of the friends and relations of his family, with tolerable success. But what most strongly confirmed him in his love of the art, was Richardson's Treatise on Painting; the perusal of which so delighted and inflamed his mind, that Raffaelle appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern time: a notion which he loved to indulge all the rest of his life.

His propensity for this fascinating art growing daily more manifest, his father thought fit to gratify his inclination; and when he was not much more than seventeen years of age, on St. Luke's day, Oct. the 18th, 1740, he was placed as a pupil under his countryman Mr Hudson,[3] who, though but an ordi-

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[1] From himself in 1786.

[2] From the late James Boswell, Esq. to whom this little circumstance was communicated by our author.

[3] Thomas Hudson, who was the scholar and son-in-law of Richardson the painter, was born in 1701. "He enjoyed," (says Lord Orford, ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, iv. 122, 8vo.) "for many years, the chief business of portrait-painting in the capital, after the favourite artists, his master and Jervas, were gone off the stage; though Vanloo first, and Liotard afterwards, for a few years diverted the torrent of fashion from the established professor. Still the country gentlemen were faithful to their compatriot, and were content with his honest similitudes, and with the fair tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats, which he bestowed liberally on his customers, and which, with complacency, they beheld

nary painter, was the most distinguished artist of that time. After spending a few years in London, which he employed in acquiring the rudiments of his art, on a disagreement with his master about a very slight matter, he in 1743 removed to Devonshire, where, as he told me, he passed about three years in company from whom little improvement could be got. When he recollected this period of his life, he always spoke of it as so much time thrown away, (so far as related to a knowledge of the world and of mankind,) of which he ever afterwards lamented the loss. However, after some little dissipation, he sat down seriously to the study and practice of his art; and he always considered the disagreement which induced him to leave Mr Hudson as a very fortunate circumstance, since by this means he was led to deviate from the tameness and insipidity of his master, and to form a manner of his own.

While in this career, the first of his performances which brought him into any considerable notice, was the portrait of Captain Hamilton, father of the present Marquis of Abercorn, which he painted so early as in the year 1746.[1] When at a late period of his life he saw this portrait, he was surprised to find it so well done; and comparing it with his later works, with that modesty which always accompanies genius, lamented that in such a series of years he should not have made a greater progress in his art.[2]

On Christmas-day, 1746, his father, a man highly respect-

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multiplied in Faber's mezzotintos. The better taste introduced by Sir Joshua Reynolds put an end to Hudson's reign, who had the good sense to resign the throne soon after finishing his capital work, the family-piece of Charles Duke of Marlborough." [About 1756.] He died, Jan. 26, 1779, aged 78.

[1] It is now in the possession of the Marquis of Abercorn; and there is a portrait of the same gentleman with his children around him, a small family-piece, painted by young Reynolds about the same time, in the collection of Lord Eliot, at Port Eliot in Cornwall.

[2] He made the same observation on viewing the picture of a Boy reading, which he also painted in 1746: an admirable piece, which was sold by auction, among other of his works, in 1796, to Sir Henry Englefield, Bart. for thirty-five guineas.

ed in his native county, died; and left our young painter to raise, as he could, the fabric of his own fortune. After spending a few more years in the practice of painting, partly in London[1] and partly in Devonshire, where many of his early essays yet remain, he became acquainted with George, the third Lord Edgcumbe, and Captain (afterwards Lord) Keppel, by each of whom he was warmly patronised; and the latter being appointed to the command of a small squadron on the Mediterranean station, Mr Reynolds embraced the opportunity which his kindness offered, and accompanied him thither, sailing from Plymouth, May 11th, 1749. In the course of their voyage (during which he had accommodations in the Captain's own ship,) they touched at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Minorca; and after spending about two months in Portmahon, the principal town of that island, in December he sailed to Leghorn, from which place he proceeded to Rome.

Among our author's loose papers, I have found some detached and unconnected thoughts, written occasionally as hints for a discourse on a new and singular plan, which he appears, at a late period of his life, to have had it in contemplation to compose and deliver to the Academy, and which he seems to have intended as a history of his mind, so far as concerned his art, and of his progress, studies, and practice; together with a view of the advantages which he had enjoyed, and the disadvantages he had laboured under, in the course that he had run: a scheme from which, however liable it might be to the ridicule of wits and scoffers, (a circumstance of which, he says, he was perfectly aware,) he conceived the students might derive some useful documents for the regulation of their own conduct and practice. It is much to be regretted that he did not live to compose such a discourse; for, from the hand of so great and candid an artist, it could not but have been highly curious and instructive. One of these fragments

[1] At this period he lived in St. Martin's Lane, which was then a favourite residence of artists; nearly opposite to May's Buildings.

relating to his feelings when he first went to Italy, every reader will, I am confident, be pleased with its insertion.

" It has frequently happened, (says this great painter,) as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raffaelle, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved, so little impression had these performances made on them. One of the first painters now in France once told me, that this circumstance happened to himself; though he now looks on Raffaelle with that veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of the art. I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother-student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaelle had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only, who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaelle, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not indeed be lower,) were to be totally done away, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that

I should become as a *little child.* Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them, more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained.

"Having since that period frequently revolved this subject in my mind, I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention. On such occasions as that which I have men tioned, we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness; as if it were to be expected that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raffaelle's genius. I flatter myself that now it would be so, and that I have a just and lively perception of his great powers: but let it be always remembered, that the excellence of his style is not on the surface, but lies deep; and at the first view is seen but mistily. It is the florid style, which strikes at once, and captivates the eye for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment. Nor does painting in this respect differ from other arts. A just poetical taste, and the acquisition of a nice discriminative musical ear, are equally the work of time. Even the eye, however perfect in itself, is often unable to distinguish between the brilliancy of two diamonds; though the experienced jeweller will be amazed at its blindness; not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the most perfect, and that his own power of discrimination was acquired by slow and imperceptible degrees.

"The man of true genius, instead of spending all his

hours, as many artists do while they are at Rome, in measuring statues and copying pictures, soon begins to think for himself, and endeavours to do something like what he sees. I consider general copying (he adds) as a delusive kind of industry: the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object: as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work, and those powers of invention and disposition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise. How incapable of producing any thing of their own those are, who have spent most of their time in making finished copies, is an observation well known to all who are conversant with our art."[1] We may be assured, therefore, that this great painter did not fall into the error here pointed out;—did not long continue the practice of copying the great works[2] which were at this period within his reach; but rather employed his time in examining and fixing in his mind their peculiar and characteristic excellencies. Instead of copying the touches of the great masters, he aspired to copy their conceptions. "From contemplating the works of Titian, Correggio, &c." (says he in another of his fragments,) "we derive this great advantage; we learn that certain niceties of expression are capable of being executed, which otherwise we might consider as beyond the reach of art: this inspires us with some degree of confidence, and we are thus incited to endeavour at other excellencies in the same line."

Some account of his particular practice and habits of study, while he was in Italy, is, I know, much desired by several artists of the present day; but these I have no means of investigating. The method which he followed when he

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[1] This observation occurs nearly in the same words in the first Discourse.

[2] Of the few copies which he made while he was at Rome, two are now in the possession of the Earl of Inchiquin, who married his niece, Miss Palmer; St. Michael, the archangel, slaying the Dragon, after Guido; and the School of Athens, from Raffaelle: both masterly performances.

was at Venice, in order to ascertain the principles on which the great masters of colouring wrought, and to attain the true management of light and shade, he has himself particularly mentioned in a note on Du Fresnoy's Poem."[1]

While he was in Italy, he occasionally indulged himself in Caricatura, which was much in vogue at that time. Of pieces of this description, the only one which I have seen of his hand, is a large picture,[2] containing about twenty figures, being all the English gentlemen of note who were then at Rome. This caricatura, however, was not like the more modern productions in that style, being done with the consent of the gentlemen represented. It was a kind of picturesque travesty of Raffaelle's SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

After an absence of near three years, he began to think of returning home; and a slight circumstance which he used to mention, may serve to shew, that however great may have been the delight which he derived from residence in a country that Raffaelle and Michael Angelo had embellished by their genius and their works, the prospect of revisiting his native land was not unpleasing. When he was at Venice, in compliment to the English gentlemen then residing there, the manager of the opera one night ordered the band to play an English ballad-tune. Happening to be the popular air which was played or sung in almost every street, just at the time of their leaving London, by suggesting to them that metropolis with all its connexions and endearing circumstances, it immediately brought tears into our author's eyes, as well as into those of his countrymen who were present.

On his arrival in London in 1752,[3] he very soon attracted the public notice; and not long afterwards the whole-length portrait which he painted of his friend and patron, Admiral

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[1] See Note XXXIX on Du Fresnoy's Poem.

[2] In the collection of Joseph Henry, Esq. of Straffan, in the County of Kildare, in Ireland.

[3] On his return from Italy, he hired a large house in Newport Street, now divided into two houses. Here he continued to dwell till the year 1761, when he removed to Leicester Fields.

Keppel, exhibited such powers, that he was not only universally acknowledged to be at the head of his profession, but to be the greatest painter that England had seen since Vandyck. The whole interval between the time of Charles the First, and the conclusion of the reign of George the Second, though distinguished by the performances of Lely, Riley, and Kneller, seemed to be annihilated; and the only question was, whether the new painter, or Vandyck, were the more excellent. For several years before the period we are now speaking of, the painters of portraits contented themselves with exhibiting as correct a resemblance as they could; but seem not to have thought, or had not the power, of enlivening the canvass by giving a kind of historic air to their pictures. Mr Reynolds very soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors;[1] hence in many of his portraits, particularly when combined in family groups, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likeness, in which however he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the mind, and habits, and manners, of those who sat to him;[2] and accordingly the majority of his portraits are so appropriate and characteristic, that the many illustrious persons whom he has delineated, will be almost as well known to posterity, as if they had seen and conversed with them.

Very soon after his return from Italy, his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced; and their intimacy continued uninterrupted to the time of Johnson's death. Happening to meet with the Life of Savage in Devonshire, which, though published some years before, was then new to him, he began

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[1] Dahl, Richardson, Jervas, Thornhill, Hudson, Slaughter, &c.

[2] The various portraits of Mr Garrick, those of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Robinson Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Camden, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr Burke, Mr Mason, Mr Foote, Mr Sterne, Mr Fox, Mr Sheridan, Mr Gibbon, Dr. Markham Archbishop of York, Lord Mansfield, Lord Thurlow, Lord Heathfield, the execrable Duke of Orleans, Lord Richard Cavendish, Mr Andrew Stewart, Mr Pott, Mr Boswell, Mr Windham, and Mr Cholmondeley, are eminent instances of the truth of this observation.

to read it (as Mr Boswell has informed us) " while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece. It seized his attention so strongly, that not being able to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed."[1] Being then unacquainted with the author, he must naturally have had a strong desire to see and converse with that extraordinary man ; and, as the same writer relates, he about this time was introduced to him. " When Johnson lived in Castle-Street, Cavendish-Square, he used frequently to visit two ladies who lived opposite to him, (Mr Reynolds,)[2] the Miss Cotterells, daughters of Admiral Cotterell. Reynolds used also to visit there, and thus they met. Mr Reynolds, as I have observed above, had, from the first reading of his Life of Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnson's powers of writing. His conversation no less delighted him, and he cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one who was ambitious of general improvement. Sir Joshua indeed was lucky enough at their first meeting to make a remark, which was so much above the common-place style of conversation, that Johnson at once perceived that Reynolds had the habit of thinking for himself. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations ; upon which Reynolds observed,—" You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burthen of gratitude." They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish ; but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature, which it exhibited, like some of the Reflections of Rochefaucault. The consequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and supped with him.

" Sir Joshua told me a pleasant characteristical anecdote of Johnson, about the time of their first acquaintance. When they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells, the

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[1] Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, i. 144.

[2] In Newport-street.

then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank, came in. Johnson, thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected, as low company of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry; and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine they were low indeed, he addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr Reynolds, saying, 'How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were *to work as hard as we could?*' as if they had been common mechanics."[1]

How much he profited by his acquaintance with this excellent and extraordinary man, he intended to have particularly mentioned in the Discourse which, as I have already observed, he had it in contemplation to compose. "I remember (says he,) Mr Burke, speaking of the essays of Sir Francis Bacon, said, he thought them the best of his works. Dr Johnson was of opinion, 'that their excellence and their value consisted in being the observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there, what you seldom find in other books.' It is this kind of excellence which gives a value to the performances of artists also. It is the thoughts expressed in the works of Michael Angelo, Correggio, Raffaelle, Parmegiano, and perhaps some of the old Gothic masters, and not the inventions of Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano, and others that I might mention, which we seek after with avidity. From the former we learn to think originally. May I presume to introduce myself on this occasion, and even to mention, as an instance of the truth of what I have remarked, the very Discourses which I have had the honour of delivering from this place. Whatever merit they have, must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under

[1] Life of Johnson, i. 217. Johnson, however, continued to live in intimacy with these ladies, whom he frequently mentions in his letters to Baretti. In that dated Dec. 11, 1762, he says, "Miss Cotterell is still with Mrs Porter: Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children," ibid. p. 341. The elder of these ladies visited him not long before his death.

Dr Johnson. I do not mean to say, though it certainly would be to the credit of these Discourses, if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them; but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge; but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. In mixed company, and frequently in company that *ought* to have looked up to him, many, thinking they had a character for learning to support, considered it as beneath them to enlist in the train of his auditors; and to such persons he certainly did not appear to advantage, being often impetuous and overbearing. The desire of shining in conversation was in him indeed a predominant passion; and if it must be attributed to vanity, let it at the same time be recollected, that it produced that loquaciousness from which his more intimate friends derived considerable advantage. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on every thing about us, I applied to our art; with what success others must judge. Perhaps an artist in his studies should pursue the same conduct; and instead of patching up a particular work on the narrow plan of imitation, rather endeavour to acquire the art and power of thinking. On this subject I have often spoken; but it cannot be too often repeated, that the general power of composition may be acquired; and when acquired, the artist may then lawfully take hints from his predecessors. In reality indeed it appears to me, that a man must begin by the study of others. Thus, Bacon became a great thinker, by first entering into and making himself master of the thoughts of other men."

In consequence of his connection with Dr Johnson, he, in 1759, furnished that writer with three Essays on the subject of painting, which appeared in the IDLER, and were, I believe, our author's first literary performance.

But though he derived great advantage and instruction from this very distinguished writer, with whom he lived in uninter-

rupted intimacy for thirty years, Johnson was not his original preceptor in the art of thinking, as has been suggested to me by our common friend, the late ever-to-be-lamented Mr Burke; whose death, which happened a few months after the first edition of these works, would at any time have been a grievous loss to his country, but at the present distressful and momentous period, is an irreparable calamity to the whole civilized world. " I find," (said this sagacious and profound observer, whose approbation and whose remarks are so interwoven, that I cannot avail myself of the latter without the former,) " I find but one thing material which you have omitted in the life of our inestimable friend. You state very properly how much he owed to the writings and conversation of Johnson; and nothing shews more the greatness of Sir Joshua's parts than his taking advantage of both, and making some application of them to his profession, when Johnson neither understood, nor desired to understand, any thing of painting, and had no distinct idea of its nomenclature, even in those parts which had got most into use in common life. But though Johnson had done much to enlarge and strengthen his habit of thinking, Sir Joshua did not owe his first rudiments of speculation to him. He has always told me, that he owed his first disposition to generalize, and to view things in the abstract, to old Mr Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and brother to the celebrated mechanic of that name. I have myself seen Mr Mudge the clergyman, at Sir Joshua's house. He was a learned and venerable old man; and, as I thought, very much conversant in the Platonic Philosophy, and very fond of that method of philosophizing. He had been originally a dissenting minister: a description which at that time bred very considerable men, both among those who adhered to it, and those who left it. He had entirely cured himself of the unpleasant narrowness which, in the early part of his life, had distinguished those gentlemen, and was perfectly free from the ten times more dangerous enlargement which has been since then their general characteristic. Sir Joshua Reynolds had always a great love for the whole of that family, and took a great interest in whatever related to them. His acquaintance with the Mudges

ought to be reckoned among the earliest of his literary connections. It was from him that I first got a view of the few that have been published of Mr Mudge's Sermons; and on conversing afterwards with Mr Mudge, I found great traces of Sir Joshua Reynolds in him, and, if I may say so, much of the manner of the master."[1]

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[1] Letter from the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, to the Editor, dated Bath, May 4, 1797.

Our author's early friend and instructor died April 3, 1769, and his memory was honoured by the following characteristic encomium, written by Dr Johnson, and inserted May 2, (under the article of DEATHS,) in the LONDON CHRONICLE:

"The Reverend Mr Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St Andrew's in Plymouth: a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion, and reverenced as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous, and that general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

"His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what enquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for, knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

"The general course of his life was determined by his profession: he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success, his Notes upon the Psalms give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabic to that of Hebrew; but finding his thoughts too much diverted, from other studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

"His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public; but how they were delivered, can be known only to those that heard them; for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained, was not negligent, and though forcible, was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis, and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject, without directing it to the speaker.

"The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious, he was popular; though inflexible, he was candid; and though metaphysical, yet orthodox."

Mr Mudge's sermons, which have been so highly and justly praised, were published in one volume, in 1739.

To mark the gradual progress of our illustrious painter's reputation from year to year, is not the object of the present memoir; but the era of the establishment of that Academy which gave rise to the following DISCOURSES, forming a memorable epoch in the history of the Arts, may justly claim particular notice.

The Painters of Great Britain, from about the year 1750,[1] with a view of promoting their art by painting from living models, associated together in a kind of Academy in St Martin's Lane, which they supported by annual subscription. Their efforts, however, were not very successful till ten years afterwards;[2] when, in imitation of foreign Academies, they formed a scheme of an annual exhibition of their works, which, it was supposed, would be a probable means of attracting the public attention. In this speculation they were not disappointed; and having thus secured a firmer footing, they afterwards (Jan. 26, 1765,) obtained a royal charter of incorporation.[3] Not long after their incorporation, however, the Artists who were not incorporated, conceiving some jealousy against this body, resolved no longer to submit to their regulations, and to undertake an Exhibition of their own; which was continued for a few years with no great success. To compose these jarring interests, and to give

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[1] The first effort towards an Institution of this kind in the present century, was made in 1724, when Sir James Thornhill opened an Academy for Drawing at his house in Covent-garden. He had before proposed to Lord Halifax to obtain the foundation of a Royal Academy, to be built at the upper end of the Mews, with apartments for the Professors, &c. See Walpole's ANECDOTES of PAINTING, iv. 45.

[2] Their first Exhibition was in the year 1760. "The Artists (says Dr Johnson in a letter to Joseph Baretti, dated London, June 10, 1761,) have instituted a yearly Exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign Academies. This year was the *second* Exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English School will rise in reputation." Boswell's Life of Johnson, i. 328.

[3] The principal artists from whom this scheme originated, were Mr Moser, Mr Wilson, Mr Penny, Mr Hayman, Mr West, Mr Sandby, Mr Stubbs, and Mr (afterwards Sir William) Chambers; whose ready access to his Majesty, in consequence of his official situation, facilitated and gave efficacy to his exertions.

permanent dignity to a new establishment, his Majesty, in Dec. 1768,[1] was pleased to institute a ROYAL ACADEMY of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, composed of "the ablest and most respectable Artists resident in Great Britain;"[2] and Mr Reynolds, holding unquestionably the first rank in his profession, was nominated their President. Soon afterwards he received the honour of knighthood.

It was no part of the prescribed duty of his office to read lectures to the Academy; but our author voluntarily imposed this task upon himself, for the reasons which he has assigned in his fifteenth Discourse: "If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the President on the delivery of those prizes; and the President for his own credit would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment; which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none: I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive obser-

[1] An Academy had been constituted under the royal patronage in 1767; but the plan was more confined, and the Institution was supported by an Annual Subscription. The new Royal Establishment instituted in 1768, which still subsists, was to be supported by the produce of an Annual Exhibition; and the deficiency (if any) was to be supplied out of his Majesty's privy purse. For a few years the infant institution required the aid of his Majesty's bounty; who, at various times, was pleased to advance for its support above £5000. The Exhibitions, however, becoming annually more profitable, in a short time were more than adequate to support the establishment; in consequence of which the Academy have now a considerable property in the Stocks, part of which they have lately appropriated to create a fund for decayed artists. From 1769 to 1780 the Exhibitions produced, at an average, about £1500 annually; from 1780 to 1796, about £2500. The receipts in 1780, when the Academy exhibited their works for the first time at Somerset-Place, amounted to more than £3000, and those of 1796 exceeded the sum produced by the Exhibition of 1780; being the year of the greatest receipt from the first institution of the Academy.

[2] The two principal objects of this Institution, as stated by the Artists in a Petition to his Majesty, November 28, 1768, were, 1. "the establishment of a well-regulated SCHOOL OR ACADEMY OF DESIGN, for the use of Students in the Arts; and 2. an Annual EXHIBITION open to all Artists of distinguished merit, where they might offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they should be deemed to deserve."

vations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts." Such was the laudable motive which produced the fifteen DISCOURSES, pronounced by our author between the 2nd of January 1769, and the 10th of December 1790:[1] a work which contains such a body of just

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[1] In the first year the President delivered two Discourses; in the three years following, a Discourse annually; afterwards, only every second year, with the exception of that spoken on the removal of the Royal Academy to Somerset Place.

Previous to the publication of the first edition of these works, a wandering rumour had reached me, that the Discourses delivered by our author were not written by himself, but by his friend Dr. Johnson. This notion appearing to me too ridiculous and absurd to be gravely confuted, I took no notice of it; leaving those who were weak enough to give credit to such an opinion to reconcile it with the account given by our author himself in a former page, in which, while he acknowledges how much he had profited by the conversation and instruction of that extraordinary man, who "had qualified his mind to think justly," he at the same time informs us, that Johnson had not contributed even a single sentiment to his Discourses.

A new hypothesis, however, has been lately suggested: and among many other statements concerning the late Mr Burke, which I know to be erroneous, we have been confidently told that they were written by that gentleman.

The readers of poetry are not to learn, that a similar tale has been told of some of our celebrated English poets. According to some, Denham did not write his admired COOPER'S HILL; and with a certain species of critics, our great moral poet tells us,

" ——— most authors steal their works, or buy;
" Garth did not write his own DISPENSARY.

Such insinuations, however agreeable to the envious and malignant, who may give them a temporary currency, can have but little weight with the judicious and ingenuous part of mankind, and therefore, in general, merit only silent contempt. But that Mr Burke was the author of all such parts of these Discourses *as do not relate to Painting and Sculpture*, (what these are, the discoverer of this pretended secret has not informed us,) has lately been so peremptorily asserted, and so particular an appeal has been made on this occasion to their editor, that I think it my duty to confute this injurious calumny, lest posterity should be deceived and misled by the minuteness of uncontradicted misrepresentation, delivered to the world with all the confidence of truth. Fortunately I am able to give a more decisive testimony on this subject, than could reasonably be expected from any one man concerning the writings of another.

To the question then, whether I have not found among my late friend's papers several of his discourses in the hand-writing of Mr Burke, or of some other *unnamed* person, I answer, that I never saw any of his Discourses in the hand-writing of that illustrious statesman, or of any other person whatsoever, except

criticism on an extremely difficult subject, clothed in such perspicuous, elegant, and nervous language, that it is no exaggerated panegyric to assert, that it will last as long as the English tongue, and contribute, no less than the productions of his pencil, to render his name immortal.[1]

Sir Joshua Reynolds; and secondly, I say, that I am as firmly persuaded that the whole body of these admirable works was composed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as I am certain that at this moment I am employing my pen in vindication of his fame. I do not mean to assert, that he did not avail himself of the judgment of his critical friends, to render them as perfect as he could; or that he was above receiving from them that species of literary assistance which every candid literary man is willing to receive, and which even that transcendent genius, Mr Burke, in some instances did not disdain to accept. Of the early Discourses, therefore, I have no doubt that some were submitted to Dr. Johnson, and some to Mr Burke, for their examination and revision; and probably each of those persons suggested to their author some minute verbal improvements. Four of the latter Discourses, in his own hand-writing, and warm from the brain, the author did me the honour to submit to my perusal; and with great freedom I suggested to him some verbal alterations, and some new arrangements, in each of them, which he very readily adopted. Of one I well remember he gave me the general outline in conversation, as we returned together from an excursion to the country, and before it was yet committed to paper. He soon afterwards composed that Discourse conformably to the plan which he had crayoned out, and sent it to me for such remarks on the language of it as should occur to me. When he wrote his last Discourse, I was not in London; and that Discourse, I know, was submitted to the critical examination of another friend, and that friend was not Mr Burke. Such was the mighty aid that our author received from those whom he honoured with his confidence and esteem!

The reader has before him the testimony of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, as far as this calumny relates to Dr. Johnson; he has the decisive testimony of Mr Burke, both in the passage already quoted and in a further extract from one of his letters to the editor, which will be found in a subsequent page; and, if such high authorities can admit of any additional confirmation, he has (whatever it may be worth) the testimony of the editor also. Let this plain tale, therefore, for ever seal up the lips of those who have presumed most unjustly to sully and depreciate the literary reputation of a man, who is acknowledged, by the unanimous voice of his contemporaries, to have been a signal ornament of the age in which he lived; who was not less profound in the theory than excellent in the practice of his art; and whose admirable works, of each kind, will transmit his name with unfading lustre to the latest posterity.

[1] Some years after the publication of the first seven of the Discourses, the Author had the honour to receive from the late Empress of Russia, a gold box with a *basso relievo* of her Imperial Majesty in the lid, set round with diamonds; accompanied with a note within, written with her own hand, containing these words: "*Pour le Chevalier Reynolds, en temoignage du contentment que j'ai res-*

To the fame of the Academy the President, from its first institution, contributed not a little, by exhibiting every year a considerable number of his admirable performances;[1] and he so highly respected Mr Moser, to whose unwearied endeavours he conceived this excellent Institution in a great degree owed its establishment, that, on his death in 1783, he honoured his memory by a public testimonial, which probably appeared in some newspaper of the day, and so well deserves a more permanent repository, that I shall give it a place below.[2]

What were the methods by which this great painter attained to such consummate excellence in his profession, it is now, I fear, too late to inquire; yet, as I find among his papers a few slight hints upon this subject, in which he speaks of his merits and defects with that candour which strongly marked his character, though they are only detached thoughts, and did not receive his final revision and correction, I am unwilling to suppress them.

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sentie a la lecture de ses excellens Discours sur la Peinture." Before he received this mark of her Imperial Majesty's favour, he had been commissioned to paint an Historical Picture for her, on any subject that he thought fit. The subject which he chose was, The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents. For this picture, which is now at St. Petersburgh, his Executors received from her Imperial Majesty fifteen hundred guineas.

The first seven of the Discourses have been translated into French, and I believe into Italian; and doubtless a complete translation of all our author's works, in each of those languages, will soon appear.

[1] Between 1769 and 1790, inclusive, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, two hundred and forty-four pictures; at the Exhibitions previous to the institution of the Academy, between 1760 and 1768, twenty-five. Total 269. In the whole of this period, the year 1767 was the only one in which he exhibited nothing.

[2] I know not where this eulogy originally appeared; probably, however, it was published in some of the daily papers. It is now printed from a copy in our author's hand-writing:—

Jan. 24, 1783.

"Yesterday, died at his apartments in Somerset-Place, George Michael Moser, Keeper of the Royal Academy; aged seventy-eight years. He was a native of Switzerland, but came to England very young, to follow the profession of a Chaser in gold, in which art he has been always considered as holding the first rank. But his skill was not confined to this alone; he possessed a universal

" Not having the advantage of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure, which an artist ought to have. It appeared to me too late, when I went to Italy and began to feel my own deficiencies,

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knowledge in all the branches of painting and sculpture, which perfectly qualified him for the place that he held in the Academy, the business of which principally consists in superintending and instructing the Students who draw or model from the antique figures.

" His private character deserves a more ample testimony than this transient memorial. Few have passed a more inoffensive or perhaps a more happy life; if happiness or the enjoyment of life consists in having the mind always occupied, always intent upon some useful art, by which fame and distinction may be acquired. Mr Moser's whole attention was absorbed either in the practice, or something that related to the advancement, of art. He may truly be said in every sense to have been the FATHER of the present race of Artists; for long before the Royal Academy was Established, he presided over the little Societies which met first in Salisbury Court, and afterwards in St Martin's Lane, where they drew from living models. Perhaps nothing that can be said will more strongly imply his amiable disposition, than that all the different Societies with which he has been connected, have always turned their eyes upon him for their Treasurer and chief Manager; when perhaps they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority. His early society was composed of men whose names are well known in the world; such as Hogarth, Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Wills, Ellis, Vanderbank, &c.

" Though he had out-lived all the companions of his youth, he might to the last have boasted of a succession equally numerous: for all that knew him were his friends.

" When he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, his conduct was exemplary, and worthy to be imitated by whoever shall succeed him in that office. As he loved the employment of teaching, he could not fail of discharging that duty with diligence. By the propriety of his conduct he united the love and respect of the Students: he kept order in the Academy, and made himself respected, without the austerity or importance of office; all noise and tumult immediately ceased on his appearance; at the same time there was nothing forbidding in his manner, which might restrain the pupils from freely applying to him for advice or assistance.

" All this excellence had a firm foundation; he was a man of sincere and ardent piety, and has left an illustrious example of the exactness with which the subordinate duties may be expected to be discharged by him, whose first care is to please GOD.

" He has left one daughter behind him, who has distinguished herself by the admirable manner in which she paints and composes Pieces of Flowers, of which many samples have been seen in the Exhibitions. She has had the honour of being much employed in this way by their Majesties, and for her extraordinary merit has been received into the Royal Academy.

to endeavour to acquire that readiness of invention which I observed others to possess. I consoled myself, however, by remarking, that these ready inventors are extremely apt to acquiesce in imperfection; and that if I had not their facility, I should for this very reason be more likely to avoid the defect which too often accompanies it: a trite and common-place mode of invention. How difficult it is for the artist who possesses this facility, to guard against carelessness and common-place invention, is well known, and in a kindred art Metastasio is an eminent instance; who always complained of the great difficulty he found in attaining correctness in consequence of having been in his youth an *Improvisatore*.—Having this defect constantly in my mind, I never was contented with common-place attitudes[1] or inventions of any kind.

"I considered myself as playing a great game, and, instead of beginning to save money, I laid it out faster than I got it, in purchasing the best examples of art that could be procured; for I even borrowed money for this purpose. The possessing portraits by Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, &c. I considered as the best kind of wealth. By studying carefully the works of great masters, this advantage is obtained; we find that certain niceties of expression are capable of being executed, which otherwise we might suppose beyond the reach of art. This gives us a confidence in ourselves; and we are thus incited to endeavour at not only the same happiness of execution, but

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[1] Our great artist's excellence in this respect has been highly extolled by the late Lord Orford:

"How painting has rekindled from its embers, (says that lively and ingenious writer,) the works of many living artists demonstrate. The prints after the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present [1780] a single painter that can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile, that the ATTITUDES of his portraits are as various as those of history. In what age were paternal despair and the horrors of death pronounced with more expressive accents than in his picture of Count Ugolino? When was infantine loveliness, or embryo-passions, touched with sweeter truth, than in his portraits of Miss Price and the baby Jupiter?"—"The exuberance of his invention (the same writer observes, in a note,) will be the grammar of future painters of portraits." ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, &c. vol. iv. Advertisement.

also at other congenial excellencies. Study indeed consists in learning to see nature, and may be called the art of using other men's minds. By this kind of contemplation and exercise we are taught to think in their way, and sometimes to attain their excellence. Thus, for instance, if I had never seen any of the works of Correggio, I should never perhaps have remarked in nature the expression which I find in one of his pieces; or, if I had remarked it, I might have thought it too difficult or perhaps impossible to be executed.

"My success, and continual improvement in my art, (if I may be allowed that expression,) may be ascribed in a good measure to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy: I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature; by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve in his art.

"My principal labour was employed on the whole together;[1] and I was never weary of changing, and trying different modes and different effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power

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[1] This also, if I recollect right, is said to have been the principal object of Correggio; and, however toilsome, is in various places strongly recommended by our author. "A steady attention to the general effect, (as he has observed in his fourteenth Discourse,) takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high finishing, or smoothness, without such attention."

Again in the eleventh Discourse:

"There is nothing in our art which enforces such continued exertion and circumspection, as an attention to the general effect of the whole. It requires much study and much practice; it requires the painter's entire mind; whereas the *parts* may be finishing by nice touches, while his mind is engaged on other matters: he may even hear a play or a novel read, without much disturbance. The artist who flatters his own indolence, will continually find himself evading this active exertion, and applying his thoughts to the ease and laziness of highly finishing the parts; producing at last what Cowley calls—"laborious effects of idleness."

of doing that with spontaneous facility, which at first was the effort of my whole mind; and my reward was threefold: the satisfaction resulting from acting on this just principle, improvement in my art, and the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence.

"I was always willing to believe that my uncertainty of proceeding in my works, that is, my never being sure of my hand, and my frequent alterations, arose from a refined taste, which could not acquiesce in any thing short of a high degree of excellence. I had not an opportunity of being early initiated in the principles of colouring: no man indeed could teach me. If I have never settled with respect to colouring, let it at the same time be remembered, that my unsteadiness in this respect proceeded from an inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence that I saw in the works of others; without considering that there is in colouring, as in style, excellencies which are incompatible with each other: however, this pursuit, or indeed any similar pursuit, prevents the artist from being tired of his art. We all know how often those masters who sought after colouring, changed their manner; whilst others, merely from not seeing various modes, acquiesced all their lives in that with which they set out. On the contrary, I tried every effect of colour, and by leaving out every colour in its turn, showed every colour that I could do without it. As I alternately left out every colour, I tried every new colour; and often, as is well known, failed. The former practice, I am aware, may be compared by those whose first object is ridicule, to that of the poet mentioned in the Spectator, who, in a poem of twenty-four books, contrived in each book to leave out a letter. But I was influenced by no such idle or foolish affectation. My fickleness in the mode of colouring arose from an eager desire to attain the highest excellence. [1] This is

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[1] Our author was so anxious to discover the method used by the Venetian Painters, that he destroyed some valuable ancient pictures by rubbing out the various layers of colour, in order to investigate and ascertain it.

Shortly before the first edition of these works was published, some hopes were

the only merit I can assume to myself from my conduct in that respect."

Thus ingenuously and modestly has this great painter spoken of himself in the few fragments which I have found on this interesting subject. On the last topic he might with great truth have added, that he not only always aspired to attain the highest excellence of colouring, but that in very many instances he did attain it; there being no one particular in which he left his contemporaries so far behind him, as the

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entertained that the process employed by the great colourists of former times had been preserved; and I was furnished by an eminent artist with an account of the manner in which it had been discovered. Among the manuscript papers of Captain Morley, who had travelled into Italy in the beginning of the present century, was found one supposed to contain the process of colouring used by Titian, the Bassans, and other masters of the Venetian school; which appeared to several of our principal artists and connoisseurs so likely to be genuine, that they gave the possessor of these papers a valuable consideration for the secret that they contained, which was communicated to them under an obligation not to divulge it. As far, however, as it has hitherto been tried, this process has not, I conceive, answered the expectations that were previously entertained concerning it.

After the gross and unparalleled imposition practised on the public in the year 1795, by means of forged Manuscripts under the name of SHAKSPEARE, (the fabrication of which, *though detected*, found a puny, but perfectly homogeneous champion, whose mortified vanity prompted him to abet and countenance that silly fiction, by confident and groundless assertions, false quotations, and arguments still more flimsy and absurd than the imposture itself,) after such a deception, it was not at all surprising that the cautious inquirer should have been slow in giving credit to any new discovery of *ancient manuscripts:* but the cases were extremely different; for whether the process of colouring said to be discovered was the genuine method of the Venetian school, or at least one similar in its effects, was a matter of experiment, and easily ascertained. Some experiments have accordingly been made, and, it seems, with no great success. However ancient therefore these documents may be, they hitherto appear to be of little value.

It is highly probable that the great colourists of former times used certain methods in mixing and laying on their colours, which they did not communicate to others, or at least did not set down in writing; their scholars contenting themselves with as much of the practice of their masters as inspection and close observation would give them; and that by being thus confined to oral tradition, the mode which they followed has been lost. Our great painter, however, had undoubtedly attained a part of the ancient process used in the Venetian School; and by various methods of his own invention, produced a similar, though perhaps not quite so brilliant an effect of colour.

richness and mellowness of his tints, when his colours were successful and permanent.[1] Had he chosen to walk in the

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[1] The set of pictures which he painted as designs for the window of New College Chapel, are eminent and *brilliant* instances of the truth of this observation. However high expectation may have been raised by Mr Warton's very elegant verses on this subject, it will be fully gratified by the view of these admirable pieces. They now form an admirable decoration of that apartment, which formerly was appropriated to the exhibition of the various works of this great master, after they were dismissed from his painting-room.

As the west window of New College Chapel, decorated as it now is, will long continue to add to this great Painter's reputation, his own observations on this subject may not be unacceptable to the numerous visitors who shall hereafter be induced to view it. The original scheme, it appears, was, to distribute the various figures in different places in the Chapel, but this plan was abandoned, as it should seem, on our author's suggestion; and on his suggestion also, the stone-work of the window was altered, so as to admit one large compartment for paintings in the centre: an alteration in effecting which the gentleman to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed two letters on this occasion, who was then a Fellow of New College, was actively instrumental. From these letters, which were obligingly communicated to me by Ozias Humphry, Esq. R.A., I subjoin the following extracts, in confirmation of what has been now stated.

Leicester Fields, Dec. 27, 1777.

"I am extremely glad to hear the Society have determined to place all our works together in the west window, to make one complete whole, instead of being distributed in different parts of the Chapel. In my conversation with Mr Jervais about it, he thought it might be possible to change the stone-work of the window, so as to make a principal predominant space in the centre, without which it will be difficult to produce a great effect. As Mr Jervais is now at Oxford, I need add no more; I have already expressed to him how much I wished this alteration might be practicable."

In a subsequent letter (*Jan. 9th*, 1778,) he says,—"Supposing this scheme to take place, [the alteration above proposed,] my idea is, to paint in the great space in the centre, Christ in the Manger, on the principle that Correggio has done it, in the famous picture called the *Notte:* making all the light proceed from Christ. These tricks of the art, as they may be called, seem to be more properly adapted to glass painting, than any other kind. This middle space will be filled with the Virgin, Christ, Joseph, and Angels; the two smaller spaces on each side I shall fill with the Shepherds coming to worship; and the seven divisions below with the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the four Cardinal Virtues; which will make a proper rustic base or foundation for the support of the Christian Religion. Upon the whole it appears to me, that chance has presented to us materials so well adapted to our purpose, that if we had the whole window of our own invention and contrivance, we should not probably have succeeded better."

The original picture of the nativity, a copy of which occupies the middle compartment of this window, is in the collection of the Duke of Rutland.

common beaten path, he could have found no difficulty in following the ordinary method pursued by much inferior artists; by deviating from it, he attained that grace which sheds a lustre on far the greater part of his works.[1]

Though the landscapes which he has given in the back-ground of many of his portraits are eminently beautiful, he seldom exercised his hand in regular landscape-painting; his only works of this description, that I know of, being one in the collection of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., another in that of Lord Pelham at Stanmer, and the third, a View from Richmond Hill, in the collection of the Earl of Inchiquin. A few more may perhaps be found in other collections. But in the historical department he took a wider range; and, by his successful exertions in that higher branch of his art, he has not only enriched various cabinets at home, but extended the fame of the English School to foreign countries.[2]

During the brilliant career which he ran,[3] his profession did not permit him often to make excursions from town. In the summer, however, he at different periods visited the seats of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Boringdon, Lord Eliot, Lord Ossory, Lord Palmerston, Mr Burke, and other friends;[4]

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[1] A notion prevails concerning this great painter, that in the *majority* of his works the colours have entirely faded and perished; but this is by no means the case: for the greater part of his pictures have preserved their original hue, and are in perfect preservation. Those which have failed, have been mentioned again and again, and thus have been multiplied in the imaginations of connoisseurs.—Nor should it be forgotten, that the pictures of other considerable painters have not been more durable than his. As many perished pictures of Gainsborough, I have been informed, may be found in cabinets, as of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Even the great colourists of antiquity were not entirely free from this defect. Several pictures of Titian and Vandyck, it is well known, have wholly lost that brilliancy which, without doubt, they once possessed.

[2] For a list of his most important pieces, see the end of this Memoir.

[3] In a letter to Mr Barretti, *June* 10, 1761, Dr. Johnson says—"Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands." Writing a few months afterwards to the same person, he says—"Mr Reynolds gets six thousand a-year?"

[4] In 1762 he spent some weeks in his native county, Devonshire, accompanied by Dr. Johnson. Of this visit, during which they were entertained at the seats of many noblemen and gentlemen in the West of England, Mr Boswell has given a particular account in his Life of Johnson, i. 344. 8vo.

and occasionally spent a few days at his villa on Richmond Hill; but he had very little relish for a country-life, and was always glad to return to London, to which he was not less attached than Dr. Johnson: with him, justly considering that metropolis as the head-quarters of intellectual society. In July 1781, in order to view the most celebrated productions of the Flemish and Dutch Schools, in company with his friend Mr Metcalfe, he made a tour to the Netherlands and Holland, and the fruit of his travel was a very pleasing account of their journey,[1] containing remarks on the pictures preserved in the various churches and cabinets that he visited; to which he has subjoined a masterly character of Rubens. His critical observations on the many excellent pieces that he viewed at Antwerp and Brussels, in the Dusseldorp Gallery, and at Amsterdam, which are now for the first time given to the world, have, since his death, acquired an additional value; for by the baleful success and ravages of the French plunderers, who since that period have desolated Europe, many of the most celebrated works of the Flemish School in the Netherlands (for I will not gratify our English republicans by calling it *Belgium*) have been either destroyed or carried away to that "OPPROBRIOUS DEN OF SHAME," which it is to be hoped no polished Englishman will ever visit. Many of the pictures of Rubens being to be sold in 1783, in consequence of certain religious houses being suppressed by the Emperor, he again in that year visited Antwerp and Brussels, and devoted several days to contemplating the productions of that great painter.[2] On his return from his first tour, his

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[1] Of this work Mr Burke thus writes, in the letter already quoted:—

"I have read over not only that Life, [the account of our author prefixed to the first edition,] but some part of the DISCOURSES, with an unusual sort of pleasure; partly because, being faded a little in my memory, they have a sort of appearance of novelty; partly by reviving recollections mixed with melancholy and satisfaction. The FLEMISH JOURNAL I had never seen before. You trace in that, every where, the spirit of the DISCOURSES, supported by new examples. He is always the same man; the same philosophical, the same artist-like critic, the same sagacious observer, with the same minuteness, without the smallest degree of trifling."

[2] On viewing the pictures of Rubens a second time, they appeared much less

own pieces (as he remarked to Mr Metcalfe) seemed to him to want force; and the portraits which he painted between that period and 1789, it is observable, have still more animation, energy, and brilliancy of colouring, than his former works.

In the same year (1783) the late Mr Mason having finished his elegant translation of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, our author enriched that work with a very ample and ingenious Commentary, which, together with the Poem to which it relates, is now published with his DISCOURSES; Mr Mason having obligingly permitted his translation to be printed in this collection of his friend's works. The Annotations, indeed, without the poem, would not be intelligible. "The DISCOURSES," as their author has observed,[1] "having scarce any relation to the mechanical part of the art,[2] these Notes may be considered as in some measure supplying that deficiency;" and we may with truth add, that these two works comprise the whole science and practice of painting.

On the death of Mr Ramsay in the following year, our author (11th August 1784) was sworn principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty; which office he possessed to his death: and two months afterwards, on St Luke's Day, he was

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brilliant than they had done on the former inspection. He could not for some time account for this circumstance; but when he recollected that when he first saw them, he had his note-book in his hand, for the purpose of writing down short remarks, he perceived what had occasioned their now making a less impression in this respect than they had done formerly. By the eye passing immediately from the white paper to the picture, the colours derived uncommon richness and warmth. For want of this foil, they afterwards appeared comparatively cold.

This little circumstance was communicated to me by Sir George Beaumont, whose good taste and skill discovered that in the two groups mentioned in a former page, our author had Paul Veronese in view; which, on the remark being made, he said was the case.

[1] In a loose fragment.

[2] A few practical instructions are given in the eighth and twelfth Discourses; and in the former towards the conclusion, some of the means are pointed out, by which the Venetian painters produced such great effect in their pictures. Perhaps some useful hints also may be discovered by the Student, dispersed in the other Discourses.

presented with the freedom of the Painters' Company, an honour which, though to him of little value, he received with his usual complacency and politeness.

As posterity may be curious to know what were the prices paid at various periods to this great painter for his works, it may not perhaps be thought too minute to add, that about the year 1755, his price for a three-quarters, or as it is popularly called, a head, was but twelve guineas; in the beginning of 1758, twenty guineas; soon after 1760, twenty-five guineas; in 1770, thirty-five guineas; and in 1781, fifty guineas; which continued to be the price till he ceased to paint. The price of a half-length during this latter period, was one hundred guineas; and for a whole-length two hundred guineas were paid.[1] From a paper which I transcribed some years ago in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, from an office-book which formerly belonged to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, it appears that Vandyck in 1632 received but twenty-five pounds for a whole-length picture of Charles the First; for a half-length of the Queen, twenty pounds; and "for one great piece of his Majesty, the Queen, and their children, one hundred pounds:" which, however, considering the change in the value of money and the modes of life, may be estimated as equal to three hundred pounds at this day.

The personal character of Sir Joshua Reynolds is well known to many of his surviving friends and admirers; but it would be great injustice to him, and an unpardonable inattention to posterity, not to give in this place a slight sketch of his manners, habits, and endowments. He was in stature rather under the middle size; of a florid complexion, and a lively and pleasing aspect; well made, and extremely active.[2]

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[1] His pupils were Giuseppe Marchi, who accompanied him from Italy; Mr Beech, Mr Baron, Mr Berridge, Mr Parry, (son to the celebrated player on the harp,) Mr Gill, Mr Dusine, Mr Northcote, R.A., Mr Doughty, and Mr Score.

[2] The last portrait which he painted of himself, (with spectacles,) in 1788, is extremely like him, and exhibits him exactly as he appeared in his latter days, in domestic life. It is a three-quarters, in the collection of the Earl of Inchiquin; and his Grace the Duke of Leeds has a duplicate of it. There is a portrait of

His appearance at first sight impressed the spectator with the idea of a well-born and well-bred English gentleman. With an uncommon equability of temper, which, however, never degenerated into insipidity or apathy, he possessed a constant

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him by himself in the dining room of the Society of *Dilettanti*, in Pall Mall, a three-quarters also; he is dressed in a loose robe, and has his own hair. Another, (in which he holds his hand to his ear, to aid the sound,) painted for Mr Thrale about 1775, is in possession of Mrs Piozzi. Another (a half-length,) is in the Royal Academy, with a cap, and the gown of a Doctor of the Civil Law; which honour he received from the University of Oxford, July 9, 1773. In this picture is introduced the bust of Michael Angelo, on whom he pronounced so high an encomium in his last Discourse. Another in the same dress, a three-quarters, is at Belvoir Castle; and a third in the same dress, is in the gallery of the Great Duke at Florence. Another portrait of him is preserved in the Town Hall at Plympton, also painted and presented by himself; in this picture a red gown is thrown carelessly about him, and he is without a cap. One nearly resembling this, and painted before it, is at Taplow Court. We have another portrait of our author in the dress of a Shepherd, with Mr Jervais the Glass Painter, in one of the pictures painted as designs for the great window of New College Chapel, in Oxford: and Mr Farington, R. A. has a portrait of him, by himself, as a painter, with a canvass, easel, &c. before him. Another portrait of him, by himself, is in possession of Robert Lovel Gwatkin, Esq. of Killiow, in Cornwall. Lord Inchiquin has two portraits of our author when young, one when he was about thirty years old, in his own hair; the other younger, (in the manner of Rembrandt,) in his own hair also, with his great-coat and hat on. Another youthful portrait, done before he went to Italy, is said to be in the possession of Thomas Lane, Esq. of Coffleat in Devonshire.

There is also a portrait of him, painted by C. G. Stuart, an American, about the year 1784, in the possession of Mr Alderman Boydell; another by Zaffanii, in a picture representing all the artists of the Academy, about the year 1770, in the King's Collection; and not long before his death, when he was much indisposed, he sat to Mr Breda, a Swedish painter, whose performance appeared a few years ago in the Exhibition.

Soon after Gainsborough settled in London, Sir Joshua Reynolds thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit. That painter, however, (as our author told me,) took not the least notice of him for several years; but at length called on him, and requested him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua complied, and sat once to that artist; but being soon afterwards taken ill, he was obliged to go to Bath for his health. On his return to London perfectly restored, he sent Gainsborough word that he had returned, to which Gainsborough, who was extremely capricious, only replied, that he was glad to hear that Sir Joshua Reynolds was well; and he never afterwards desired Sir Joshua to sit, nor had any other intercourse with him, till Gainsborough was dying, when he sent to request to see him, and thanked him for the very liberal and favourable manner in which he had always spoken of his works; a circumstance which our author has thought worth recording in his Fourteenth Discourse. The capricious conduct of Gainsborough

flow of spirits, which rendered him at all times a most pleasing companion; always cheerful, and ready to be amused with whatever was going forward, and from an ardent thirst of knowledge, anxious to obtain information on every subject that was presented to his mind. In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. Though he had occasionally dipped into many books, not having had time for regular and systematic study, some topics which had been long discussed and settled, were new to him; and hence merely by the vigour of his excellent understanding, he often suggested ingenious theories, and formed just conclusions, which had already been deduced by the laborious disquisitions of others. Finding how little time he could spare from his

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did not prevent our author from purchasing from him his well known picture of a girl tending pigs, for which one hundred guineas were paid.

A marble bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds by Cirachi, an Italian Sculptor, is in possession of the Earl of Inchiquin; and another bust, modelled from the life, in *terra cotta*, more like than the marble bust, which was done from it, was sold by auction by Greenwood, in 1792. I have a medallion modelled in wax by Mountstephen, which is a very faithful representation of this great painter, in his usual evening dress. It was done in 1790, when he was in his sixty-seventh year.

The Engravings that have been made from his various portraits are, 1. By V. Green, in Mezzotinto, from the picture in the Academy. 2. By J. Collyer, from the same; a small oval. 3. By James Watson, in Mezzotinto, from the picture belonging to the Society of *Dilettanti*. 4. By C. Townly, from the picture in the Gallery at Florence. 5. By I. K. Sherwin, from the same picture. 6. By R. Earlom, from Zaffanii's picture of the Academy. 7. By Pariset, from a drawing by Falconet. 8. By Facius, from the window in New College Chapel. 9. Another, when young, his hand shading his forehead; by S. W. Reynolds, from the picture in Mr Lane's possession. 10. By Caroline Kirkley; from Mr Gwatkin's picture. 11. That prefixed to the present edition of his works; engraved by Caroline Watson, from the portrait in the collection of Lord Inchiquin. There is, I believe, a copy of this by T. Holloway. 12. By ————, from Mr Breda's picture.

The tricks which are often practised with engraved copper-plates, are well known. At the time the person so justly execrated, and branded with the name of The Monster, made such noise, the dealers in articles of this kind were very desirous of some representation of him; but not being able suddenly to procure one, they made an old plate, which had been engraved for a magazine, and with the aid of the name subjoined was intended to pass for the portrait of our author, serve their purpose. As the print had no resemblance to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and had indeed a most *formidable* appearance, by striking out the original inscription, and substituting The Monster, it did very well.

profession, for the purpose of acquiring general knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake as much as possible of the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his own time;[1] in consequence of which, and of his cheerful and convivial habits, his table[2] for above thirty years exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being, during that period, scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there. The pleasure and instruction which he derived from such company induced him, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson, to establish what has been called the LITERARY CLUB, though its members have never assumed that denomination; a society which has now (1809) subsisted for more than forty years, and can boast of having had enrolled among them many of the most celebrated characters of the present century.[3]

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[1] He has strongly recommended the same practice to other artists, in his Seventh Discourse, p. 191.

[2] The *noctes cœnœque Deum* enjoyed at his table, (as Mr Boswell, in the Dedication prefixed to his most instructive and entertaining Life of Dr. Johnson, has justly described the *symposium* of our author,) will be long remembered by those who had the happiness to partake of them; but the remembrance must always be accompanied with regret, when it is considered that the death of their amiable and illustrious host has left a chasm in society, and that no such common centre of union for the accomplished and the learned now exists, or is likely soon to exist, in London. I remember on one occasion to have sat down at Sir Joshua Reynold's table with fifteen persons, eleven or twelve of whom had made a distinguished figure in the world.

[3] As Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first proposer, and, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson, founder of this Club, a short account of it may not be here improper. It was founded in the year 1764; and the original scheme was, that it should consist of only twelve members, and that they should be men of such talents, and so well known to each other, that any two of them, if they should not happen to be joined by more, might be good company to each other.

The original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr Langton, Mr Antony Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, the Hon. Topham Beauclerk, and Dr. Goldsmith. Mr Samuel Dyer, Sir Robert Chambers, and Dr. Percy, now Lord Bishop of Dromore, were soon afterwards elected. They at first met once a-week, on Monday evening, at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. In 1772, the Club still consisted of only twelve members. On its enlargement in March 1773, two new members were added; the Earl of Charlemont, and Mr

In the fifteen years during which I had the pleasure of living with our author on terms of great intimacy and friendship, he appeared to me the happiest man I have ever known. Indeed he acknowledged to a friend in his last illness, that he had been fortunate and happy beyond the common lot of humanity. The dissipated, the needy, and the industrious, are apt to imagine, that the idle and the rich are the chosen favourites of heaven, and that they alone possess what all mankind are equally anxious to attain: but, supposing always a decent competence, the genuine source of happiness is virtuous employment, pursued with ardour, and regulated by our own choice. Sir Joshua Reynolds was constantly employed in a lucrative profession, the study and practice of which

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Garrick; and not long afterwards several other members were chosen. About the year 1775, instead of supping together once a-week, they resolved to dine together once a-fortnight during the sitting of Parliament; and on that footing this Society (which has gradually been increased to thirty-five members, and can never exceed forty) still subsists. They now meet at the Thatched House in St. James's Street.

The total number of persons who have been members of this Club, is seventy-four. Of these the following forty-two are dead: Sir J. Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr Chamier, Mr Langton, Mr Beauclerk, Sir John Hawkins, Mr Dyer, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Robert Chambers, Lord Charlemont, Mr Garrick, John Dunning Lord Ashburton, Dr. Adam Smith, Mr Colman, Dr. Shipley Bishop of St Asaph, Mr Vesey, Mr Thomas Warton, Mr Gibbon, Dr. Hinchliffe Bishop of Peterborough, Sir William Jones, Mr Richard Burke, junior, Mr Boswell, the Marquis of Bath, Dr. Warren, the Rev. Dr. Farmer, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Lucan, Mr Steevens, Dr. Joseph Warton, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, Dr Marlay Bishop of Waterford, Sir William Hamilton, Edward Lord Eliot, Lord Macartney, Dr. Barnard Bishop of Limerick, Mr Charles Fox, Dr. Horsley Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Douglas Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. French Laurence.

The present members [March 8, 1809] are, Dr. Percy Bishop of Dromore, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr Sheridan, Lord Ossory, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr Windham, Sir William Scott, Lord Spencer, Dr. Burney, Mr Courtenay, Sir Charles Blagden, Major Rennel, the Hon. Frederick North, Mr Canning, Mr Marsden, Mr Frere, Mr Thomas Grenville, Dr. Vincent Dean of Westminster, Mr William Lock, Mr George Ellis, Lord Minto, Sir William Grant Master of the Rolls, Sir George Staunton, Mr Charles Wilkins, Mr Drummond, Dr. Vaughan, Sir Henry Englefield, Lord Holland, Lord Aberdeen, Mr Hatchett, Mr Charles Vaughan, and the writer of this account. They are all placed in the order of their election, except the person last mentioned, who had the honour to be chosen a member in 1782.

afforded him inexhaustible entertainment, and left him not one idle or languid hour; and he enjoyed as much fame as the most ambitious candidate for popular approbation could desire. That he should have been unconscious of the very high rank that he held in the public estimation, and of the extraordinary excellence which he had attained in his art, was not to be expected; but he never shewed any such consciousness, and was as perfectly free from vanity and ostentation, as he was from artifice or affectation of any kind. His ardent love of truth, in which respect he was a zealous disciple of Dr. Johnson, and his strong antipathy to all false pretensions, and to any thing indirect, artificial, or affected, formed a striking part of his character; and were indeed, if I do not greatly deceive and flatter myself, the congenial sentiments which principally operated in attaching him to the person to whose province it has fallen to pay this slight tribute to his memory. While engaged in his painting room, he had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with all the beautiful,[1] accomplished, and illustrious characters of his time; and when not employed in his art, his hours were generally passed in the most pleasing and enlightened society that London could produce. His mind was never torpid; but always at work on some topic or other. He had a strong turn and relish for humour, in all its various forms, and very quickly saw the weak sides of things. Of the numerous characters which presented themselves to him in the mixed companies in which he lived, he was a nice and sagacious observer, as I have had frequent occasion to remark;[2] and I have found among his papers some very ingenious, though unfinished, observations on the manners and habits of two very eminent men of his acquaintance. He delighted much in marking the dawning traits of the youthful mind, and the

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[1] He had painted, as he once observed to me, *two generations* of the beauties of England.

[2] In confirmation of this remark, I may produce the testimony of Dr. Johnson, who said to Mr Boswell, in 1780, that "he knew no man who had passed through life with more observation than Sir Joshua Reynolds." Life of Johnson, 2d Edit. III. 252.

actions and bodily movements of young persons; a circumstance which probably enabled him to portray children with such exquisite happiness and truth. It was one of his favourite maxims, that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude commences with the introduction of the dancing master.

Though from the time of his returning from Italy he was very deaf,[1] he contrived, by aid of an ear-trumpet,[2] to partake of the conversation of his friends with great facility and address; and such was the serenity of his temper, that what he did not hear, he never troubled those with whom he conversed to repeat. To this gentle composure of mind Goldsmith alluded, when in describing Sir Joshua Reynolds he employed the epithet *bland*, a word eminently happy, and characteristic of his easy and placid manners;[3] but taking into our consideration at once the soundness of his understanding, and the mildness and suavity of his deportment, perhaps Horace's description of the amiable friend of the younger Scipio,—the

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[1] His deafness was originally occasioned by a cold that he caught in the Vatican, by painting for a long time near a stove, by which the damp vapours of that edifice were attracted, and affected his head. When in company with only one person, he heard very well, without the aid of a trumpet.

[2] Le Sage, the celebrated author of GILBLAS, (as Mr Spence mentions in his ANECDOTES,) though very deaf, enjoyed the conversation of his friends by the same means, (the aid of a *cornette*,) and was a very pleasing companion.

[3] See RETALIATION, a poem by Dr. Goldsmith, in which he has drawn the characters of several of his friends, in the form of epitaphs to be placed on their tombs:—

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" Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
" He has not left a wiser or better behind;
" His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
" His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
" Still born to improve us in every part,
" His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
" To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,—
" When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
" When they talk'd of their Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff,
" He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

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These were the last lines the author wrote. He had written half a line more of this character, when he was seized with the nervous fever which carried him in a few days to the grave. He intended to have concluded with his own character.

mitis sapientia Lælî,[1] may convey to posterity a more perfect idea of our illustrious painter, than the unfinished delineation of his poetical friend, to which I allude.

If our author was not much inclined to exchange the ani-

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[1] Even the classical reader may not perhaps immediately recollect in how many points these two celebrated persons resemble each other. Each of them certainly had some qualifications, to which the other had no pretensions; as Lælius knew nothing of painting, so our author had no claim either to the character of a military commander, or a distinguished orator. But the qualities which they possessed in common, are so numerous, as fully to justify the present juxtaposition.

The portrait of Lælius has been drawn by Mr Melmoth, with his usual fidelity. "He seems (says that very elegant writer) to have united in his character, whether considered in a moral, a civil, or a philosophical view, all those talents of the mind and qualities of the heart, that could justly recommend him to the general esteem of his own times, and transmit his name with honour to posterity. There was a politeness and affability in his address, a sprightliness and vivacity in his conversation, together with a constant equality in his temper, that wonderfully recommended him to all those with whom he had any connection; insomuch that what was observed of Socrates, was equally remarked in Lælius, that he always appeared with a serene and placid countenance.

"To the advantages of these captivating manners, were added the ornaments of a most cultivated and improved understanding: he was not only one of the finest gentlemen, but of the first orators, and the most elegant scholars of the age. Lælius and Scipio indeed, united as they were by genius and talents, no less than by esteem and affection, equally conspired in refining the taste, and encouraging the literature of their countrymen. They were the patrons, after having been the disciples, of Panætius and Polybius; and both the philosopher and the historian had the honour and happiness of constantly sharing with them those hours that were not devoted to the public service. But the severer muses did not entirely engross those intervals of leisure, which these illustrious friends occasionally snatched from the great business of the state: Terence and Lucilius were frequently admitted into these parties, where wit and wisdom jointly conspired to render the conversation at once both lively and instructive."—Lælius, or an Essay on Friendship, &c. *Remarks*, p. 168.

The ingenious writer then proceeds to consider this celebrated person in a political light; but as it is not here necessary to place him in this point of view, I do not transcribe that part of his encomium. He has not quoted the authorities on which this representation is founded; I shall therefore add here such passages (principally from Cicero) as I suppose he had in contemplation, which may serve further to illustrate the character in question.

"Erat in C. Lælio *multa hilaritas;* in ejus familiari Scipione ambitio major, vita tristior." De Off. i. 30.

"——— in rebus prosperis, et ad voluntatem nostram fluentibus, superbiam, fastidium, arrogantiamque magnopere fugiamus: nam ut adversas res, sic secun-

mated scenes of the metropolis, for the quiet and retirement of the country, yet when he was there, (and indeed in other situations, when not engaged in grave employments, (he was as playful as either Lælius or his illustrious friend, and would

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immoderatè ferre, levitatis est; *præclaraque est æquabilitas in omni vita, et idem semper vultus, eademque frons; ut de Socrate, item de* C. Lælio *accepimus.* Ibid. i. 26.

" Hujusmodi Scipio ille fuit, quem non pœnitebat facere idem quod tu; habere eruditissimum hominem et pene divinum, [Panætium] domi; cujus oratione et præceptis, quanquam erant eadem ista quæ te delectant, tamen asperior non est factus, sed (ut accepi à senibus) lenissimus. *Quis vero* C. Lælio *comior? quis jucundior*, eodem ex studio isto? *quis illo gravior? sapientior!*" Orat. pro Murena, 31.

" Ex hoc esse hunc numero, quem patres nostri viderunt, divinum hominem Africanum; ex hoc C. Lælium, L. Furium, *moderatissimos homines* et *continentissimos.*" Pro. Arch. 7.

" ——Viriatus Lusitanus, cui quidem etiam exercitus nostri imperatoresque cesserunt; quem C. Lælius, is qui *sapiens* usurpatur, prætor fregit, et comminuit, ferocitatemque ejus ita repressit, ut facilè bellum reliquis traderet." De Off. ii. 11.

" Similemne putas C. Lælii unum consulatum fuisse, et eum quidem cum repulsâ, (si cum *sapiens et bonus vir*, qualis ille fuit, suffragiis præteritur, non populus a bono consule potius quam ille a vano populo repulsam fert,) sed tamen utrum malles te, si potestas esset, semel, ut Lælium, consulem, an ut Cinnam, quater? Tuscul. v. 19.

" Quando enim me in hunc locum deduxit oratio, docebo, meliora me didicisse de colendis diis immortalibus jure pontificio, et *majorum more*, capedunculis iis quas Numa nobis reliquit, de quibus in illa *aureola oratiuncula* dicit Lælius, quam rationibus Stoicorum." De Nat. Deor. iii. 17.

" ——— itaque quos ingenio, quos studio, quos doctrinâ præditos vident, quorumque *vitam constantem et probatam*, ut Catonis, Lælii, Scipionis, aliorumque plurium, viderentur eos esse quales se ipsi velint." Top. 20.

" Sæpe ex socero meo audivi, quum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter requerascere esse solitos, quum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Cajetam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere." De Orat. ii. 6.

An old Scholiast on Horace goes still further, and informs us, that these two great men sometimes indulged themselves in the same kind of boyish playfulness which has been recorded of the flagitious Cromwell and one of his fellow-regicides: " Scipio Africanus et Lælius feruntur tam fuisse familiares et amici Lucilio, ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius superveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ, quasi feriturus, sequeretur."

" Memoriâ teneo, Smyrnæ me ex P. Rutilio Rufo audisse, quum diceret adoles-

as readily have gathered pebbles on the sea-shore; and though he was not an orator, if his studies and pursuits had originally led him to a popular profession, and he had been obliged to address a public assembly, it is clear from his manners and his writings, that, in the character of his eloquence, he would have resembled the perspicuous and elegant Lælius, rather than the severe and vehement Galba. For the rest, the conformity is greater than at the first view may be supposed. As Lælius was the disciple and protector of Panætius, and the patron and companion of Lucilius, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the scholar and friend of Johnson, and the friend and benefactor of Goldsmith. What the illustrious Scipio was to Lælius, the all-knowing and all-accomplished Burke was to Reynolds. For the pleadings and *aureola oratiuncula* of the amiable Roman, we have the luminous, I had almost said the *golden* Discourses of our author. As Lælius, admired and respected as he was, was repulsed from the consulate, Sir

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centulo se accidisse, ut ex Senatus-consulto P. Scipio et D. Brutus, ut opinor, consules, de re atroci magnâque quærerent. Nam quum in silvâ Silâ facta cædes esset, notique homines interfecti; insimulareturque familia, partim etiam liberi societatis ejus, quæ picarias de P. Cornelio, L. Mummio, censoribus, redemisset; decrevisse senatum, ut de eâ re cognoscerent et statuerent consules: causam pro publicanis accuratè, ut semper solitus esset, eleganterque dixisse Lælium. Quum consules, re auditâ *amplius* de consilii sententiâ pronuntiavissent, paucis interpositis diebus, iterum Lælium multo diligentius meliusque dixisse; iterumque eodem modo a consulibus rem esse prolatem. Tum Lælium, quum eum socii domum reduxissent, egissentque gratias, et ne defatigaretur oravissent, locutum esse ita; se quæ fecisset, honoris eorum causâ, *studiose, accurateque* fecisse; sed se arbitrari causam illam a Ser. Galbâ, quod is in dicendo *fortior acriorque* esset, gravius et *vehementius* posse defendi. Itaque auctoritate C. Lælii publicanos causam detulisse ad Galbam."—After informing us that Galba pleaded this cause with great spirit and vigour, and obtained a decision in favour of his clients, Cicero adds—" Ex hac Rutilianâ narratione suspicari licet, quum duæ summæ sint in oratore laudes, una subtiliter disputandi, ad docendum; altera graviter agendi, ad animos audientium permovendos; multoque plus proficiat is qui inflammet judicem, quam ille qui doceat; *elegantiam* in Lælio, vim in Galbâ fuisse." Brut. xxii.

From the foregoing passages, which I have collected with a view to illustrate the character of Lælius, (though some of them may seem not perfectly applicable to the present purpose,) a very competent notion of this celebrated person may be formed; and I trust that the comparison of these two characters will not appear, like many of Plutarch's, forced and constrained into parallelism.

Joshua Reynolds, in consequence of an unhappy misunderstanding, was forced for a short time to relinquish the Presedency of the Academy. In public estimation, in uniform success in life, in moderation in prosperity, in the applause and admiration of contemporaries, in simplicity of manners and playfulness of humour, in good sense and elegant attainments, in modesty and equability of temper, in undeviating integrity, in respect for received and long-established opinions, in serenity, cheerfulness, and urbanity, the resemblance must be allowed to be uncommonly striking and exact.

If it should be asked,—amidst so many excellent and amiable qualities, were there no failings?—I wish to answer the inquiry in the words of Mr Burke, who, on a paper (blotted with his tears) which has been transmitted to me while these sheets were passing through the press, has written—"I do not know a fault or weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of a vice."[1]

The detail of his domestic day, however minute or trifling

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[1] While I was employed in drawing up an account of our author's life, I requested Mr Burke to communicate to me his thoughts on the subject; but he was then so ill, that he was able only to set down two or three hints, to be afterwards enlarged on; one of which is that given above. In this paper (which was not found till the former part of these sheets were worked off at the press,) he has noticed our author's disposition to generalize, and his early admiration of Mr Mudge, which makes part of the subject of his subsequent letter, from which an extract has been given in a former page; but as the observation, as it appears in this fragment, has somewhat of a different shape and colouring, I subjoin it, that no particle of so great a writer may be lost.

"He was a great generalizer, and was fond of reducing every thing to one system, more perhaps than the variety of principles which operate in the human mind and in every human work, will properly endure. But this disposition to abstractions, to generalizing and classification, is the great glory of the human mind, *that* indeed which most distinguishes man from other animals; and is the source of every thing that can be called science. I believe his early acquaintance with Mr Mudge of Exeter, a very learned and thinking man, and much inclined to philosophize in the spirit of the Platonists, disposed him to this habit. He certainly by that means liberalized in a high degree the theory of his own art; and if he had been more methodically instituted in the early part of life, and had possessed more leisure for study and reflection, he would in my opinion have pursued this method with great success."

it may appear at present, will, I am confident, at a future period not be unacceptable. He usually rose about eight o'clock, breakfasted at nine, and was in his painting-room before ten. Here he generally employed an hour on some study, or on the subordinate parts of whatever portrait happened to be in hand; and from eleven, the following five hours were devoted to those who sat for their pictures: with occasionally short intervals, during which he sometimes admitted the visit of a friend. Such was his love of his art, and such his ardour to excel, that he often declared he had, during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with his pencil, as any mechanic working at his trade for bread.[1] About two days in the week, during the winter, he dined abroad; once, and sometimes oftener, he had company at home by invitation; and during the remainder of the week he dined with his family, frequently with the addition of two or three friends. It must not be understood that the days of every week were thus regularly distributed by a fixed plan; but this was the general course. In the evenings, when not engaged by the Academy, or in some public or private assembly, or at the theatre, he was fond of collecting a few friends at home, and joining in a party at whist, which was his favourite game. In consequence of being acquainted with a great variety of persons, he frequently collected a company of seven or eight at dinner, in the morning of the day on which they met: as the greater part of his friends were men well known in the world, they seldom found themselves unacquainted with each other; and these extemporaneous entertainments were often productive of greater conviviality than more formal and premeditated invitations. The marked character of his table, I think, was, that though there was always an abundant supply of those elegancies which the season af-

[1] An observation made by Dr. Johnson on Pope, is extremely applicable to our author, when employed in his painting-room. "He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated into negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault uncorrected by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works, first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it."—Lives of the Poets, iv. 163.

forded, the variety of the courses, the excellence of the dishes, or the flavour of the Burgundy, made the least part of the conversation: though the appetite was gratified by the usual delicacies, and the glass imperceptibly and without solicitation was cheerfully circulated, every thing of this kind appeared secondary and subordinate; and there seemed to be a general, though tacit, agreement among the guests, that *mind* should predominate over *body;* that the honours of the turtle and the haunch should give place to the feast of wit, and that for a redundant flow of wine the flow of soul should be substituted. Of a table thus constituted, with such a host and such guests, who would not wish to participate?

To enumerate all the eulogies which have been made on our author, would exceed the limits that I have prescribed to myself in this short narrative; but I ought not to omit the testimony borne to his worth by Dr. Johnson, who declared him to be "the most invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with him, he should find the most difficult how to abuse."[1] Johnson's well-known and rigid adherence to truth on all occasions, gives this encomium great additional value.

He has, however, one claim to praise, which I think it my duty particularly to mention, because otherwise his merit in this respect might perhaps be unknown to future ages: I mean the praise to which he is entitled for the rectitude of his judgment concerning those pernicious doctrines that were made the basis of that Revolution which took place in France not long before his death. Before the publication of Mr Burke's REFLECTIONS on that subject,[2] he had been favoured with a perusal of that incomparable work, and was lavish in his encomiums upon it. He was indeed never weary of expressing his admiration of the profound sagacity which saw, in their embryo state, all the evils with which this country was threatened by that tremendous convulsion; he well knew how eagerly all the wild and erroneous principles of

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[1] Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson;—Dedication.

[2] October 1790.

government, attempted to be established by the pretended philosophers of France, would be cherished and enforced by those turbulent and unruly spirits among us, whom *no* King *could govern, nor no* GOD *could please;* [1] and long before that book was written, frequently avowed his contempt of those "Adam-wits," who set at nought the accumulated wisdom of ages, and on all occasions are desirous of beginning the world anew. He did not live to see the accomplishment of almost every one of the predictions of the prophetic and philosophical work alluded to: happily for himself he did not live to participate of the gloom which now saddens every virtuous bosom, in consequence of all the civilized States of Europe being shaken to their foundations by those "*troublers of the poor world's peace*," whom Divine Providence has been pleased to make the scourge of human kind. Gloomy as our prospect is, (on this account alone,[2]) and great as is the danger with which we are threatened, (I mean *internally*, for as to external violence we are fully equal to any force

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[1] How justly may we apply the immediately following lines of the same great poet, to those demagogues among us, who, since the era above mentioned, have not only on all occasions gratuitously pleaded the cause of the enemies of their country with the zeal of fee'd advocates, but by every other mode incessantly endeavoured to debase and assimilate this *free* and *happy* country to the model of the *ferocious* and *enslaved* Republic of France!

"These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
"Began to dream they wanted liberty;
"And when no rule, no precedent was found
"Of MEN, by laws less circumscribed and bound,
"They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
"And thought that all but SAVAGES were slaves."

[2] I say, on this account *alone*, because, in all other respects England, is at present in an unparalleled state of wealth and prosperity, though there is a temporary distress occasioned by the want of the ordinary circulating medium of commerce. It appears from authentic and indisputable documents, that the trade of England, from 1784 to the present time, has *doubled;* and that our Exports in the year 1796 amounted to THIRTY MILLIONS; and it is well known that the rate of the purchase of land, contrary to the experience of all former wars, continues nearly as high as it was in the time of the most profound peace. These FACTS ought to be sounded from one end of England to the other, and furnish a complete answer to all the SEDITIOUS DECLAMATIONS that have been, or shall be, made on the subject.

[The foregoing observations, as well as those in the text, were made in the year 1797.]

which our assailants can bring against us,) I still cherish a hope that the cloud which hangs over us will be dispersed, and that we have *stamina* sufficiently strong to resist the pestilential contagion suspended in our atmosphere; and my confidence is founded on the good sense and firmness of my countrymen; of whom far the greater part, justly valuing the blessings which they enjoy, will not lightly hazard their loss; and rather than suffer the smallest part of their inestimable Constitution to be changed, or any one of those detestable principles to take root in this soil, which our domestic and foreign enemies with such mischievous industry have endeavoured to propagate, will, I trust, risk every thing that is most dear to man. To be fully apprised of our danger, and to shew that we are resolved firmly to meet it, may prove our best security. If, however, at last we must fall, let us fall beneath the ruins of that fabric which has been erected by the wisdom and treasure of our ancestors, and which they generously cemented with their blood.

For a very long period Sir Joshua Reynolds enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health, to which his custom of painting, standing, (a practice which, I believe, he first introduced,) may be supposed in some degree to have contributed; at least by this means he escaped those disorders which are incident to a sedentary life. He was, indeed, in the year 1782, distressed for a short time by a slight paralytic affection; which, however, made so little impression on him, that in a few weeks he was perfectly restored, and never afterwards suffered any inconvenience from that malady. But in July 1789, when he had very nearly finished the portrait of Lady Beauchamp, (now Marchioness of Hertford,) the last female portrait he ever painted,[1] he for the first time perceived his sight so much affected, that he found it difficult to proceed;

[1] The last two portraits of gentlemen that he painted, were those of the Right Honourable William Windham, and George J. Cholmondeley, Esq. and they are generally thought to be as finely executed as any he ever painted. In this respect he differed from Titian, whose latter productions are esteemed much inferior to his former works. He afterwards attempted to finish the portrait of Lord Macartney, for which that nobleman had sat some time before; but he found himself unable to proceed.

and in a few months afterwards, in spite of the aid of the most skilful oculists, he was entirely deprived of the sight of his left eye. After some struggles, lest his remaining eye should be also affected, he determined to paint no more; a resolution which to him was a very serious misfortune, since he was thus deprived of an employment that afforded him constant amusement, and which he loved much more for its own sake than on account of the great emolument with which the practice of his art was attended. Still, however, he retained his usual spirits, was amused by reading, or hearing others read to him, and partook of the society of his friends with the same pleasure as formerly;[1] but in October 1791, having strong apprehensions that a tumour, accompanied with an inflammation,[2] which took place over the eye that had perished, might affect the other also, he became somewhat dejected. Meanwhile he laboured under a much more dangerous disease, which deprived him both of his wonted spirits and his appetite, though he was wholly unable to explain to his physicians the nature or seat of his disorder. During this period of great affliction to all his friends, his malady was by many supposed to be imaginary; and it was conceived that, if he would but exert himself, he could shake it off. This instance, however, may serve to shew, that the patient best knows what he suffers, and that few long complain of bodily ailments without an adequate cause; for at length (but not till about a fortnight before his death) the seat of his disorder was found to be in his liver, of which the inordinate growth, as it afterwards appeared,[3] had incom-

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[1] Early in September 1791 he was in such health and spirits, that in our return to town from Mr Burke's seat, near Beaconsfield, we left his carriage at the Inn at Hayes, and walked five miles on the road, in a warm day, without his complaining of any fatigue. He had at that time, though above sixty-eight years of age, the appearance of a man not much beyond fifty, and seemed as likely to live for ten or fifteen years, as any of his younger friends.

[2] This inflammation, after various applications having been tried in vain, was found to have been occasioned by extravasated blood; and had no connection with the optic nerves.

[3] On his body being opened, his liver, which ought to have weighed about five pounds, was found to have increased to an extraordinary size, weighing nearly eleven pounds. It was also somewhat schirrous.

moded all the functions of life; and of this disease, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and patience, he died, after a confinement of near three months, at his house in Leicester-Fields, on Thursday evening, Feb. 23, 1792.

He seemed from the beginning of his illness to have had a presentiment of the fatal termination with which it was finally attended; and therefore considered all those symptoms as delusive on which the ardent wishes of his friends led them to found a hope of his recovery. He however continued to use all the means of restoration proposed by his physicians, and for some time to converse daily with his intimate acquaintance; and when he was at length obliged to confine himself to his bed, awaited the hour of his dissolution (as was observed by one of his friends soon after his death) with an equanimity rarely shewn by the most celebrated Christian philosophers. On Saturday, the 3rd of March, his remains were interred in the crypt of the cathedral of St. Paul, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, with every honour that could be shewn to genius and to worth by a grateful and enlightened nation: a great number of the most distinguished persons attending the funeral ceremony, and his pall being borne up by three Dukes, two Marquisses, and five other noblemen.[1]

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[1] The following account of the ceremonial was written by a friend the day after the funeral, and published in several of the Newspapers.

"On Saturday last, at half an hour after three o'clock, was interred the body of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, Principal Painter to his Majesty, President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

"He was interred in the vast crypt of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, next to the body of Dr Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, himself an eminent critic in Poetry and Painting, and close by the tomb of the famous Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that great edifice.

"The body was conveyed on the preceding night to the Royal Academy, according to the express orders of his Majesty, by a condescension highly honourable to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and gratifying to the wishes of that Society of eminent Artists. It lay that night, and until the beginning of the funeral procession, in state, in the Model Room of the Academy.

"The company who attended the funeral assembled in the Library and Council Chamber; the Royal Academy in the Exhibition Room.

Though his friend Dr Johnson was buried in Westminster Abbey, and it had been determined to erect a monument to

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"The company consisted of a great number of the most distinguished persons, who were emulous in their desire of paying the last honours to the remains of him, whose life had been distinguished by the exertions of the highest talents, and the exercise of every virtue that can make a man respected and beloved. Many more were prevented by illness, and unexpected and unavoidable occasions, which they much regretted, from attending.

"Never was a public solemnity conducted with more order, decorum, and dignity. The procession set out at half an hour after twelve o'clock. The hearse arrived at the great western gate of St. Paul's, about a quarter after two, and was there met by the Dignitaries of the Church, and by the Gentlemen of the Choir, who chaunted the proper Psalms, whilst the procession moved to the entrance of the choir, where was performed, in a superior manner, the full choir evening service, together with the famous Anthem of Dr Boyce; the body remaining during the whole time in the centre of the choir.

"The Chief Mourner and Gentlemen of the Academy, as of the family, were placed by the Body. The Chief Mourner in a chair at the head; the two attendants at the feet; the Pall Bearers and Executors in the seats on the decanal side; the other Noblemen and Gentlemen on the cantorial side. The Bishop of London was in his proper place, as were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

"After the service, the body was conveyed into the crypt, and placed immediately beneath the perforated brass plate, under the centre of the dome. Dr Jefferies, Canon Residentiary, with the other Canons, and the whole Choir, came under the dome; the grave digger attending in the middle with a shovel of mould, which at the proper time was thrown through the aperture of the plate, on the coffin. The funeral service was chaunted and accompanied on the organ in a grand and affecting manner. When the funeral service was ended, the Chief Mourners and Executors went into the crypt, and attended the corpse to the grave, which was dug under the pavement.

"The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs honoured the procession by coming to Somerset Place, where an officer's guard of thirty men was placed at the great court gate. After the procession had passed through Temple Bar, the gates were shut by order of the Lord Mayor, to prevent any interruption from carriages passing to or from the City.

"The spectators, both in the church and in the street, were innumerable. The shops were shut, the windows of every house were filled, and the people in the streets, who seemed to share in the general sorrow, beheld the whole with respect and silence.

The Order of the Procession was as follows:—

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and City Marshals.
The undertaker and ten conductors, on horseback.
A lid with plumes of feathers.
The HEARSE with six horses.
Ten pall-bearers, viz.
The Duke of Dorset, Lord High Steward of his Majesty's Household.

him there, so desirous was Sir Joshua Reynolds that St. Paul's should be decorated by Sculpture, which he thought

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Duke of Leeds.
Duke of Portland.
Marquis Townshend.
Marquis of Abercorn.
Earl of Carlisle.
Earl of Inchiquin.
Earl of Upper Ossory.
Lord Viscount Palmerston.
Lord Eliot.
Robert Lovel Gwatkin, Esq. Chief Mourner.
Two Attendants of the Family.
The Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke,
Edmond Malone, Esq. } Executors.
Philip Metcalfe, Esq.
The Royal Academicians, and Students.
Bennet Langton, Esq. (Professor of ancient literature,) James Boswell, Esq. (Secretary for foreign correspondence.)
The Archbishop of York. The Marquis of Buckingham.
Earl of Fife. Earl of Carysfort.
Lord St. Asaph. Lord Bishop of London.
Lord Fortesque. Lord Somers.
Lord Lucan. The Dean of Norwich.
Right Hon. W. Windham. Sir Abraham Hume, Bt.
Sir George Beaumont, Bt. Sir Thomas Dundas, Bt.
Sir Charles Bunbury, Bt. Sir William Forbes, Bt.
Dr George Fordyce. Dr Ash.
Dr Broklesby. Dr Blagden.
Sir William Scott, M.P. George Rose, Esq. M.P.
John Rollo, Esq. M.P. William Weddell, Esq. M.P.
Reginald Pole Carew, Esq. M.P. Richard Clarke, Esq.
Mat. Montagu, Esq. M.P. Rd. P. Knight, Esq. M.P.
Dudley North, Esq. M.P. Charles Townly, Esq.
Abel Moysey, Esq. John Cleveland, Esq. M.P.
John Thomas Batt, Esq. Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq.
Colonel Gwyn. Captain Pole.
Dr. Laurence. William Seward, Esq.
James Martin, Esq. ——— Drew, Esq.
Edward Jerningham, Esq. William Vachel, Esq.
Richard Burke, Esq. Thomas Coutts, Esq.
John Julius Angerstein, Esq. Edward Gwatkin, Esq.
Charles Burney, Esq. John Hunter, Esq.
William Cruikshank, Esq. ——— Home, Esq.
John Philip Kemble, Esq. Joseph Hickey, Esq.
Mr Alderman Boydell. John Devaynes, Esq.
Mr Poggi. Mr Breda.

would be highly beneficial to the arts,[1] that he prevailed on those who were associated with him in the management of Johnson's monument,[2] to consent that it should be placed in that cathedral; in which, I know, some of them reluctantly acquiesced. In consequence of the ardour which he expressed on this subject, it was thought proper to deposit his body in the crypt of that magnificent church; which indeed had another claim also to the remains of this great Painter, for in the same ground (though the ancient building constructed upon it has given place to another edifice) was interred, in the middle of the last century, his great predecessor, Sir Antony Vandyck.

By his last Will, which was made on the 5th of November preceding his death, he bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to his niece, Miss Palmer, now Dowager Marchioness of Thomond; ten thousand pounds in the funds to her younger sister, Mrs Gwatkin, the wife of Robert Lovel Gwatkin, Esq. of Killiow, in the county of Cornwall; a considerable legacy to his friend, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with whom he had lived in great intimacy for more than thirty years; and various memorials to other friends.[3]

" The company were conveyed in forty-two mourning coaches; and forty-nine coaches belonging to the Noblemen and Gentlemen attended empty."

To each of the gentlemen who attended on this occasion, was presented a print engraved by Bartolozzi, representing a female clasping an urn; accompanied by the Genius of Painting, holding in one hand an extinguished torch, and pointing with the other to a sarcophagus, on the tablet of which is written—

Succedet famâ, vivusque per ora feretur.

[1] He wished that St. Paul's should be decorated by Paintings as well as Sculpture, and has enlarged on this subject in his "Journey to Flanders." A scheme of this kind was proposed about the year 1774, and warmly espoused by our Author; but it was prevented from being carried into execution by Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London. Since that time, *monuments*, under certain regulations, have been admitted.

[2] Sir William Scott, Mr Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr Windham, Mr Metcalfe, Mr Boswell, Mr Malone.

[3] To the Earl of Upper-Ossory, any picture of his own painting, remaining undisposed of at his death, that his lordship should choose.

To the brief enumeration that has been given of the various qualities which rendered him at once so distinguished an ornament and so valuable a member of society, it is almost needless to add, that the death of this great Painter and most amiable man, was not less a private loss than a public misfortune; and that however that loss may have been deplored by his numerous friends, by none of them was it more deeply felt than by him on whom the office of transmitting to posterity this imperfect memorial of his talents and his virtues has devolved.

Its imperfection, however, will, I trust, be amply compensated by the following characteristic eulogy, in which the hand of the great master and the affectionate friend is so visible, that it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that it was written by Mr Burke, not many hours after the melancholy event which it commemorates, had taken place:

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To Lord Palmerston, "the second choice."

To Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. "the choice of his Claude Lorraines."

To Sir George Beaumont, Bart. his "Sebastian Bourdon,—the Return of the Ark."

To the Duke of Portland, "the Angel Contemplation,—the upper part of the Nativity."

To Edmond Malone, Philip Metcalfe, James Boswell, Esqrs. and Sir William Scott, [now Judge of the Court of Admiralty,] £200 each, to be laid out, if they should think proper, in the purchase of some picture at the sale of his Collection, "to be kept for his sake."

To the Reverend William Mason, "the Miniature of Milton, by Cooper."

To Richard Burke, junior, Esq. "his Cromwell, by Cooper."

To Mrs Bunbury, "her son's picture;" and to Mrs Gwyn, "her own picture with a turban."

To his nephew, William Johnston, Esq. of Calcutta, "his watch," &c.

To his old servant, Ralph Kirkley, (who had lived with him twenty-nine years,) "one thousand pounds."

Of this Will, he appointed Mr Burke, Mr Metcalfe, and the present writer, Executors.

In March 1795, his fine Collection of Pictures by the Ancient Masters, was sold by Auction for £10,319: 2s: 6d; and in April 1796, various historical and fancy-pieces of his own painting, together with some unclaimed portraits, were sold for £4505: 18s. His very valuable Collection of Drawings and Prints has been since disposed of.

"His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of any thing irritable, or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had, from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had indeed well deserved.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In Portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve, when they delineated individual nature. His Portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by Sovereign Powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets,[1] his native humility, modesty,

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[1] Goldsmith, Mason, T. Warton, &c.—The encomiums on our author in prose, are not less numerous. When the DISCOURSES were mentioned in a former page,

and candour, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye, in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.

"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

FOLEY PLACE, March 8, 1809.
First published in 1797.

I did not recollect that they have been very highly commended by my learned and ingenious friend, Dr. Joseph Warton, one of the few yet left among us, of those who began to be distinguished in the middle of the present century, soon after the death of Pope, and may now therefore be considered as the *ultimi Romanorum*. The praise of so judicious a critic being too valuable to be omitted, I shall introduce it here:

"One cannot forbear reflecting on the great progress the Art of Painting has made in this country, since the time that Jervais was thought worthy of this panegyric: (Pope's Epistle to that Painter in 1716:) a progress, that, we trust, will daily increase, if due attention be paid to the incomparable Discourses that have been delivered at the Royal Academy; which Discourses contain more solid instruction on that subject, than, I verily think, can be found in any language. The precepts are philosophically founded on truth and nature, and illustrated with the most proper and pertinent examples. The characters are drawn with a *precision* and *distinctness*, that we look for in vain in Felibien, De Piles, and even Vasari, or Pliny himself. Nothing, for example, can be more just and elegant, as well as profound and scientific, than the comparison between Michael Angelo and Raffaelle in the fifth of these Discourses. Michael Angelo is plainly the hero of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the same reason that Homer by every great mind is preferred to Virgil." *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, ii. 394.

[The foregoing note having been written in 1797, Dr Warton is spoken of as "yet living." He died February 23, 1800.]

LIST OF PRINCIPAL HISTORICAL PIECES.

The most considerable of his Historical and Miscellaneous Pieces are the following; to which, for the sake of posterity, I have adjoined the prices paid for them, and the purchasers' names, where I could discover them.

Subjects.	Prices.	Purchasers.
Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy,	300 Gs.	The Earl of Halifax. Since his death, sold to Mr Angerstein, for 250 Guineas.
Thais [Emily Pott,]	100.....	Hon. Mr Greville.
Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl, [Kitty Fisher,]	—— ...	——
Venus, chiding Cupid for learning Arithmetic,	100.....	The Earl of Charlemont.
Another,—the same subject,	100.....	Sir B. Boothby, Bart.
A Captain of Banditti,	35.....	John Crewe, Esq.
A Shepherd Boy,	50.....	Lord Irwin.
Count Ugolino,	400.....	The Duke of Dorset.
A boy in a Venetian Dress,	—— ...	Do.
Lesbia,	75.....	Do.
Wang y Tong, a Chinese,	70... ..	Do.
A Gypsy telling fortunes,	350... ..	Do.
A Boy with a Drawing in his hand	50.....	Do.
Beggar Children,	—— ...	Do.
Covent-Garden Cupid,	—— ...	Do.
Cupid, as a link boy,	—— ...	Do.
A Boy with a child on his back, and cabbage-nets in his hand,	—— ...	Do.
The Comic Muse, [Mrs Abington,]	—— ...	Do.
A Bacchante, [Mlle. Baccelli,]	—— ...	Do.
A Girl with a Bird Cage,	—— ...	Do.
The calling of Samuel,	50.....	Do.
Another,—the same subject,	75.....	Earl of Darnley.
Mr and Mrs Garrick, sitting on a garden-seat; Mr Garrick reading to her,	150.....	The Hon. T. Fitzmaurice.
A Girl with a mouse-trap,	50.....	Count D'Ademar.
A Landscape,	50.....	Earl of Aylesford.
A Sleeping boy	50.....	Do.
A Landscape,	50.....	Sir B. Boothby, Bart.
The Marchioness Townsend, Mrs Gardiner, and Hon. Mrs Beresford, decorating the statue of Hymen	450.....	Viscount Mountjoy.

Subjects.	Prices.	Purchasers.
Hope nursing Love,	——	Lord Holland.
Another,—the same subject,	——	The Earl of Inchiquin.
Another,—the same subject,	150 Gs.	Henry Hope, Esq.
A Strawberry Girl,	50	Earl of Carrysfort.
A Nymph, [Mrs Hartly] and young Bacchus,	——	Do.
The Snake in the Grass. [This has been called Love untying the zone of Beauty,]	200	Do.
Another,	A present.	Henry Hope, Esq.
Another,	100	Prince Potemkin.
The Continence of Scipio,	500	Do.
The Nativity, [a design for the window of New College Chapel in Oxford,]	1200	The Duke of Rutland.
The infant Jupiter,	100	Do.
An old man reading a ballad,	——	Do.
The Calling of Samuel,	100	Do.
A Boy praying	50	Sent to France by Mr Chamier, in 1778.
The Death of Dido,	200	Mr Bryant.
The Theory of Painting,	——	In the Royal Academy.
Another,	——	The Earl of Inchiquin.
A Shepherd Boy,	——	Do.
A Shepherdess with a lamb,	——	Do.
A Girl with a kitten,	——	Do.
A Girl with a muff,	——	Do.
Cælia lamenting the death of her sparrow, [Mrs Collyer,]	——	——
L'Allegro [Mrs Hale ;] several figures in the back-ground,	——	Lord Harewood.
Robinetta, [The Hon. Mrs Tollemache,]	——	——
Diana, [Lady Napier,]	——	——
Diana, [The Duchess of Manchester,]	——	The Duke of Manchester.
Master Wynne, as St. John,	——	——
Master Crewe, as Hen. VIII,	——	John Crewe, Esq.
Master Herbert, in the character of Bacchus,	75	Lord Portchester.
Juno, [Lady Blake,]	——	——
Hebe, [Miss Meyer, a whole-length figure on a half-length canvas,]	——	——
Melancholy, [Miss Jones,]	——	——
Young Hannibal, [a boy in armour,]	——	——
Francis, Duke of Bedford, as St. George ; with his brothers, Lord John, and Lord William Russell,	——	——
The Fortune-teller, [Lady Charlotte and Lord H. Spencer,]	——	The Duke of Marlborough.
Miranda, [The Hon. Mrs Tollemache] and Caliban,	——	——

Subjects.	Prices.	Purchasers.
St. Agnes, [Mrs Quarington,]	50 Gs.	R. P. Knight, Esq.
The Triumph of Truth, [Dr Beattie, with Two figures representing Truth and Falsehood,]	—— ...	Dr Beattie.
A Boy laughing	50.....	— Bromwell, Esq.
Ariadne,	35.....	W. Lock, Esq.
Dionysius, Areopagita,	—— ...	——
The Captive. [This has been called, the Banished Lord, and Cartouche,]	80.....	Charles Long, Esq.
The calling of Samuel,	—— ...	Do.
Lady Sarah Bunbury, sacrificing to the Graces,	—— ...	Sir C. Bunbury, Bart.
The infant Moses in the Bulrushes,	125.....	The Duke of Leeds.
Edwin,	55.....	Do.
A child with Angels,	—— ...	Do.
The Virgin and Child, [This picture was not quite finished,]	65.....	Mr J. Bannister.
The Angel contemplating the cross; being the upper part of the Nativity,	—— ...	Bequeathed to the Duke of Portland.
The four Cardinal Virtues, Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude; and Faith, Hope, and Charity; Designs for the Window of New College, Oxford, painted by Mr Jervais,	—— ...	The Earl of Inchiquin.
A Bacchante,	50.....	Sir W. Hamilton.
Another,	75.....	The Earl of Lauderdale.
A Holy Family,	500.....	Mr Macklin, Print-seller. Afterwards sold to L. Gwydir for 700 guineas.
Tuccia, the Vestal Virgin,	300.....	Mr Macklin.
The Gleaners, [Mrs Macklin, her daughter, and Miss Potts,]	300.....	Do.
St. John,	150.....	— Willet, Esq.
St. Cecilia, [Mrs Sheridan, and two daughters of —— Coote Purdon, Esq.,]	150.....	R. B. Sheridan, Esq.
Two Groups, in the manner of Paul Veronese; one containing the portraits of the Duke of Leeds, Lord Dundas, Constantine Lord Mulgrave, Lord Seaforth, the Hon. C. Greville, Charles Crowle, Esq., and the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.; the other, those of Sir W. Hamilton, Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart., Richard Thompson, Esq., Sir John Taylor, ——Payne Galway, Esq. John Smyth, Esq., and Spencer Stanhope, Esq.	—— ...	Society of Dilettanti.

Subjects.	Prices.	Purchasers.
A Boy with a port-folio	50 Gs.	Earl of Warwick.
A Studious boy	—— ...	G. Hardinge, Esq.
A Pouting girl	—— ...	Do.
The family of George Duke of Marlborough,	700.....	The Duke of Marlborough.
Circe,	35.....	Sir C. Bunbury, Bart.
The Children in the Wood,	50.....	Lord Palmerston.
A Girl leaning on a pedestal,	75.....	Do.
The Infant Academy,	—— ...	Do. by bequest.
Venus,	—— ...	The Earl of Upper-Ossory, by bequest.
Una, from Spencer, [Miss Beauclerk,]	—— ...	The Earl of Inchiquin.
King Lear,	—— ...	Do.
Heads of Angels, a study, from a daughter of Lord William Gordon,	100.....	Lord W. Gordon.
Cardinal Beaufort,	500.....	Mr Alderman Boydell.
Robin Goodfellow,	100.....	Do.
The Cauldron-Scene in Macbeth,	£1000...	Do.
Resignation from Goldsmith's Deserted Village,	—— ...	The Earl of Inchiquin.
Venus, and a boy piping,	250 Gs.	J. J. Angerstein, Esq.
Mrs Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse,	700.....	N. Desenfans, Esq.
The Infant Hercules in the Cradle, [A single figure, painted before the large picture,]	150.....	Earl Fitzwilliam.
Hercules strangling the serpents,	1500.....	Empress of Russia.
Cupid and Psyche,	250.....	Charles Long, Esq.
Cymon and Iphigenia, [This was the last fancy-picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds,]	—— ...	The Earl of Inchiquin.

DISCOURSES

DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY.

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Gentlemen,

That you have ordered the publication of this Discourse, is not only very flattering to me, as it implies your approbation of the method of study which I have recommended, but likewise, as this method receives from that act such an additional weight and authority, as demands from the Students that deference and respect, which can be due only to the united sense of so considerable a Body of Artists.

I am,

With the greatest esteem and respect,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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DISCOURSE I.

DELIVERED AT THE

OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, JANUARY 2, 1769.

The advantages proceeding from the institution of a Royal Academy.—Hints offered to the consideration of the Professors and Visitors;—That an implicit obedience to the rules of art be exacted from the young students;—That a premature disposition to a masterly dexterity be repressed;—That diligence be constantly recommended, and (that it may be effectual) directed to its proper object.

GENTLEMEN,

AN Academy, in which the Polite Arts may be regularly cultivated, is at last opened among us by Royal Munificence. This must appear an event in the highest degree interesting, not only to the Artists, but to the whole nation.

It is indeed difficult to give any other reason, why an empire like that of BRITAIN should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness, than that slow progression of things, which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effect of opulence and power.

An Institution like this has often been recommended upon considerations merely mercantile; but an Academy, founded upon such principles, can never effect even its own narrow purposes. If it has an origin no higher, no taste can ever be formed in manufactures; but if the higher Arts of Design flourish, these inferior ends will be answered of course.

We are happy in having a PRINCE, who has conceived the design of such an institution, according to its true dignity; and who promotes the Arts, as the head of a great, a learned, a polite, and a commercial nation; and I can now congratulate you, Gentlemen, on the accomplishment of your long and ardent wishes.

The numberless and ineffectual consultations which I have had with many in this assembly, to form plans and concert schemes for an Academy, afford a sufficient proof of the impossibility of succeeding but by the influence of MAJESTY. But there have, perhaps, been times, when even the influence of MAJESTY would have been ineffectual; and it is pleasing to reflect, that we are thus embodied, when every circumstance seems to concur from which honour and prosperity can probably arise.

There are, at this time, a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation; there is a general desire among our Nobility to be distinguished as lovers and judges of the Arts; there is a greater superfluity of wealth among the people to reward the professors; and, above all, we are patronized by a Monarch, who, knowing the value of science and of ele-

gance, thinks every art worthy of his notice, that tends to soften and humanize the mind.

After so much has been done by His Majesty, it will be wholly our fault if our progress is not in some degree correspondent to the wisdom and generosity of the Institution : let us shew our gratitude in our diligence, that, though our merit may not answer his expectations, yet, at least, our industry may deserve his protection.

But whatever may be our proportion of success, of this we may be sure, that the present Institution will at least contribute to advance our knowledge of the Arts, and bring us nearer to that ideal excellence, which it is the lot of genius always to contemplate and never to attain.

The principal advantage of an Academy is, that, besides furnishing able men to direct the Student, it will be a repository for the great examples of the Art. These are the materials on which Genius is to work, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed. By studying these authentic models, that idea of excellence, which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages, may be at once acquired ; and the tardy and obstructed progress of our predecessors may teach us a shorter and easier way. The Student receives, at one glance, the principles which many Artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining ; and, satisfied with their effect, is spared the painful investigation by which they came to be known and fixed. How many men of great natural abilities have been lost to this nation, for want of these advantages ! They never had an opportunity of seeing those masterly efforts of genius, which at once kindle the whole soul, and force it into sudden and irresistible approbation.

Raffaelle, it is true, had not the advantage of studying in an Academy ; but all Rome, and the works of Michael Angelo in particular, were to him an Academy. On the sight of the Capella Sistina, he immediately from a dry, Gothic, and even insipid manner, which attends to the minute accidental discriminations of particular and individual objects, assumed that grand style of painting, which improves partial representation by the general and invariable ideas of nature.

Every seminary of learning may be said to be surrounded with an atmosphere of floating knowledge, where every mind may imbibe somewhat congenial to its own original conceptions. Knowledge, thus obtained, has always something more popular and useful than that which is forced upon the mind by private precepts or solitary meditation. Besides, it is generally found, that a youth more easily receives instruction from the companions of his studies, whose minds are nearly on a level with his own, than from those who are much his superiors ; and it is from his equals only that he catches the fire of emulation.

One advantage, I will venture to affirm, we shall have in our Academy, which no other nation can boast. We shall have nothing to unlearn. To this praise the present race of Artists have a just claim. As far as they have yet proceeded, they are right. With us the exertions of genius will henceforward be directed to their proper objects. It will not be as it has been in other schools, where he that travelled fastest, only wandered farthest from the right way.

Impressed, as I am, therefore, with such a favourable opinion of my associates in this undertaking, it would ill become me to dictate to any of them. But as these Institutions have so often failed in other nations; and as it is natural to

think with regret, how much might have been done, I must take leave to offer a few hints, by which those errors may be rectified, and those defects supplied. These the Professors and Visitors may reject or adopt as they shall think proper.

I would chiefly recommend, that an implicit obedience to the *Rules of Art*, as established by the practice of the great MASTERS, should be exacted from the *young* Students. That those models, which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and infallible guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism.

I am confident, that this is the only efficacious method of making a progress in the Arts; and that he who sets out with doubting, will find life finished before he becomes master of the rudiments. For it may be laid down as a maxim, that he who begins by presuming on his own sense, has ended his studies as soon as he has commenced them. Every opportunity, therefore, should be taken to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius; they are fetters only to men of no genius; as that armour, which upon the strong is an ornament and a defence, upon the weak and mis-shapen becomes a load, and cripples the body which it was made to protect.

How much liberty may be taken to break through those rules, and, as the Poet expresses it,

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"

may be a subsequent consideration, when the pupils become masters themselves. It is then, when their genius has received its utmost improvement, that rules may possibly be dispensed with. But let us not destroy the scaffold, until we have raised the building.

The Directors ought more particularly to watch over the genius of those Students, who, being more advanced, are arrived at that critical period of study, on the nice management of which their future turn of taste depends. At that age it is natural for them to be more captivated with what is brilliant, than with what is solid, and to prefer splendid negligence to painful and humiliating exactness.

A facility in composing,—a lively, and what is called a masterly, handling of the chalk or pencil, are, it must be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become of course the objects of their ambition. They endeavour to imitate those dazzling excellencies, which they will find no great labour in attaining. After much time spent in these frivolous pursuits, the difficulty will be to retreat; but it will be then too late; and there is scarce an instance of return to scrupulous labour, after the mind has been debauched and deceived by this fallacious mastery.

By this useless industry they are excluded from all power of advancing in real excellence. Whilst boys, they are arrived at their utmost perfection; they have taken the shadow for the substance; and make the mechanical facility the chief excellence of the art, which is only an ornament, and of the merit of which few but painters themselves are judges.

This seems to me to be one of the most dangerous sources of corruption; and I speak of it from experience, not as an error which may possibly happen, but which has actually infected all foreign Academies. The Directors were probably pleased with this premature dexterity in their pupils, and praised their despatch at the expense of their correctness.

But young men have not only this frivolous ambition of being thought masters of execution, inciting them on one hand, but also their natural sloth tempting them on the other. They are terrified at the prospect before them, of the toil required to attain exactness. The impetuosity of youth is disgusted at the slow approaches of a regular seige, and desires, from mere impatience of labour, to take the citadel by storm. They wish to find some shorter path to excellence, and hope to obtain the reward of eminence by other means than those which the indispensable rules of art have prescribed. They must therefore be told again and again, that labour is the only price of solid fame, and that whatever their force of genius may be, there is no easy method of becoming a good Painter.

When we read the lives of the most eminent Painters, every page informs us, that no part of their time was spent in dissipation. Even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. To be convinced with what persevering assiduity they pursued their studies, we need only reflect on their method of proceeding in their most celebrated works. When they conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches ; then a finished drawing of the whole ; after that a more correct drawing of every separate part,—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery ; they then painted the picture, and after all re-touched it from the life. The pictures, thus wrought with such pains, now appear like the effect of enchantment, and as if some mighty Genius had struck them off at a blow.

But, whilst diligence is thus recommended to the Students, the Visitors will take care that their diligence be effectual ; that it be well directed, and employed on the proper object. A Student is not always advancing because he is employed ; he must apply his strength to that part of the art where the real difficulties lie ; to that part which distinguishes it as a liberal art ; and not by mistaken industry lose his time in that which is merely ornamental. The Students, instead of vying with each other which shall have the readiest hand, should be taught to contend who shall have the purest and most correct out-line ; instead of striving which shall produce the brightest tint, or, curiously trifling, shall give the gloss of stuffs, so as to appear real, let their ambition be directed to contend, which shall dispose his drapery in the most graceful folds, which shall give the most grace and dignity to the human figure.

I must beg leave to submit one thing more to the consideration of the Visitors, which appears to me a matter of very great consequence, and the omission of which I think a principal defect in the method of education pursued in all the Academies I have ever visited. The error I mean is, that the Students never draw exactly from the living models which they have before them. It is not indeed their intention ; nor are they directed to do it. Their drawings resemble the model only in the attitude. They change the form according to their vague and uncertain ideas of beauty, and make a drawing rather of what they think the figure ought to be, than of what it appears. I have thought this the obstacle that has stopped the progress of many young men of real genius; and I very much doubt, whether a habit of drawing correctly what we see, will not give a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we imagine. He who endeavours to copy nicely the figure before him, not only acquires a habit of exactness and precision, but is continually advancing in his knowledge of the human figure ; and though he seems to superficial observers to make slower progress, he will

be found at last capable of adding (without running into capricious wildness) that grace and beauty, which is necessary to be given to his more finished works, and which cannot be got by the moderns, as it was not acquired by the ancients, but by an attentive and well compared study of the human form.

What I think ought to enforce this method is, that it has been the practice (as may be seen by their drawings) of the great Masters in the art. I will mention a drawing of Raffaelle, *The Dispute of the Sacrament*, the print of which, by Count Cailus, is in every hand. It appears, that he made his sketch from one model ; and the habit he had of drawing exactly from the form before him, appears by his making all the figures with the same cap, such as his model then happened to wear : so servile a copyist was this great man, even at a time when he was allowed to be at his highest pitch of excellence.

I have seen also Academy figures by Annibale Caracci, though he was often sufficiently licentious in his finished works, drawn with all the peculiarities of an individual model.

This scrupulous exactness is so contrary to the practice of the Academies, that it is not without great deference that I beg leave to recommend it to the consideration of the Visitors ; and submit to them, whether the neglect of this method is not one of the reasons why Students so often disappoint expectation, and, being more than boys at sixteen, become less than men at thirty.

In short, the method I recommend can only be detrimental where there are but few living forms to copy ; for then Students, by always drawing from one alone, will by habit be taught to overlook defects, and mistake deformity for beauty. But of this there is no danger, since the Council has determined to supply the Academy with a variety of subjects ; and indeed those laws which they have drawn up, and which the Secretary will presently read for your confirmation, have in some measure precluded me from saying more upon this occasion. Instead, therefore, of offering my advice, permit me to indulge my wishes, and express my hope, that this Institution may answer the expectation of its Royal Founder ; that the present age may vie in Arts with that of Leo the Tenth ; and that *the dignity of the dying Art* (to make use of an expression of Pliny) may be revived under the Reign of GEORGE THE THIRD.

DISCOURSE II.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 11, 1769.

The course and order of Study.—The different stages of Art.—Much Copying discountenanced.—The Artist at all times and in all places should be employed in laying up materials for the exercise of his art.

Gentlemen,

I congratulate you on the honour which you have just received. I have the highest opinion of your merits, and could wish to show my sense of them in something which possibly may be more useful to you than barren praise. I could wish to lead you into such a course of study as may render your future progress answerable to your past improvement, and, whilst I applaud you for what has been done, remind you how much yet remains to attain perfection.

I flatter myself, that from the long experience I have had, and the unceasing assiduity with which I have pursued those studies, in which, like you, I have been engaged, I shall be acquitted of vanity in offering some hints to your consideration. They are indeed in a great degree founded upon my own mistakes in the same pursuit. But the history of errors, properly managed, often shortens the road to truth. And although no method of study that I can offer, will of itself conduct to excellence, yet it may preserve industry from being misapplied.

In speaking to you of the Theory of the Art, I shall only consider it as it has a relation to the *method* of your studies.

Dividing the study of painting into three distinct periods, I shall address you as having passed through the first of them, which is confined to the rudiments; including a facility of drawing any object that presents itself, a tolerable readiness in the management of colours, and an acquaintance with the most simple and obvious rules of composition.

This first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the Student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the Language of the art; and in this language, the honours you have just received prove you to have made no inconsiderable progress.

When the Artist is once enabled to express himself with some degree of correctness, he must then endeavour to collect subjects for expression; to amass a stock of ideas, to be combined and varied as occasion may require. He is now in the second period of study, in which his business is to learn all that has been known and done before his own time. Having hitherto received instructions from

a particular master, he is now to consider the Art itself as his master. He must extend his capacity to more sublime and general instructions. Those perfections which lie scattered among various masters, are now united in one general idea, which is henceforth to regulate his taste, and enlarge his imagination. With a variety of models thus before him, he will avoid that narrowness and poverty of conception which attends a bigotted admiration of a single master, and will cease to follow any favourite where he ceases to excel. This period is, however, still a time of subjection and discipline. Though the Student will not resign himself blindly to any single authority, when he may have the advantage of consulting many, he must still be afraid of trusting his own judgment, and of deviating into any track where he cannot find the footsteps of some former master.

The third and last period emancipates the Student from subjection to any authority, but what he shall himself judge to be supported by reason. Confiding now in his own judgment, he will consider and separate those different principles to which different modes of beauty owe their original. In the former period he sought only to know and combine excellence, wherever it was to be found, into one idea of perfection : in this, he learns, what requires the most attentive survey and the most subtle disquisition, to discriminate perfections that are incompatible with each other.

He is from this time to regard himself as holding the same rank with those masters whom he before obeyed as teachers ; and as exercising a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Comparing now no longer the performances of Art with each other, but examining the Art itself by the standard of nature, he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is scanty, and adds by his own observation what the industry of his predecessors may have yet left wanting to perfection. Having well established his judgment, and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination. The mind that has been thus disciplined, may be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm, and venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance. The habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him, will display itself in all his attempts ; and he will stand among his instructors, not as an imitator, but a rival.

These are the different stages of the Art. But as I now address myself particularly to those Students who have been this day rewarded for their happy passage through the first period, I can with no propriety suppose they want any help in the initiatory studies. My present design is to direct your view to distant excellence, and to show you the readiest path that leads to it. Of this I shall speak with such latitude, as may leave the province of the professor uninvaded ; and shall not anticipate those precepts, which it is his business to give, and your duty to understand.

It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory; nothing can come of nothing: he who has laid up no materials, can produce no combinations.

A Student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers, is always apt to over-rate his own abilities; to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him for a new-found country. If

by chance he passes beyond his usual limits, he congratulates his own arrival at those regions which they who have steered a better course have long left behind them.

The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality: they are anticipated in their happiest efforts; and if they are found to differ in any thing from their predecessors, it is only in irregular sallies, and trifling conceits. The more extensive therefore your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention; and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions. But the difficulty on this occasion is to determine what ought to be proposed as models of excellence, and who ought to be considered as the properest guides.

To a young man just arrived in Italy, many of the present painters of that country are ready enough to obtrude their precepts, and to offer their own performances as examples of that perfection which they effect to recommend. The Modern, however, who recommends *himself* as a standard, may justly be suspected as ignorant of the true end, and unacquainted with the proper object, of the art which he professes. To follow such a guide, will not only retard the Student, but mislead him.

On whom then can he rely, or who shall show him the path that leads to excellence? the answer is obvious: those great masters who have travelled the same road with success are the most likely to conduct others. The works of those who have stood the test of ages, have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation.

There is no danger of studying too much the works of those great men; but how they may be studied to advantage is an enquiry of great importance.

Some who have never raised their minds to the consideration of the real dignity of the art, and who rate the works of an Artist in proportion as they excel or are defective in the mechanical parts, look on theory as something that may enable them to talk but not to paint better; and confining themselves entirely to mechanical practice, very assiduously toil on in the drudgery of copying, and think they make a rapid progress while they faithfully exhibit the minutest part of a favourite picture. This appears to me a very tedious, and I think a very erroneous method of proceeding. Of every large composition, even of those which are most admired, a great part may be truly said to be *common-place*. This, though it takes up much time in copying, conduces little to improvement. I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry; the Student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object; as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out, and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise.

How incapable those are of producing any thing of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies, is well known to all who are conversant with our art.

To suppose that the complication of powers, and variety of ideas necessary to that mind which aspires to the first honours in the art of Painting, can be obtained by the frigid contemplation of a few single models, is no less absurd, than it would be in him who wishes to be a Poet, to imagine that by translating a tragedy he can acquire to himself sufficient knowledge of the appearances of nature, the operations of the passions, and the incidents of life.

The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, should seem to be in learning to colour; yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you. An eye critically nice can only be formed by observing well-coloured pictures with attention: and by close inspection and minute examination, you will discover, at last, the manner of handling, the artifices of contrast, glazing, and other expedients, by which good colourists have raised the value of their tints, and by which nature has been so happily imitated.

I must inform you, however, that old pictures deservedly celebrated for their colouring, are often so changed by dirt and varnish, that we ought not to wonder if they do not appear equal to their reputation in the eyes of unexperienced painters, or young students. An artist whose judgment is matured by long observation, considers rather what the picture once was, than what it is at present. He has by habit acquired a power of seeing the brilliancy of tints through the cloud by which it is obscured. An exact imitation, therefore, of those pictures, is likely to fill the student's mind with false opinions; and to send him back a colourist of his own formation, with ideas equally remote from nature and from art, from the genuine practice of the masters, and the real appearances of things.

Following these rules, and using these precautions, when you have clearly and distinctly learned in what good colouring consists, you cannot do better than have recourse to nature herself, who is always at hand, and in comparison of whose true splendour the best coloured pictures are but faint and feeble.

However, as the practice of copying is not entirely to be excluded, since the mechanical practice of painting is learned in some measure by it, let those choice parts only be selected which have recommended the work to notice. If its excellence consists in its general effect, it would be proper to make slight sketches of the machinery and general management of the picture. Those sketches should be kept always by you for the regulation of your style. Instead of copying the touches of those great masters, copy only their conceptions. Instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavour only to keep the same road. Labour to invent on their general principles and way of thinking. Possess yourself with their spirit. Consider with yourself how a Michael Angelo or a Raffaelle would have treated this subject: and work yourself into a belief that your picture is to be seen and criticised by them when completed. Even an attempt of this kind will rouse your powers.

But as mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way, let me recommend a practice that may be equivalent to and will perhaps more efficaciously contribute to your advancement, than even the verbal corrections of those masters themselves, could they be obtained. What I would propose is, that you should enter into a kind of competition, by painting a similar subject, and making a companion to any picture that you consider as a model. After you have finished your work, place it near the model, and compare them carefully together. You will then not only see, but feel your own deficiencies more sensibly than by precepts, or any

other means of instruction. The true principles of painting will mingle with your thoughts. Ideas thus fixed by sensible objects, will be certain and definitive; and sinking deep into the mind, will not only be more just, but more lasting than those presented to you by precepts only; which will always be fleeting, variable, and undetermined.

This method of comparing your own efforts with those of some great master, is indeed a severe and mortifying task, to which none will submit, but such as have great views, with fortitude sufficient to forego the gratifications of present vanity for future honour. When the student has succeeded in some measure to his own satisfaction, and has felicitated himself on his success, to go voluntarily to a tribunal where he knows his vanity must be humbled, and all self-approbation must vanish, requires not only great resolution, but great humility. To him, however, who has the ambition to be a real master, the solid satisfaction which proceeds from a consciousness of his advancement, (of which seeing his own faults is the first step,) will very abundantly compensate for the mortification of present disappointment. There is, besides, this alleviating circumstance: every discovery he makes, every acquisition of knowledge he attains, seems to proceed from his own sagacity; and thus he acquires a confidence in himself sufficient to keep up the resolution of perseverance.

We all must have experienced how lazily, and consequently how ineffectually, instruction is received when forced upon the mind by others. Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers. We prefer those instructions which we have given ourselves, from our affection to the instructor; and they are more effectual, from being received into the mind at the very time when it is most open and eager to receive them.

With respect to the pictures that you are to choose for your models, I could wish that you would take the world's opinion rather than your own. In other words, I would have you choose those of established reputation, rather than follow your own fancy. If you should not admire them at first, you will, by endeavouring to imitate them, find that the world has not been mistaken.

It is not an easy task to point out those various excellencies for your imitation, which lie distributed amongst the various schools. An endeavour to do this may perhaps be the subject of some future Discourse. I will, therefore, at present only recommend a model for style in Painting, which is a branch of the art more immediately necessary to the young student. Style in painting is the same as in writing, a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed. And in this Ludovico Caracci (I mean in his best works) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian: though Tintoret thought that Titian's colouring was the model of perfection, and would correspond even with the sublime of Michael Angelo; and that if Angelo had coloured like Titian, or Titian designed like Angelo, the world would once have had a perfect painter.

It is our misfortune, however, that those works of Caracci which I would

recommend to the Student, are not often found out of Bologna. The *St. Francis in the midst of his Friars, The Transfiguration, The Birth of St. John the Baptist, The Calling of St. Matthew, The St. Jerome, The Fresco Paintings* in the Zampieri palace, are all worthy the attention of the student. And I think those who travel would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city, than it has been hitherto the custom to bestow.

In this art, as in others, there are many teachers who profess to shew the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advances; which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. A facility of drawing, like that of playing upon a musical instrument, cannot be acquired but by an infinite number of acts. I need not, therefore, enforce by many words the necessity of continual application; nor tell you that the port-crayon ought to be for ever in your hands. Various methods will occur to you by which this power may be acquired. I would particularly recommend, that after your return from the Academy, (where I suppose your attendance to be constant,) you would endeavour to draw the figure by memory. I will even venture to add, that by perseverance in this custom, you will become able to draw the human figure tolerably correct, with as little effort of the mind as is required to trace with a pen the letters of the alphabet.

That this facility is not unattainable, some members in this Academy give a sufficient proof. And be assured, that if this power is not acquired whilst you are young, there will be no time for it afterwards; at least the attempt will be attended with as much difficulty as those experience, who learn to read or write after they have arrived to the age of maturity.

But while I mention the port-crayon as the student's constant companion, he must still remember, that the pencil is the instrument by which he must hope to obtain eminence. What, therefore, I wish to impress upon you is, that whenever an opportunity offers, you paint your studies instead of drawing them. This will give you such a facility in using colours, that in time they will arrange themselves under the pencil, even without the attention of the hand that conducts it. If one act excluded the other, this advice could not with any propriety be given. But if Painting comprises both drawing and colouring, and if by a short struggle of resolute industry, the same expedition is attainable in painting as in drawing on paper, I cannot see what objection can justly be made to the practice; or why that should be done by parts, which may be done all together.

If we turn our eyes to the several Schools of Painting, and consider their respective excellencies, we shall find that those who excel most in colouring, pursued this method. The Venetian and Flemish schools, which owe much of their fame to colouring, have enriched the cabinets of the collectors of drawings, with very few examples. Those of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the Bassans, are in general slight and undetermined. Their sketches on paper are as rude as their pictures are excellent, in regard to harmony of colouring. Correggio and Baroccio have left few, if any finished drawings behind them. And in the Flemish school, Rubens and Vandyck made their designs for the most part either in

colours, or in chiaro-oscuro. It is as common to find studies of the Venetian and Flemish Painters on canvass, as of the schools of Rome and Florence on paper. Not but that many finished drawings are sold under the names of those masters. Those, however, are undoubtedly the productions either of engravers or of their scholars, who copied their works.

These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience; but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence; and when better are suggested, shall retract them without regret.

There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity, unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers*.

Though a man cannot at all times, and in all places, paint or draw, yet the mind can prepare itself by laying in proper materials, at all times, and in all places. Both Livy and Plutarch, in describing Philopoemen, one of the ablest generals of antiquity, have given us a striking picture of a mind always intent on its profession, and by assiduity obtaining those excellencies which some all their lives vainly expect from nature. I shall quote the passage in Livy at length, as it runs parallel with the practice I would recommend to the Painter, Sculptor, and Architect.

"Philopoemen was a man eminent for his sagacity and experience in choosing ground, and in leading armies; to which he formed his mind by perpetual meditation, in times of peace as well as war. When in any occasional journey, he came to a strait difficult passage, if he was alone, he considered with himself, and if he was in company he asked his friends, what it would be best to do if in this place they had found an enemy, either in the front or in the rear, on the one side, or on the other. 'It might happen,' says he, 'that the enemy to be opposed might come on drawn up in regular lines, or in a tumultuous body, formed only by the nature of the place.' He then considered a little what ground he should take; what number of soldiers he should use, and what arms he should give them; where he should lodge his carriages, his baggage, and the defenceless followers of his camp; how many guards, and of what kind, he should send to defend them; and whether it would be better to press forward along the pass, or recover by retreat his former station: he would consider likewise where his camp could most commodiously be formed; how much ground he should inclose within his trenches; where he should have the convenience of water, and where he might find plenty of wood and forage; and when he should break up his camp on the following day, through what road he could most safely pass, and in what form he should dispose his troops. With such thoughts and disquisitions he had from his early years so exercised his mind, that on these occasions nothing could happen which he had not been already accustomed to consider."

I cannot help imagining that I see a promising young painter, equally vigilant, whether at home, or abroad, in the streets, or in the fields. Every object that

presents itself, is to him a lesson. He regards all Nature with a view to his profession; and combines her beauties, or corrects her defects. He examines the countenance of men under the influence of passion; and often catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents; and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched upon a discoloured wall.

The Artist who has his mind thus filled with ideas, and his hand made expert by practice, works with ease and readiness; whilst he who would have you believe that he is waiting for the inspirations of Genius, is in reality at a loss how to begin; and is at last delivered of his monsters, with difficulty and pain.

The well-grounded painter, on the contrary, has only maturely to consider his subject, and all the mechanical parts of his art follow without his exertion. Conscious of the difficulty of obtaining what he possesses, he makes no pretensions to secrets, except those of closer application. Without conceiving the smallest jealousy against others, he is contented that all shall be as great as himself, who have undergone the same fatigue; and as his pre-eminence depends not upon a trick, he is free from the painful suspicions of a juggler, who lives in perpetual fear lest his trick should be discovered.

DISCOURSE III.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 14, 1770.

The great leading principles of the Grand Style.—Of beauty.—The Genuine Habits of Nature to be distinguished from those of Fashion.

Gentlemen,

It is not easy to speak with propriety to so many students of different ages and different degrees of advancement. The mind requires nourishment adapted to its growth; and what may have promoted our earlier efforts, might retard us in our nearer approaches to perfection.

The first endeavours of a young Painter, as I have remarked in a former discourse, must be employed in the attainment of mechanical dexterity, and confined to the mere imitation of the object before him. Those who have advanced beyond the rudiments, may, perhaps, find advantage in reflecting on the advice which I have likewise given them, when I recommended the diligent study of the works of our great predecessors; but I at the same time endeavoured to guard them against an implicit submission to the authority of any one master however excellent: or by a strict imitation of his manner, precluding themselves from the abundance and variety of nature. I will now add that Nature herself is not to be too closely copied. There are excellencies in the art of painting beyond what is commonly called the imitation of nature: and these excellencies I wish to point out. The students who, having passed through the initiatory exercises, are more advanced in the art, and who, sure of their hand, have leisure to exert their understanding, must now be told, that a mere copier of nature can never produce any thing great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator.

The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive: instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise, by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame, by captivating the imagination.

The principle now laid down, that the perfection of this art does not consist in mere imitation, is far from being new or singular. It is, indeed, supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind. The poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity, are continually enforcing this position: that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature. They are ever referring to the practice of the painters and

sculptors of their times, particularly Phidias, (the favourite artist of antiquity,) to illustrate their assertions. As if they could not sufficiently express their admiration of his genius by what they knew, they have recourse to poetical enthusiasm: they call it inspiration; a gift from heaven. The artist is supposed to have ascended the celestial regions, to furnish his mind with this perfect idea of beauty. "He," says Proclus*, "who takes for his model such forms as nature produces, and confines himself to an exact imitation of them, will never attain to what is perfectly beautiful. For the works of nature are full of disproportion, and fall very short of the true standard of beauty. So that Phidias, when he formed his Jupiter, did not copy any object ever presented to his sight; but contemplated only that image which he had conceived in his mind from Homer's description." And thus Cicero, speaking of the same Phidias: "Neither did this artist," says he, "when he carved the image of Jupiter or Minerva, set before him any one human figure, as a pattern, which he was to copy; but having a more perfect idea of beauty fixed in his mind, this he steadily contemplated, and to the imitation of this all his skill and labour were directed."

The Moderns are not less convinced than the Ancients of this superior power existing in the art, nor less sensible of its effects. Every language has adopted terms expressive of this excellence. The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau ideal* of the French, and the *great style*, *genius*, and *taste*, among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity, they say, that ennobles the painter's art; that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic; and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain.

Such is the warmth with which both the Ancients and Moderns speak of this divine principle of the art; but, as I have formerly observed, enthusiastic admiration seldom promotes knowledge. Though a student by such praise may have his attention roused, and a desire excited, of running in this great career, yet it is possible, that what has been said to excite, may only serve to deter him. He examines his own mind, and perceives there nothing of that divine inspiration, with which, he is told, so many others have been favoured. He never travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; and he finds himself possessed of no other qualifications than what mere common observation and a plain understanding can confer. Thus he becomes gloomy amidst the splendour of figurative declamation, and thinks it hopeless to pursue an object which he supposes out of the reach of human industry.

But on this, as upon many other occasions, we ought to distinguish how much is to be given to enthusiasm, and how much to reason. We ought to allow for, and we ought to commend, that strength of vivid expression, which is necessary to convey, in its full force, the highest sense of the most complete effect of art; taking care at the same time, not to lose in terms of vague admiration, that solidity and truth of principle, upon which alone we can reason, and may be enabled to practise.

It is not easy to define in what this great style consists; nor to describe, by words, the proper means of acquiring it, if the mind of the student should be at

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* Lib. 2. in Timæum Platonis, as cited by Junius de Pictura Veterum. R.

all capable of such an acquisition. Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would be no longer taste and genius. But though there neither are, nor can be, any precise invariable rules for the exercise, or the acquisition, of these great qualities, yet we may truly say, that they always operate in proportion to our attention in observing the works of nature, to our skill in selecting, and to our care in digesting, methodizing, and comparing our observations. There are many beauties in our art, that seem, at first, to lie without the reach of precept, and yet may easily be reduced to practical principles. Experience is all in all; but it is not every one who profits by experience; and most people err, not so much from want of capacity to find their object, as from not knowing what object to pursue. This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth. They are about us, and upon every side of us. But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.

All the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination, will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection. But it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the contemplation and comparison of these forms; and which, by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular. This long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter, who aims at the greatest style. By this means, he acquires a just idea of beautiful forms; he corrects Nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect. His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things, from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any one original; and what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the Artist calls the Ideal Beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted. By this Phidias acquired his fame. He wrought upon a sober principle what has so much excited the enthusiasm of the world; and by this method you, who have courage to tread the same path, may acquire equal reputation.

This is the idea which has acquired, and which seems to have a right to the epithet of *divine;* as it may be said to preside, like a supreme judge, over all the productions of nature; appearing to be possessed of the will and intention of the Creator, as far as they regard the external form of living beings. When a man once possesses this idea in its perfection, there is no danger, but that he will be sufficiently warmed by it himself, and be able to warm and ravish every one else.

Thus it is from a reiterated experience, and a close comparison of the objects in nature, that an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that central form, if I may so express it, from which every deviation is deformity. But the investigation of this form, I grant, is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road; this is, by a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors; who, being indefatigable in the school of nature, have left models of that perfect form behind

them, which an artist would prefer as supremely beautiful, who had spent his whole life in that single contemplation. But if industry carried them thus far, may not you also hope for the same reward from the same labour? we have the same school opened to us, that was opened to them; for Nature denies her instructions to none who desire to become her pupils.

This laborious investigation, I am aware, must appear superfluous to those who think every thing is to be done by felicity, and the powers of native genius. Even the great Bacon treats with ridicule the idea of confining proportion to rules, or of producing beauty by selection. "A man cannot tell, (says he,) whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler: whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent. . . . . The painter, (he adds,) must do it by a kind of felicity, . . and not by rule*."

It is not safe to question any opinion of so great a writer, and so profound a thinker, as undoubtedly Bacon was. But he studies brevity to excess; and therefore his meaning is sometimes doubtful. If he means that duty has nothing to do with rule, he is mistaken. There is a rule, obtained out of general nature, to contradict which is to fall into deformity. Whenever any thing is done beyond this rule, it is in virtue of some other rule which is followed along with it, but which does not contradict it. Every thing which is wrought with certainty, is wrought upon some principle. If it is not, it cannot be repeated. If by felicity is meant any thing of chance or hazard, or something born with a man, and not earned, I cannot agree with this great philosopher. Every object which pleases must give us pleasure upon some certain principles: but as the objects of pleasure are almost infinite, so their principles vary without end, and every man finds them out, not by felicity or successful hazard, but by care and sagacity.

To the principle I have laid down, that the idea of beauty in each species of beings is an invariable one, it may be objected, that in every particular species there are various central forms, which are separate and distinct from each other, and yet are undeniably beautiful; that in the human figure, for instance, the beauty of Hercules is one, of the Gladiator another, of the Apollo another; which makes so many different ideas of beauty.

It is true, indeed, that these figures are each perfect in their kind, though of different characters and proportions; but still none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class. And as there is one general form, which, as I have said, belongs to the human kind at large, so in each of these classes there is one common idea and central form, which is the abstract of the various individual forms belonging to that class. Thus, though the forms of childhood and age differ exceedingly, there is a common form in childhood, and a common form in age, which is the more perfect, as it is more remote from all peculiarities. But I must add further, that though the most perfect forms of each of the general divisions of the human figure are ideal, and superior to any individual form of that class, yet the highest perfection of the human figure is not to be found in any one of them. It is not in the Hercules, nor in the Gladiator, nor in the Apollo; but in that form which is taken from all, and which partakes equally of the activity of

* Essays, p. 252, edit. 1625.

the Gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and of the muscular strength of the Hercules. For perfect beauty in any species must combine all the characters which are beautiful in that species. It cannot consist in any one to the exclusion of the rest: no one, therefore, must be predominant, that no one may be deficient.

The knowledge of these different characters, and the power of separating and distinguishing them, is undoubtedly necessary to the painter, who is to vary his compositions with figures of various forms and proportions, though he is never to lose sight of the general idea of perfection in each kind.

There is, likewise, a kind of symmetry, or proportion, which may properly be said to belong to deformity. A figure lean or corpulent, tall or short, though deviating from beauty, may still have a certain union of the various parts, which may contribute to make them on the whole not unpleasing.

When the Artist has by diligent attention acquired a clear and distinct idea of beauty and symmetry; when he has reduced the variety of nature to the abstract idea; his next task will be to become acquainted with the genuine habits of nature, as distinguished from those of fashion. For in the same manner, and on the same principles, as he has acquired the knowledge of the real forms of nature, distinct from accidental deformity, he must endeavour to separate simple chaste Nature, from those adventitious, those affected and forced airs or actions, with which she is loaded by modern education.

Perhaps I cannot better explain what I mean, than by reminding you of what was taught us by the Professor of Anatomy, in respect to the natural position and movement of the feet. He observed, that the fashion of turning them outwards was contrary to the intent of nature, as might be seen from the structure of the bones, and from the weakness that proceeded from that manner of standing. To this we may add the erect position of the head, the projection of the chest, the walking with straight knees, and many such actions, which we know to be merely the result of fashion, and what nature never warranted, as we are sure that we have been taught them when children.

I have mentioned but a few of those instances, in which vanity or caprice have contrived to distort and disfigure the human form: your own recollection will add to these a thousand more of ill-understood methods, which have been practised to disguise nature, among our dancing-masters, hair-dressers, and tailors, in their various schools of deformity*.

However the mechanic and ornamental arts may sacrifice to fashion, she must be entirely excluded from the Art of Painting; the painter must never mistake this capricious changeling for the genuine offspring of nature; he must divest himself of all prejudices in favour of his age or country; he must disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and look only on those general habits which are every where and always the same; he addresses his works to the people of every country and every age; he calls upon posterity to be his spectators, and says with Zeuxis, *in æternitatem pingo.*

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* "Those," says Quintilian, "who are taken with the outward shew of things, think that there is more beauty in persons who are trimmed, curled, and painted, than uncorrupt nature can give; as if beauty were merely the effect of the corruption of manners." R.

The neglect of separating modern fashions from the habits of nature, leads to that ridiculous style which has been practised by some painters, who have given to Grecian Heroes the airs and graces practised in the court of Lewis the Fourteenth ; an absurdity almost as great as it would have been to have dressed them after the fashion of that court.

To avoid this error, however, and to retain the true simplicity of nature, is a task more difficult than at first sight it may appear. The prejudices in favour of the fashions and customs that we have been used to, and which are justly called a second nature, make it too often difficult to distinguish that which is natural from that which is the result of education ; they frequently even give a predilection in favour of the artificial mode ; and almost every one is apt to be guided by those local prejudices, who has not chastised his mind, and regulated the instability of his affections by the eternal invariable idea of nature.

Here then, as before, we must have recourse to the ancients as instructors. It is from a careful study of their works that you will be enabled to attain to the real simplicity of nature ; they will suggest many observations, which would probably escape you, if your study were confined to nature alone. And, indeed, I cannot help suspecting, that in this instance the ancients had an easier task than the moderns. They had, probably, little or nothing to unlearn, as their manners were nearly approaching to this desirable simplicity ; while the modern artist, before he can see the truth of things, is obliged to remove a veil, with which the fashion of the times has thought proper to cover her.

Having gone thus far in our investigation of the great style in painting ; if we now should suppose that the artist has formed the true idea of beauty, which enables him to give his works a correct and perfect design ; if we should suppose also, that he has acquired a knowledge of the unadulterated habits of nature, which gives him simplicity ; the rest of his task is, perhaps, less than is generally imagined. Beauty and simplicity have so great a share in the composition of a great style, that he who has acquired them has little else to learn. It must not, indeed, be forgotten, that there is a nobleness of conception, which goes beyond anything in the mere exhibition even of perfect form ; there is an art of animating and dignifying the figures with intellectual grandeur, of impressing the appearance of philosophic wisdom, or heroic virtue. This can only be acquired by him that enlarges the sphere of his understanding by a variety of knowledge, and warms his imagination with the best productions of ancient and modern poetry.

A hand thus exercised, and a mind thus instructed, will bring the art to a higher degree of excellence than, perhaps, it has hitherto attained in this country. Such a student will disdain the humbler walks of painting, which, however profitable, can never assure him a permanent reputation. He will leave the meaner artist servilely to suppose that those are the best pictures, which are most likely to deceive the spectator. He will permit the lower painter, like the florist or collector of shells, to exhibit the minute discriminations, which distinguish one object of the same species from another ; while he, like the philosopher, will consider nature in the abstract, and represent in every one of his figures the character of its species.

If deceiving the eye were the only business of art, there is no doubt, indeed, but the minute painter would be more apt to succeed : but it is not the eye, it is the mind, which the painter of genius desires to address ; nor will he waste a

moment upon those smaller objects, which only serve to catch the sense, to divide the attention, and to counteract his great design of speaking to the heart.

This is the ambition which I wish to excite in your minds; and the object I have had in my view, throughout this discourse, is that one great idea, which gives to painting its true dignity, which entitles it to the name of a Liberal Art, and ranks it as a sister of poetry.

It may possibly have happened to many young students, whose application was sufficient to overcome all difficulties, and whose minds were capable of embracing the most extensive views, that they have, by a wrong direction originally given, spent their lives in the meaner walks of painting, without ever knowing there was a nobler to pursue. Albert Durer, as Vasari has justly remarked, would, probably, have been one of the first painters of his age, (and he lived in an era of great artists,) had he been initiated into those great principles of the art, which were so well understood and practised by his contemporaries in Italy; but unluckily having never seen or heard of any other manner, he, without doubt, considered his own as perfect.

As for the various departments of painting, which do not presume to make such high pretentions, they are many. None of them are without their merit, though none enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art. The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion, as they are exhibited by vulgar minds, (such as we see in the works of Hogarth,) deserve great praise; but as their genius has been employed on low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object. The merry-making or quarrelling of the Boors of Teniers; the same sort of productions of Brouwer, or Ostade, are excellent in their kind; and the excellence and its praise will be in proportion, as, in those limited subjects, and peculiar forms, they introduce more or less of the expression of those passions, as they appear in general and more enlarged nature. This principle may be applied to the Battle-pieces of Bourgognone, the French Gallantries of Watteau, and even beyond the exhibition of animal life, to the Landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and the Sea-Views of Vandervelde. All these painters have, in general, the same right, in different degrees, to the name of a painter, which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals, or descriptive poetry, has to that of a poet.

In the same rank, and perhaps of not so great merit, is the cold painter of portraits. But his correct and just imitation of his object has its merit. Even the painter of still life, whose highest ambition is to give a minute representation of every part of those low objects which he sets before him, deserves praise in proportion to his attainment; because no part of this excellent art, so much the ornament of polished life, is destitute of value and use. These, however, are by no means the views to which the mind of the student ought to be *primarily* directed. Having begun by aiming at better things, if from particular inclination, or from the taste of the time and place he lives in, or from necessity, or from failure in the highest attempts, he is obliged to descend lower, he will bring into the lower sphere of art a grandeur of composition and character, that will raise and ennoble his works far above their natural rank.

A man is not weak though he may not be able to wield the club of Hercules; nor does a man always practise that which he esteems the best; but does that

which he can best do. In moderate attempts, there are many walks open to the artist. But as the idea of beauty is of necessity but one, so there can be but one great mode of painting; the leading principle of which I have endeavoured to explain.

I should be sorry if what is here recommended should be at all understood to countenance a careless or undetermined manner of painting. For though the painter is to overlook the accidental discriminations of nature, he is to exhibit distinctly, and with precision, the general forms of things. A firm and determined outline is one of the characteristics of the great style in painting; and let me add, that he who possesses the knowledge of the exact form which every part of nature ought to have, will be fond of expressing that knowledge with correctness and precision in all his works.

To conclude; I have endeavoured to reduce the idea of beauty to general principles; and I had the pleasure to observe that the Professor of Painting proceeded in the same method, when he shewed you that the artifice of contrast was founded but on one principle. I am convinced that this is the only means of advancing science; of clearing the mind from a confused heap of contradictory observations, that do but perplex and puzzle the student, when he compares them, or misguide him if he gives himself up to their authority; bringing them under one general head, can alone give rest and satisfaction to an inquisitive mind.

DISCOURSE IV.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1771.

General Ideas, the Presiding Principle which regulates every part of Art; Invention, Expression, Colouring, and Drapery.—Two Distinct Styles in History-Painting; the Grand, and the Ornamental.—The Schools in which each is to be found.—The Composite Style.—The Style formed on Local Customs and Habits, or a Partial View of Nature.

GENTLEMEN,

THE value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it. As this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal art, or a mechanical trade. In the hands of one man it makes the highest pretensions, as it is addressed to the noblest faculties: in those of another it is reduced to a mere matter of ornament; and the painter has but the humble province of furnishing our apartments with elegance.

This exertion of mind, which is the only circumstance that truly ennobles our Art, makes the great distinction between the Roman and Venetian schools. I have formerly observed that perfect form is produced by leaving out particularities, and retaining only general ideas: I shall now endeavour to shew that this principle, which I have proved to be metaphysically just, extends itself to every part of the Art; that it gives what is called the *grand style* to Invention, to Composition, to Expression, and even to Colouring and Drapery.

Invention in Painting does not imply the invention of the subject; for that is commonly supplied by the Poet or Historian. With respect to the choice, no subject can be proper that is not generally interesting. It ought to be either some eminent instance of heroic action, or heroic suffering. There must be something either in the action, or in the object, in which men are universally concerned, and which powerfully strikes upon the public sympathy.

Strictly speaking, indeed, no subject can be of universal, hardly can it be of general concern; but there are events and characters so popularly known in those countries where our Art is in request, that they may be considered as sufficiently general for all our purposes. Such are the great events of Greek and Roman fable and history, which early education, and the usual course of reading, have made familiar and interesting to all Europe, without being degraded by the vulgarism of ordinary life in any country. Such, too, are the capital subjects of scripture history, which, beside their general notoriety, become venerable by their connection with our religion.

As it is required that the subject selected should be a general one, it is no less

necessary that it should be kept unembarrassed with whatever may any way serve to divide the attention of the spectator. Whenever a story is related, every man forms a picture in his mind of the action and expression of the persons employed. The power of representing this mental picture on canvass is what we call invention in a painter. And as in the conception of this ideal picture, the mind does not enter into the minute peculiarities of the dress, furniture, or scene of action; so when the painter comes to represent it, he contrives those little necessary concomitant circumstances in such a manner that they shall strike the spectator no more than they did himself in his first conception of the story.

I am very ready to allow, that some circumstances of minuteness and particularity frequently tend to give an air of truth to a piece, and to interest the spectator in an extraordinary manner. Such circumstances therefore cannot wholly be rejected: but if there be any thing in the Art which requires peculiar nicety of discernment, it is the disposition of these minute circumstantial parts, which, according to the judgment employed in the choice, become so useful to truth, or so injurious to grandeur.

However, the usual and most dangerous error is on the side of minuteness; and therefore I think caution most necessary where most have failed. The general idea constitutes real excellence. All smaller things, however perfect in their way, are to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater. The Painter will not enquire what things may be admitted without much censure: he will not think it enough to shew that they may be there; he will shew that they must be there; that their absence would render his picture maimed and defective.

Thus, though to the principal group a second or third be added, and a second and third mass of light, care must be taken that these subordinate actions and lights, neither each in particular, nor all together, come into any degree of competition with the principal; they should merely make a part of that whole which would be imperfect without them. To every kind of painting this rule may be applied. Even in portraits, the grace, and, we may add, the likeness consists more in taking the general air, than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

Thus figures must have a ground whereon to stand; they must be clothed; there must be a back-ground; there must be light and shadow: but none of these ought to appear to have taken up any part of the artist's attention. They should be so managed as not even to catch that of the spectator. We know well enough, when we analyze a piece, the difficulty and the subtilty with which an artist adjusts the back-ground, drapery, and masses of light; we know that a considerable part of the grace and effect of his picture depends upon them; but this art is so much concealed, even to a judicious eye, that no remains of any of these subordinate parts occur to the memory when the picture is not present.

The great end of the art is to strike the imagination. The Painter, therefore, is to make no ostentation of the means by which this is done; the spectator is only to feel the result in his bosom. An inferior artist is unwilling that any part of his industry should be lost upon the spectator. He takes as much pains to discover, as the greater artist does to conceal, the marks of his subordinate assiduity. In works of the lower kind, every thing appears studied and encumbered; it is all boastful art, and open affectation. The ignorant often part from such pictures with wonder in their mouths, and indifference in their hearts.

But it is not enough in invention that the Artist should restrain and keep under all the inferior parts of his subject; he must sometimes deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth, in pursuing the grandeur of his design.

How much the great style exacts from its professors to conceive and represent their subjects in a poetical manner, not confined to mere matter of fact, may be seen in the Cartoons of Raffaelle. In all the pictures in which the painter has represented the apostles, he has drawn them with great nobleness; he has given them as much dignity as the human figure is capable of receiving; yet we are expressly told in scripture they had no such respectable appearance; and of St. Paul in particular, we are told by himself, that his *bodily* presence was *mean*. Alexander is said to have been of a low stature: a Painter ought not so to represent him. Agesilaus was low, lame, and of a mean appearance: none of these defects ought to appear in a piece of which he is the hero. In conformity to custom, I call this part of the art History Painting: it ought to be called Poetical, as in reality it is.

All this is not falsifying any fact; it is taking an allowed poetical license. A painter of portraits retains the individual likeness; a painter of history shews the man by shewing his actions. A painter must compensate the natural deficiencies of his art. He has but one sentence to utter, but one moment to exhibit. He cannot, like the poet or historian, expatiate and impress the mind with great veneration for the character of the hero or saint he represents, though he lets us know, at the same time, that the saint was deformed, or the hero lame. The painter has no other means of giving an idea of the dignity of the mind, but by that external appearance which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance; and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation, which all men wish, but cannot command. The painter, who may in this one particular attain with ease what others desire in vain, ought to give all that he possibly can, since there are so many circumstances of true greatness that he cannot give at all. He cannot make his hero talk like a great man; he must make him look like one. For which reason he ought to be well-studied in the analysis of those circumstances which constitute dignity of appearance in real life.

As in invention, so likewise in expression, care must be taken not to run into particularities. Those expressions alone should be given to the figures which their respective situations generally produce. Nor is this enough: each person should also have that expression which men of his rank generally exhibit. The joy or the grief of a character of dignity, is not to be expressed in the same manner as a similar passion in a vulgar face. Upon this principle Bernini, perhaps, may be subject to censure. This sculptor, in many respects admirable, has given a very mean expression to his statue of David, who is represented as just going to throw the stone from the sling; and in order to give it the expression of energy, he has made him biting his under-lip. This expression is far from being general, and still farther from being dignified. He might have seen it in an instance or two, and he mistook accident for generality.

With respect to colouring, though it may appear at first a part of painting merely mechanical, yet it still has its rules, and those grounded upon that presiding principle which regulates both the great and the little in the study of a painter. By this the first effect of the picture is produced; and as this is per-

formed, the spectator, as he walks the gallery, will stop or pass along. To give a general air of grandeur at first view, all trifling or artful play of little lights, or an attention to a variety of tints, is to be avoided; a quietness and simplicity must reign over the whole work; to which a breadth of uniform and simple colour, will very much contribute. Grandeur of effect is produced by two different ways, which seem entirely opposed to each other. One is, by reducing the colours to little more than chiara oscuro, which was often the practice of the Bolognian schools; and the other, by making the colours very distinct and forcible, such as we see in those of Rome and Florence; but still the presiding principle of both those manners is simplicity. Certainly nothing can be more simple than monotony; and the distinct blue, red, and yellow colours which are seen in the draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools, though they have not that kind of harmony which is produced by a variety of broken and transparent colours, have that effect of grandeur which was intended. Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind more forcibly, from there not being any great union between them; as martial music, which is intended to rouse the nobler passions, has its effect from the sudden and strongly-marked transitions from one note to another, which that style of music requires; whilst in that which is intended to move the softer passions, the notes imperceptibly melt into one another.

In the same manner as the historical Painter never enters into the detail of colours, so neither does he debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery. It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him, the cloathing is neither woollen, nor linen, nor silk, satin, or velvet: it is drapery; it is nothing more. The art of disposing the foldings of the drapery makes a very considerable part of the painter's study. To make it merely natural, is a mechanical operation, to which neither genius nor taste are required; whereas, it requires the nicest judgment to dispose the drapery, so that the folds shall have an easy communication, and gracefully follow each other, with such natural negligence as to look like the effect of chance, and at the same time shew the figure under it to the utmost advantage.

Carlo Maratti was of opinion, that the disposition of drapery was a more difficult art than even that of drawing the human figure; that a Student might be more easily taught the latter than the former; as the rules of drapery, he said, could not be so well ascertained as those for delineating a correct form. This, perhaps, is a proof how willingly we favour our own peculiar excellence. Carlo Maratti is said to have valued himself particularly upon his skill in this part of his art; yet in him, the disposition appears so ostentatiously artificial, that he is inferior to Raffaelle, even in that which gave him his best claim to reputation.

Such is the great principle by which we must be directed in the nobler branches of our art. Upon this principle, the Roman, the Florentine, the Bolognese schools, have formed their practice; and by this they have deservedly obtained the highest praise. These are the three great schools of the world in the epic style. The best of the French school, Poussin, Le Sueur, and Le Brun, have formed themselves upon these models, and consequently may be said, though Frenchmen, to be a colony from the Roman school. Next to these, but in a very different style of excellence, we may rank the Venetian, together with the Flemish and the

Dutch schools; all professing to depart from the great purposes of painting, and catching at applause by inferior qualities.

I am not ignorant that some will censure me for placing the Venetians in this inferior class, and many of the warmest admirers of painting will think them unjustly degraded; but I wish not to be misunderstood. Though I can by no means allow them to hold any rank with the nobler schools of painting, they accomplished perfectly the thing they attempted. But as mere elegance is their principal object, as they seem more willing to dazzle than to effect, it can be no injury to them to suppose that their practice is useful only to its proper end. But what may heighten the elegant may degrade the sublime. There is a simplicity, and I may add, severity, in the great manner, which is, I am afraid, almost incompatible with this comparatively sensual style.

Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and others of the Venetian school, seem to have painted with no other purpose than to be admired for their skill and expertness in the mechanism of painting, and to make a parade of that art; which, as I before observed, the higher style requires its followers to conceal.

In a conference of the French Academy, at which were present Le Brun, Sebastian, Bourdon, and all the eminent Artists of that age, one of the academicians desired to have their opinion on the conduct of Paul Veronese, who, though a Painter of great consideration, had, contrary to the strict rules of art, in his picture of Perseus and Andromeda, represented the principal figure in shade. To this question no satisfactory answer was then given. But I will venture to say, that if they had considered the class of the Artist, and ranked him as an ornamental Painter, there would have been no difficulty in answering—"It was unreasonable to expect what was never intended. His intention was solely to produce an effect of light and shadow; every thing was to be sacrificed to that intent, and the capricious composition of that picture suited very well with the style which he professed."

Young minds are indeed too apt to be captivated by this splendour of style and that of the Venetians is particularly pleasing; for by them, all those parts of the Art that gave pleasure to the eye or sense, have been cultivated with care, and carried to the degree nearest to perfection. The powers exerted in the mechanical part of the Art, have been called *the language of Painters;* but we may say, that it is but poor eloquence which only shews that the orator can talk. Words should be employed as the means, not as the end: language is the instrument, conviction is the work.

The language of Painting must indeed be allowed these masters; but even in that, they have shewn more copiousness than choice, and more luxuriancy than judgment. If we consider the uninteresting subjects of their invention, or at least the uninteresting manner in which they are treated; if we attend to their capricious composition, their violent and affected contrasts, whether of figures or of light and shadow, the richness of their drapery, and at the same time the mean effect which the discrimination of stuffs gives to their pictures; if to these we add their total inattention to expression; and then reflect on the conceptions and the learning of Michael Angelo, or the simplicity of Raffaelle, we can no longer dwell on the comparison. Even in colouring, if we compare the quietness and chastity of the Bolognese pencil to the bustle and tumult that fills every part of

a Venetian picture, without the least attempt to interest the passions, their boasted art will appear a mere struggle without effect; *a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.*

Such as suppose that the great style might happily be blended with the ornamental, that the simple, grave, and majestic dignity of Raffaelle could unite with the glow and bustle of a Paolo, or Tintoret, are totally mistaken. The principles by which each is attained are so contrary to each other, that they seem, in my opinion, incompatible, and as impossible to exist together, as that in the mind the most sublime ideas and the lowest sensuality should at the same time be united.

The subjects of the Venetian Painters are mostly such as give them an opportunity of introducing a great number of figures; such as feasts, marriages, and processions, public martyrdoms, or miracles. I can easily conceive that Paul Veronese, if he were asked, would say, that no subject was proper for an historical picture, but such as admitted at least forty figures; for in a less number, he would assert, there could be no opportunity of the Painter's shewing his art in composition, his dexterity of managing and disposing the masses of light and groups of figures, and of introducing a variety of Eastern dresses and characters in their rich stuffs.

But the thing is very different with a pupil of the greater schools. Annibale Carracci thought twelve figures sufficient for any story: he conceived that more would contribute to no end but to fill space; that they would be but cold spectators of the general action, or, to use his own expression, that they would be *figurers to be let.* Besides, it is impossible for a picture composed of so many parts to have that effect so indispensably necessary to grandeur, that of one complete whole. However contradictory it may be in geometry, it is true in taste, that many little things will not make a great one. The Sublime impresses the mind at once with one great idea; it is a single blow: the Elegant indeed may be produced by repetition—by an accumulation of many minute circumstances.

However great the difference is between the composition of the Venetian, and the rest of the Italian schools, there is full as great a disparity in the effect of their pictures as produced by colours. And though in this respect the Venetians must be allowed extraordinary skill, yet even that skill, as they have employed it, will but ill correspond with the great style. Their colouring is not only too brilliant, but, I will venture to say, too harmonious, to produce that solidity, steadiness, and simplicity of effect, which heroic subjects require, and which simple or grave colours only can give to a work. That they are to be cautiously studied by those who are ambitious of treading the great walk of history, is confirmed, if it wants confirmation, by the greatest of all authorities Michael Angelo. This wonderful man, after having seen a picture by Titian, told Vasaro who accompanied him*, "that he liked much his colouring and manner;" but then he

* Dicendo, che molto gli piaceva il colorito suo, e la maniera; ma che era un peccato, che a Venezia non s'imparasse da principio a disegnare bene, e che non havessano que pittori miglior modo nello studio. Vas. tom. iii. p. 226. Vita di Tiziano.

added, "that it was a pity the Venetian painters did not learn to draw correctly in their early youth, and adopt a better *manner of study*."

By this it appears, that the principal attention of the Venetian painters, in the opinion of Michael Angelo, seemed to be ingrossed by the study of colours, to the neglect of the *ideal beauty of form*, or propriety of expression. But if general censure was given to that school from the sight of a picture of Titian, how much more heavily and more justly would the censure fall on Paolo Veronese, and more especially on Tintoret? And here I cannot avoid citing Vasari's opinion of the style and manner of Tintoret. "Of all the extraordinary geniuses*," says he, "that have practised the art of painting, for wild, capricious, extravagant, and fantastical inventions, for furious impetuosity and boldness in the execution of his work, there is none like Tintoret; his strange whimsies are even beyond extravagance, and his works seem to be produced rather by chance than in consequence of any previous design, as if he wanted to convince the world that the art was a trifle, and of the most easy attainment."

For my own part, when I speak of the Venetian painters, I wish to be understood to mean Paolo Veronese and Tintoret, to the exclusion of Titian; for though his style is not so pure as that of many other of the Italian schools, yet there is a sort of senatorial dignity about him, which, however awkward in his imitators, seems to become him exceedingly. His portraits alone, from the nobleness and simplicity of character which he always gave them, will entitle him to the greatest respect, as he undoubtedly stands in the first rank in this branch of the art.

It is not with Titian, but with the seducing qualities of the two former, that I could wish to caution you against being too much captivated. These are the persons who may be said to have exhausted all the powers of florid eloquence, to debauch the young and unexperienced; and have, without doubt, been the cause of turning off the attention of the connoisseur and of the patron of art, as well as that of the painter, from those higher excellencies of which the art is capable, and which ought to be required in every considerable production. By them, and their imitators, a style merely ornamental has been disseminated throughout all Europe. Rubens carried it to Flanders; Voet to France; and Lucca Giordano to Spain and Naples.

The Venetian is indeed the most splendid of the schools of elegance; and it is not without reason, that the best performances in this lower school are valued higher than the second rate performances of those above them: for every picture has value when it has a decided character, and is excellent in its kind. But the student must take care not to be so much dazzled with this splendour, as to be tempted to imitate what must ultimately lead from perfection. Poussin, whose eye was always steady fixed on the Sublime, has been often heard to say, "That a particular attention to colouring was an obstacle to the Student, in his progress

* Nelle cose della pittura, stravagante, capriccioso, presto, e resoluto, e il più terrible cervello, che habbia havuto mai la pittura, come si può vedere in tutte le sue opere; e ne' componimenti delle storie, fantastiche, e fatte da lui diversamente, e fuori dell' uso degli altri pittori; anzi hà superato la stravaganza, con le nuove, e capricciose inventioni, e strani ghiribizzi del suo intelleto, che ha lavorato a caso, e senza disegno, quasi monstrando che quest' arte è una baia.

to the great end and design of the art; and that he who attaches himself to this principal end, will acquire by practice a reasonable good method of colouring.*"

Though it be allowed that elaborate harmony of colouring, a brilliancy of tints, a soft and gradual transition from one to another, present to the eye what an harmonious concert of music does to the ear, it must be remembered, that painting is not merely a gratification of the sight. Such excellence, though properly cultivated, where nothing higher than elegance is intended, is weak and unworthy of regard, when the work aspires to grandeur and sublimity.

The same reasons that have been urged to shew that a mixture of the Venetian style cannot improve the great style, will hold good in regard to the Flemish and Dutch schools. Indeed the Flemish school, of which Rubens is the head, was formed upon that of the Venetian; like them, he took his figures too much from the people before him. But it must be allowed in favour of the Venetians, that he was more gross than they, and carried all their mistaken methods to a far greater excess. In the Venetian school itself, where they all err from the same cause, there is a difference in the effect. The difference between Paolo and Bassano seems to be only, that one introduced Venetian gentlemen into his pictures, and the other the boors of the district of Bassano, and called them patriarchs and prophets.

The painters of the Dutch school have still more locality. With them a history-piece is properly a portrait of themselves; whether they describe the inside or outside of their houses, we have their own people engaged in their own peculiar occupations; working or drinking, playing or fighting. The circumstances that enter into a picture of this kind, are so far from giving a general view of human life, that they exhibit all the minute particularities of a nation differing in several respects from the rest of mankind. Yet, let them have their share of more humble praise. The painters of this school are excellent in their own way; they are only ridiculous when they attempt general history on their own narrow principles, and debase great events by the meanness of their characters.

Some inferior dexterity, some extraordinary mechanical power is apparently that from which they seek distinction. Thus, we see, that school alone has the custom of representing candle-light not as it really appears to us by night, but red, as it would illuminate objects to a spectator by day. Such tricks, however pardonable in the little style, where petty effects are the sole end, are inexcusable in the greater, where the attention should never be drawn aside by trifles, but should be entirely occupied by the subject itself.

The same local principles which characterize the Dutch school extend even to their landscape painters; and Rubens himself, who has painted many landscapes, has sometimes transgressed in this particular. Their pieces in this way are, I think, always a representation of an individual spot, and each in its kind a very faithful but a very confined portrait. Claude Lorraine, on the contrary, was convinced, that taking nature as he found it seldom produced beauty. His pictures

* Que cette application singuliere n'etoit qu'un obstacle pour empêcher de parvenir au veritable but de la peinture, and celui qui s'attache au principal, acquiert par la pratique une assez belle maniere de peindre. Conference de l'Acad. Franc.

are a composition of the various draughts which he had previously made from various beautiful scenes and prospects. However, Rubens in some measure has made amends for the deficiency with which he is charged; he has contrived to raise and animate his otherwise uninteresting views, by introducing a rainbow, storm, or some particular accidental effect of light. That the practice of Claude Lorraine, in respect to his choice, is to be adopted by Landscape painters, in opposition to that of the Flemish and Dutch schools, there can be no doubt, as its truth is founded upon the same principle as that by which the Historical Painter acquires perfect form. But whether landscape painting has a right to aspire so far as to reject what the painters call accidents of Nature, is not easy to determine. It is certain Claude Lorraine seldom, if ever, availed himself of those accidents; either he thought that such peculiarities were contrary to that style of general nature which he professed, or that it would catch the attention too strongly, and destroy that quietness and repose which he thought necessary to that kind of painting.

A Portrait-painter likewise, when he attempts history, unless he is upon his guard, is likely to enter too much into the detail. He too frequently makes his historical heads look like portraits; and this was once the custom amongst those old painters, who revived the art before general ideas were practised or understood. A History-painter paints man in general; a Portrait-painter a particular man, and consequently a defective model.

Thus an habitual practice in the lower exercises of the art will prevent many from attaining the greater. But such of us who move in these humbler walks of the profession, are not ignorant that, as the natural dignity of the subject is less, the more all the little ornamental helps are necessary to its embellishment. It would be ridiculous for a painter of domestic scenes, of portraits, landscapes, animals, or still life, to say that he despised those qualities which has made the subordinate schools so famous. The art of colouring, and the skilful management of light and shadow, are essential requisites in his confined labours. If we descend still lower, what is the painter of fruit and flowers without the utmost art in colouring, and what the painters call handling: that is, a lightness of pencil that implies great practice, and gives the appearance of being done with ease? Some here, I believe, must remember a flower-painter whose boast it was, that he scorned to paint for the *million*: no, he professed to paint in the true Italian taste; and despising the crowd, called strenuously upon the *few* to admire him. His idea of the Italian taste was to paint as black and dirty as he could, and to leave all clearness and brilliancy of colouring to those who were fonder of money than immortality. The consequence was such as might be expected. For these petty excellencies are here essential beauties; and without this merit the artist's work will be more short-lived than the objects of his imitation.

From what has been advanced, we must now be convinced that there are two distinct styles in history-painting: the grand, and the splendid or ornamental.

The great style stands alone, and does not require, perhaps does not so well admit, any addition from inferior beauties. The ornamental style also possesses its own peculiar merit. However, though the union of the two may make a sort of composite style, yet that style is likely to be more imperfect than either of those which go to its composition. Both kinds have merit, and may be excellent

though in different ranks, if uniformity be preserved, and the general and particular ideas of nature be not mixed. Even the meanest of them is difficult enough to attain ; and the first place being already occupied by the great artists in each department, some of those who followed thought there was less room for them, and feeling the impulse of ambition and the desire of novelty, and being at the same time perhaps willing to take the shortest way, endeavoured to make for themselves a place between both. This they have effected by forming a union of the different orders. But as the grave and majestic style would suffer by a union with the florid and gay, so also has the Venetian ornament in some respect been injured by attempting an alliance with simplicity.

It may be asserted, that the great style is always more or less contaminated by any meaner mixture. But it happens in a few instances, that the lower may be improved by borrowing from the grand. Thus if a portrait-painter is desirous to raise and improve his subject, he has no other means than by approaching it to a general idea. He leaves out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changes the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent, which has annexed to it no ideas of meanness from its being familiar to us. But if an exact resemblance of an individual be considered as the sole object to be aimed at, the portrait-painter will be apt to lose more than he gains by the acquired dignity taken from general nature. It is very difficult to ennoble the character of a countenance but at the expense of the likeness, which is what is most generally required by such as sit to the painter.

Of those who have practised the composite style, and have succeeded in this perilous attempt, perhaps the foremost is Correggio. His style is founded upon modern grace and elegance, to which is superaded something of the simplicity of the grand style. A breadth of light and colour, the general ideas of the drapery, an uninterrupted flow of outline, all conspire to this effect. Next to him (perhaps equal to him) Parmegiano has dignified the genteelness of modern effeminacy, by uniting it with the simplicity of the ancients and the grandeur and severity of Michael Angelo. It must be confessed, however, that these two extraordinary men, by endeavouring to give the utmost degree of grace, have sometimes perhaps exceeded its boundaries, and have fallen into the most hateful of all hateful qualities, affectation. Indeed, it is the peculiar characteristic of men of genius to be afraid of coldness and insipidity, from which they think they never can be too far removed. It particularly happens to these great masters of grace and elegance. They often boldly drive on to the very verge of ridicule ; the spectator is alarmed, but at the same time admires their vigour and intrepidity :

> Strange graces still, and stranger flights they had,
> . . . . . .
> Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
> As when they touch'd the brink of all we hate.

The errors of genius, however, are pardonable, and none even of the more exalted painters are wholly free from them ; but they have taught us, by the rectitude of their general practice, to correct their own affected or accidental deviation. The very first have not been always upon their guard, and perhaps there is not a fault, but what may take shelter under the most venerable authorities ;

yet that style only is perfect in which the noblest principles are uniformly pursued; and those masters only are entitled to the first rank in our estimation, who have enlarged the boundaries of their art, and have raised it to its highest dignity, by exhibiting the general ideas of nature.

On the whole, it seems to me that there is but one presiding principle which regulates and gives stability to every art. The works, whether of poets, painters, moralists, or historians, which are built upon general nature, live for ever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuation of fashion, can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity. Present time and future may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other.

DISCOURSE V.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1772.

Circumspection required in endeavouring to unite Contrary Excellencies.—The expression of a Mixed Passion not to be Attempted.—Examples of those who excelled in the Great Style;—Raffaelle, Michael Angelo. Those two Extraordinary Men compared with each other.—The Characteristical Style.—Salvator Rosa mentioned as an Example of that Style; and opposed to Carlo Maratti. —Sketch of the Characters of Poussin and Rubens. These two Painters entirely dissimilar, but consistent with themselves.—This consistency required in all parts of the Art.

GENTLEMEN,

I PURPOSE to carry on in this discourse the subject which I began in my last. It was my wish upon that occasion to incite you to pursue the higher excellencies of the art; but I fear, that in this particular, I have been misunderstood. Some are ready to imagine, when any of their favourite acquirements in the art are properly classed, that they are utterly disgraced. This is a very great mistake: nothing has its proper lustre but in its proper place. That which is most worthy of esteem in its allotted sphere, becomes an object, not of respect, but of derision, when it is forced into a higher, to which it is not suited; and there it becomes doubly a source of disorder, by occupying a situation which is not natural to it, and by putting down from the first place what is in reality of too much magnitude to become with grace and proportion that subordinate station to which something of less value would be much better suited.

My advice, in a word, is this:—keep your principal attention fixed upon the higher excellencies. If you compass them, and compass nothing more, you are still in the first class. We may regret the innumerable beauties which you may want; you may be very imperfect; but still you are an imperfect artist of the highest order.

If, when you have got thus far, you can add any, or all of the subordinate qualifications, it is my wish and advice that you should not neglect them. But this is as much a matter of circumspection and caution at least, as of eagerness and pursuit.

The mind is apt to be distracted by a multiplicity of objects; and that scale of perfection, which I wish always to be preserved, is in the greatest danger of being totally disordered, and even inverted.

Some excellencies bear to be united, and are improved by union; others are of

a discordant nature; and the attempt to join them only produces a harsh jarring of incongruent principles. The attempt to unite contrary excellencies (of form, for instance) in a single figure, can never escape degenerating into the monstrous, but by sinking into the insipid; by taking away its marked character, and weakening its expression.

This remark is true to a certain degree with regard to the passions. If you mean to preserve the most perfect beauty *in its most perfect state*, you cannot express the passions, all of which produce distortion and deformity, more or less, in the most beautiful faces.

Guido, from want of choice in adapting his subject to his ideas and his powers, or from attempting to preserve beauty where it could not be preserved, has in this respect succeeded very ill. His figures are often engaged in subjects that required great expression: yet his Judith and Holofernes, the daughter of Herodias with the Baptist's head, the Andromeda, and some even of the Mothers of the Innocents, have little more expression than his Venus attired by the Graces.

Obvious as these remarks appear, there are many writers on our art, who, not being of the profession, and consequently not knowing what can or cannot be done, have been very liberal of absurd praises in their descriptions of favourite works. They always find in them what they are resolved to find. They praise excellencies that can hardly exist together; and above all things are fond of describing with great exactness the expression of a mixed passion, which more particularly appears to me out of the reach of our art.

Such are many disquisitions which I have read on some of the Cartoons and other pictures of Raffaelle, where the critics have described their own imaginations; or indeed where the excellent master himself may have attempted this expression of passions above the powers of the art; and has, therefore, by an indistinct and imperfect marking, left room for every imagination, with equal probability, to find a passion of his own. What has been, and what can be done in the art, is sufficiently difficult; we need not be mortified or discouraged at not being able to execute the conceptions of a romantic imagination. Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none. We can easily, like the ancients, suppose a Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate Deities were endowed with separately. Yet, when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone. Pliny, therefore, though we are under great obligations to him for the information he has given us in relation to the works of the ancient artists, is very frequently wrong when he speaks of them, which he does very often in the style of many of our modern connoisseurs. He observes, that in a statue of Paris, by Euphranor, you might discover at the same time three different characters—the dignity of a judge of the Goddesses, the Lover of Helen, and the Conqueror of Achilles. A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of these to any eminent degree.

From hence it appears that there is much difficulty as well as danger in an endeavour to concentrate, in a single subject, those various powers, which, rising from different points, naturally move in different directions.

The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other.

How hard this is to be attained in every art, those only know who have made the greatest progress in their respective professions.

To conclude what I have to say on this part of the subject, which I think of great importance, I wish you to understand, that I do not discourage the younger Students from the noble attempt of uniting all the excellencies of art; but suggest to them that, beside the difficulties which attend every arduous attempt, there is a peculiar difficulty in the choice of the excellencies which ought to be united. I wish you to attend to this, that you may try yourselves, whenever you are capable of that trial, what you can, and what you cannot do; and that, instead of dissipating your natural faculties over the immense field of possible excellence, you may choose some particular walk in which you may exercise all your powers in order that each of you may become the first in his way. If any man shall be master of such a transcendant, commanding, and ductile genius, as to enable him to rise to the highest, and stoop to the lowest, flights of art, and to sweep over all of them unobstructed and secure, he is fitter to give example than to receive instruction.

Having said thus much on the *union* of excellencies, I will next say something of the subordination in which various excellencies ought to be kept.

I am of opinion that the ornamental style, which in my discourse of last year I cautioned you against, considering it as *principal*, may not be wholly unworthy the attention even of those who aim at the grand style, when it is properly placed and properly reduced.

But this study will be used with far better effect, if its principles are employed in softening the harshness and mitigating the rigour of the great style, than if it attempt to stand forward with any pretentions of its own to positive and original excellence. It was thus Lodovico Carracci, whose example I formerly recommended to you, employed it. He was acquainted with the works both of Correggio and the Venetian painters, and knew the principles by which they produced those pleasing effects which, at the first glance, prepossess us so much in their favour; but he took only as much from each as would embellish, but not overpower, that manly strength and energy of style, which is his peculiar character.

Since I have already expatiated so largely in my former discourse, and in my present, upon the *styles* and *characters* of Painting, it will not be at all unsuitable to my subject if I mention to you some particulars relative to the leading principles, and capital works of those who excelled in the *great style*; that I may bring you from abstraction nearer to practice, and by exemplifying the positions which I have laid down, enable you to understand more clearly what I would enforce.

The principal works of modern art are in *Fresco*, a mode of painting which excludes attention to minute elegancies: yet these works in Fresco are the productions on which the fame of the greatest masters depends: such are the pictures of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle in the Vatican; to which we may add the Cartoons; which, though not strictly to be called Fresco, yet may be put under that denomination; and such are the works of Giulio Romano at Mantua. If these performances were destroyed, with them would be lost the best part of the reputation of those illustrious painters; for these are justly considered as the greatest efforts of our art of which the world can boast. To these, therefore, we should principally direct our attention for higher excellencies. As for the

lower arts, as they have been once discovered, they may be easily attained by those possessed of the former.

Raffaelle, who stands in general foremost of the first painters, owes his reputation, as I have observed, to his excellence in the higher parts of the art: his works in *Fresco*, therefore, ought to be the first object of our study and attention. His easel-works stand in a lower degree of estimation: for though he continually, to the day of his death, embellished his performances more and more with the addition of those lower ornaments, which entirely make the merit of some painters, yet he never arrived at such perfection as to make him an object of imitation. He never was able to conquer perfectly that dryness, or even littleness of manner, which he inherited from his master. He never acquired that nicety of taste in colours, that breadth of light and shadow, that art and management of uniting light to light, and shadow to shadow, so as to make the object rise out of the ground with the plenitude of effect so much admired in the works of Correggio. When he painted in oil his hand seemed to be so cramped and confined, that he not only lost that facility and spirit, but I think even that correctness of form, which is so perfect and admirable in his Fresco-works. I do not recollect any pictures of his of this kind, except perhaps the Transfiguration, in which there are not some parts that appear to be even feebly drawn. That this is not a necessary attendant on Oil-painting, we have abundant instances in more modern painters. Lodovico Caracci, for instance, preserved in his works in oil the same spirit, vigour, and correctness which he had in Fresco. I have no desire to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank which he deservedly holds: but by comparing him with himself, he does not appear to me to be the same man in oil as in Fresco.

From those who have ambition to tread in this great walk of the art, Michael Angelo claims the next attention. He did not possess so many excellencies as Raffaelle, but those which he had were of the highest kind. He considered the art as consisting of little more than what may be attained by sculpture: correctness of form, and energy of character. We ought not to expect more than an artist intends in his work. He never attempted those lesser elegancies and graces in the art. Vasari says, he never painted but one picture in oil, and resolved never to paint another, saying, it was an employment only fit for women and children.

If any man had a right to look down upon the lower accomplishments as beneath his attention, it was certainly Michael Angelo; nor can it be thought strange, that such a mind should have slighted or have been withheld from paying due attention to all those graces and embellishments of art, which have diffused such lustre over the works of other painters.

It must be acknowledged, however, that together with these, which we wish he had more attended to, he has rejected all the false, though specious ornaments, which disgrace the works even of the most esteemed artists; and I will venture to say, that when those higher excellencies are more known and cultivated by the artists and the patrons of arts, his fame and credit will increase with our increasing knowledge. His name will then be held in the same veneration as it was in the enlightened age of Leo the Tenth: and it is remarkable that the reputation of this truly great man has been continually declining as the art itself has declined.

For I must remark to you, that it has long been much on the decline, and that our only hope of its revival will consist in your being thoroughly sensible of its depravation and decay. It is to Michael Angelo that we owe even the existence of Raffaelle: it is to him Raffaelle owes the grandeur of his style. He was taught by him to elevate his thoughts, and to conceive his subject with dignity. His genius, however, formed to blaze and to shine, might, like fire in combustible matter, for ever have lain dormant, if it had not caught a spark by its contact with Michael Angelo: and though it never burst out with *his* extraordinary heat and vehemence, yet it must be acknowledged to be a more pure, regular, and chaste flame. Though our judgment must upon the whole decide in favour of Raffaelle, yet he never takes such a firm hold and entire possession of the mind as to make us desire nothing else, and to feel nothing wanting. The effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo perfectly corresponds to what Bouchardon said he felt from reading Homer; his whole frame appeared to himself to be enlarged, and all nature which surrounded him, diminished to atoms.

If we put these great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raffaelle had more taste and fancy, Michael Angelo more genius and imagination. The one excelled in beauty, the other in energy. Michael Angelo has more of the poetical inspiration; his ideas are vast and sublime; his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions or their attitudes, or the style and cast of their limbs or features, that reminds us of their belonging to our own species. Raffaelle's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character: they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, the judicious contrivance of his composition, his correctnesss of drawing, purity of taste, and skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which he united to his own observations on Nature, the energy of Michael Angelo, and the beauty and simplicity of the Antique. To the question, therefore, which ought to hold the first rank, Raffaelle or Michael Angelo? it must be answered, that if it is to be given to him who possessed a greater combination of the higher qualities of the art than any other man, there is no doubt but Raffaelle is the first. But if, as Longinus thinks, the sublime, being the highest excellence that human composition can attain to, abundantly compensates the absence of every other beauty, and atones for all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.

These two extraordinary men carried some of the higher excellencies of the art to a greater degree of perfection than probably they ever arrived at before. They certainly have not been excelled, nor equalled since. Many of their successors were induced to leave this great road as a beaten path, endeavouring to surprise and please by something uncommon or new. When this desire of novelty has proceeded from mere idleness or caprice, it is not worth the trouble of criticism;

but when it has been the result of a busy mind of a peculiar complexion, it is always striking and interesting, never insipid.

Such is the great style, as it appears in those who possessed it at its height: in this, search after novelty, in conception or in treating the subject, has no place.

But there is another style, which, though inferior to the former, has still great merit, because it shews that those who cultivated it were men of lively and vigorous imagination. This, which may be called the original or characteristical style, being less referred to any true archetype existing either in general or particular nature, must be supported by the painter's consistency in the principles which he has assumed, and in the union and harmony of his whole design. The excellency of every style, but of the subordinate styles more especially, will very much depend on preserving that union and harmony between all the component parts that they may appear to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind. It is in the works of art, as in the characters of men. The faults or defects of some men seem to become them, when they appear to be the natural growth, and of a piece with the rest of their character. A faithful picture of a mind, though it be not of the most elevated kind, though it be irregular, wild, and incorrect, yet if it be marked with that spirit and firmness which characterises works of genius, will claim attention, and be more striking than a combination of excellencies that do not seem to unite well together; or we may say, than a work that possesses even all excellencies, but those in a moderate degree.

One of the strongest-marked characters of this kind, which must be allowed to be subordinate to the great style, is that of Salvator Rosa. He gives us a peculiar cast of nature, which, though void of all grace, elegance, and simplicity, though it has nothing of that elevation and dignity which belongs to the grand style, yet has that sort of dignity which belongs to savage and uncultivated nature: but what is most to be admired in him, is, the perfect correspondence which he observed between the subjects which he chose and his manner of treating them. Every thing is of a piece: his rocks, trees, sky, even to his handling, have the same rude and wild character which animates his figures.

With him we may contrast the character of Carlo Maratti, who, in my opinion, had no great vigour of mind or strength of original genius. He rarely seizes the imagination by exhibiting the higher excellencies, nor does he captivate us by that originality which attends the painter who thinks for himself. He knew and practised all the rules of art, and from a composition of Raffaelle, Caracci, and Guido, made up a style, of which the only fault was, that it had no manifest defects and no striking beauties; and that the principles of his composition are never blended together, so as to form one uniform body, original in its kind, or excellent in any view.

I will mention two other painters, who, though entirely dissimilar, yet, by being each consistent with himself, and possessing a manner entirely his own, have both gained reputation, though for very opposite accomplishments. The painters I mean are Rubens and Poussin. Rubens I mention in this place, as I think him a remarkable instance of the same mind being seen in all the various parts of the art. The whole is so much of a piece, that one can scarce be brought to

believe but that if any one of the qualities he possessed had been more correct and perfect, his works would not have been so complete as they now appear. If we should allow him a greater purity and correctness of drawing, his want of simplicity in composition, colouring, and drapery, would appear more gross.

In his composition his art is too apparent. His figures have expression, and act with energy, but without simplicity or dignity. His colouring, in which he is eminently skilled, is notwithstanding too much of what we call tinted. Throughout the whole of his works there is a proportionable want of that nicety of distinction and elegance of mind which is required in the higher walks of painting; and to this want it may be in some degree ascribed that those qualities, which make the excellency of this subordinate style, appear in him with their greatest lustre. Indeed the facility with which he invented, the richness of his composition, the luxuriant harmony and brilliancy of his colouring, so dazzle the eye, that whilst his works continue before us, we cannot help thinking that all his deficiencies are fully supplied*.

Opposed to this florid, careless, loose, and inaccurate style, that of the simple, careful, pure, and correct style of Poussin seems to be a complete contrast. Yet however opposite their characters, in one thing they agreed; both of them always preserving a perfect correspondence between all the parts of their respective manners: insomuch that it may be doubted whether any alteration of what is considered as defective in either, would not destroy the effect of the whole.

Poussin lived and conversed with the ancient statues so long, that he may be said to have been better acquainted with them than with the people who were about him. I have often thought that he carried his veneration for them so far as to wish to give his works the air of ancient paintings. It is certain he copied some of the antique paintings, particularly the Marriage in the Aldobrandini-Palace at Rome, which I believe to be the best relique of those remote ages that has yet been found.

No works of any modern has so much of the air of antique painting as those of Poussin. His best performances have a remarkable dryness of manner, which, though by no means to be recommended for imitation, yet seems perfectly correspondent to that ancient simplicity which distinguishes his style. Like Polidoro, he studied the ancients so much that he acquired a habit of thinking in their way, and seemed to know perfectly the actions and gestures they would use on every occasion.

Poussin, in the latter part of his life, changed from his dry manner to one much softer and richer, where there is a greater union between the figures and the ground—as in the Seven Sacraments in the Duke of Orlean's collection; but neither these, nor any of his other pictures in this manner, are at all comparable to many in his dry manner which we have in England.

The favourite subjects of Poussin were Ancient Fables; and no painter was ever better qualified to paint such subjects, not only from his being eminently skilled in the knowledge of the ceremonies, customs, and habits of the Ancients,

* A more detailed character of Rubens may be found in the "Journey to Flanders and Holland," near the conclusion. M.

but from his being so well acquainted with the different characters which those who invented them gave to their allegorical figures. Though Rubens has shown great fancy in his Satyrs, Silenuses, and Fauns, yet they are not that distinct separate class of beings which is carefully exhibited by the Ancients, and by Poussin. Certainly when such subjects of antiquity are represented, nothing in the picture ought to remind us of modern times. The mind is thrown back into antiquity, and nothing ought to be introduced that may tend to awaken it from the illusion.

Poussin seemed to think that the style and the language in which such stories are told, is not the worse for preserving some relish of the old way of painting, which seemed to give a general uniformity to the whole, so that the mind was thrown back into antiquity not only by the subject, but the execution.

If Poussin in imitation of the Ancients represents Apollo driving his chariot out of the sea by way of representing the Sun rising, if he personifies Lakes and Rivers, it is nowise offensive in him ; but seems perfectly of a piece with the general air of the picture. On the contrary, if the figures which people his pictures had a modern air or countenance, if they appeared like our countrymen, if the draperies were like cloth or silk of our manufacture, if the landscape had the appearance of a modern view, how ridiculous would Apollo appear instead of the Sun ; an Old Man, or a Nymph with an Urn, to represent a River or a Lake ?

I cannot avoid mentioning here a circumstance in portrait-painting, which may help to confirm what has been said. When a portrait is painted in the historical style, as it is neither an exact minute representation of an individual, nor completely ideal, every circumstance ought to correspond to this mixture. The simplicity of the antique air and attitude, however much to be admired, is ridiculous when joined to a figure in a modern dress. It is not to my purpose to enter into the question at present, whether this mixed style ought to be adopted or not ; yet if it is chosen, 'tis necessary it should be complete and all of a piece : the difference of stuffs, for instance, which make the cloathing, should be distinguished in the same degree as the head deviates from a general idea. Without this union, which I have so often recommended, a work can have no marked and determined character, which is the peculiar and constant evidence of genius. But when this is accomplished to a high degree, it becomes in some sort a rival to that style which we have fixed as the highest.

Thus I have given a sketch of the characters of Rubens and Salvator Rosa, as they appear to me to have the greatest uniformity of mind throughout their whole work. But we may add to these, all those Artists who are at the head of a class, and have had a school of imitators from Michael Angelo down to Watteau. Upon the whole it appears, that setting aside the Ornamental Style, there are two different modes, either of which a Student may adopt without degrading the dignity of his art. The object of the first is, to combine the higher excellencies and embellish them to the greatest advantage ; of the other, to carry one of these excellencies to the highest degree. But those who possess neither must be classed with them, who, as Shakespeare says, are *men of no mark or likelihood.*

I inculcate as frequently as I can your forming yourselves upon great principles and great models. Your time will be much mis-spent in every other pursuit.

Small excellencies should be viewed not studied; they ought to be viewed, because nothing ought to escape a painter's observation; but for no other reason.

There is another caution which I wish to give you. Be as select in those whom you endeavour to please, as in those whom you endeavour to imitate. Without the love of fame you can never do any thing excellent; but by an excessive and undistinguishing thirst after it, you will come to have vulgar views; you will degrade your style; and your taste will be entirely corrupted. It is certain that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the Vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural, in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word.

One would wish that such depravation of taste should be counteracted with that manly pride which actuated Euripides when he said to the Athenians who criticised his works, "I do not compose my works in order to be corrected by you, but to instruct you." It is true, to have a right to speak thus, a man must be an Euripides. However, thus much may be allowed, that when an Artist is sure that he is upon firm ground, supported by the authority and practice of his predecessors of the greatest reputation, he may then assume the boldness and intrepidity of genius; at any rate he must not be tempted out of the right path by any allurement of popularity, which always accompanies the lower styles of painting.

I mention this, because our Exhibitions, while they produce such admirable effects by nourishing emulation, and calling out genius, have also a mischievous tendency, by seducing the Painter to an ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude of people who resort to them.

DISCOURSE VI.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1774.

Imitation.—Genius begins where Rules End.—Invention :—Acquired by being conversant with the Inventions of Others.—The True Method of Imitating.—Borrowing how far Allowable.—Something to be Gathered from Every School.

Gentlemen,

When I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the course and order of your studies, I never proposed to enter into a minute detail of the art. This I have always left to the several Professors, who pursue the end of our institution with the highest honour to themselves, and with the greatest advantage to the Students.

My purpose in the Discourses I have held in the Academy has been to lay down certain general positions, which seem to me proper for the formation of a sound taste: principles necessary to guard the pupils against those errors, into which the sanguine temper common to their time of life has a tendency to lead them; and which have rendered abortive the hopes of so many successions of promising young men in all parts of Europe. I wished also, to intercept and suppress those prejudices which particularly prevail when the mechanism of painting is come to its perfection; and which, when they do prevail, are certain utterly to destroy the higher and more valuable parts of this literate and liberal profession.

These two have been my principal purposes; they are still as much my concern as ever; and if I repeat my own notions on the subject, you who know how fast mistake and prejudice, when neglected, gain ground upon truth and reason, will easily excuse me. I only attempt to set the same thing in the greatest variety of lights.

The subject of this discourse will be Imitation, as far as a painter is concerned in it. By imitation, I do not mean imitation in its largest sense, but simply the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works.

Those who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of *inspiration*, as a *gift* bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to insure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired ; how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will shew the way to eminence.

It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the *cause* of any thing extraordinary, to be astonished at the *effect*, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired—who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.

The travellers into the East tell us, that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer, that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulph between its own powers, and those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fathom; and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers.

And, as for artists themselves, it is by no means their interest to undeceive such judges, however conscious they may be of the very natural means by which their extraordinary powers were acquired; though our art, being intrinsically imitative, rejects this idea of inspiration, more perhaps than any other.

It is to avoid this plain confession of truth, as it should seem, that this imitation of masters, indeed almost all imitation, which implies a more regular and progressive method of attaining the ends of painting, has ever been particularly inveighed against with great keenness, both by ancient and modern writers.

To derive all from native power, to owe nothing to another, is the praise which men, who do not much think on what they are saying, bestow sometimes upon others, and sometimes on themselves; and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of the low, the barren, the grovelling, the servile imitator. It would be no wonder if a student, frightened by those terrific and disgraceful epithets, with which the poor imitators are so often loaded, should let fall his pencil in mere despair; (conscious, as he must be, how much he has been indebted to the labours of others, how little, how very little of his art was born with him;) and, consider it as hopeless, to set about acquiring by the imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is matter of inspiration from heaven.

Some allowance must be made for what is said in the gaiety of rhetoric. We cannot suppose that any one can really mean to exclude all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer; for it is apparent, if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, the art would be always to begin, and consequently remain always in its infant state; and it is a common observation, that no art was ever invented and carried to perfection at the same time.

But to bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed, that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature, which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of inspiration, but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the works of other painters. This appears more humiliating, but is equally true; and no man can be an artist, whatever he may suppose, upon any other terms.

However, those who appear more moderate and reasonable, allow, that our study is to begin by imitation; but maintain, that we should no longer use the thoughts of our predecessors, when we are become able to think for ourselves. They hold, that imitation is as hurtful to the more advanced student, as it was advantageous to the beginner.

For my own part, I confess, I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art; but am of opinion, that the study of other masters, which I here call imitation, may be extended, throughout our whole lives, without any danger of the inconveniences with which it is charged, of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have.

I am on the contrary persuaded, that, by imitation only, variety, and even originality of invention, is produced. I will go further; even genius, at least what generally is so called, is the child of imitation. But as this appears to be contrary to the general opinion, I must explain my position before I enforce it.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies, which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.

This opinion of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties, which stamp the work with the character of genius, supposes that it is something more fixed than in reality it is; and that we always do, and ever did agree in opinion, with respect to what should be considered as the characteristic of genius. But the truth is, that the *degree* of excellence which proclaims *genius* is different, in different times and different places; and what shews it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

When the Arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object, was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts; the name of Genius then shifted its application, and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity; in short, those qualities, or excellencies, the power of producing which could not *then* be taught by any known and promulgated rules.

We are very sure that the beauty of form, the expression of the passions, the art of composition, even the power of giving a general air of grandeur to a work, is at present very much under the dominion of rules. These excellencies were, heretofore, considered merely as the effects of genius; and justly, if genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience.

He who first made any of these observations, and digested them, so as to form an invariable principle for himself to work by, had that merit, but probably no one went very far at once; and generally, the first who gave the hint, did not know how to pursue it steadily and methodically; at least not in the beginning. He himself worked on it, and improved it; others worked more, and improved further; until the secret was discovered, and the practice made as general as refined practice can be made. How many more principles may be fixed and

ascertained, we cannot tell; but as criticism is likely to go hand in hand with the art which is its subject, we may venture to say, that as that art shall advance, its powers will be still more and more fixed by rules.

But by whatever strides criticism may gain ground, we need be under no apprehension that invention will ever be annihilated or subdued; or intellectual energy be brought entirely within the restraint of written law. Genius will still have room enough to expatiate, and keep always at the same distance from narrow comprehension and mechanical performance.

What we now call Genius, begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end; but where known, vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place. It must of necessity be, that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules; it cannot be by chance, that excellencies are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of Genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in words; especially as artists are not very frequently skilful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist; and he works from them with as much certainty, as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true, these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art; yet it does not follow, but that the mind may be put in such a train, that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety, which words, particularly words of unpractised writers, such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.

Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience, we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others, that we learn to invent: as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

Whoever has so far formed his taste, as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great masters, has gone a great way in his study; for, merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected, as if it had itself produced what it admires. Our hearts, frequently warmed in this manner by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble, will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking; and we shall receive in our own bosoms some radiation at least of their fire and splendour. That disposition, which is so strong in children, still continues with us, of catching involuntarily the general air and manner of those with whom we are conversant; with this difference only, that a young mind is naturally pliable and imitative; but in a more advanced state it grows rigid, and must be warmed and softened, before it will receive a deep impression.

From these considerations, which a little of your own reflection will carry a great way further, it appears, of what great consequence it is, that our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence; and that, far from being contented to make such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should, to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour.

The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

When we have had continually before us the great works of Art to impregnate our minds with kindred ideas, we are then, and not till then, fit to produce something of the same species. We behold all about us with the eyes of those penetrating observers whose works we contemplate; and our minds, accustomed to think the thoughts of the noblest and brightest intellects, are prepared for the discovery and selection of all that is great and noble in nature. The greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock: he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before often repeated. When we know the subject designed by such men, it will never be difficult to guess what kind of work is to be produced.

It is vain for painters or poets to endeavour to invent without materials on which the mind may work, and from which invention must originate. Nothing can come of nothing.

Homer is supposed to be possessed of all the learning of his time: and we are certain that Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle, were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors.

A mind encircled by an assemblage of all the treasures of ancient and modern art, will be more elevated and fruitful in resources, in proportion to the number of ideas which have been carefully collected and thoroughly digested. There can be no doubt but that he who has the most materials has the greatest means of invention; and if he has not the power of using them, it must proceed from a feebleness of intellect; or from the confused manner in which those collections have been laid up in his mind.

The addition of other men's judgment is so far from weakening our own, as is the opinion of many, that it will fashion and consolidate those ideas of excellence which lay in embryo, feeble, ill-shaped, and confused, but which are finished and put in order by the authority and practice of those whose works may be said to have been consecrated by having stood the test of ages.

The mind, or genius, has been compared to a spark of fire, which is smothered by a heap of fuel, and prevented from blazing into a flame: This simile, which is made use of by the younger Pliny, may be easily mistaken for argument or proof. But there is no danger of the mind's being over-burthened with knowledge, or the genius extinguished by any addition of images; on the contrary, these acquisitions may as well, perhaps better, be compared, if comparisons signified any thing in reasoning, to the supply of living embers, which will contribute to strengthen the spark, that without the association of more fuel would have died away. The truth is, he whose feebleness is such, as to make other men's thoughts an incumbrance to him, can have no very great strength of mind or genius of his own to be destroyed; so that not much harm will be done at worst.

We may oppose to Pliny the greater authority of Cicero, who is continually enforcing the necessity of this method of study. In his Dialogue on Oratory, he makes Crassus say, that one of the first and most important precepts is, to choose

a proper model for our imitation. *Hoc sit primum in præceptis meis, ut demonstremus quem imitemur.*

When I speak of the habitual imitation and continued study of masters, it is not to be understood that I advise any endeavour to copy the exact peculiar colour and complexion of another man's mind; the success of such an attempt must always be like his, who imitates exactly the air, manner, and gestures, of him whom he admires. His model may be excellent, but the copy will be ridiculous; this ridicule does not arise from his having imitated, but from his not having chosen the right mode of imitation.

It is a necessary and warrantable pride to disdain to walk servilely behind any individual, however elevated his rank. The true and liberal ground of imitation is an open field; where, though he who presides has had the advantage of starting before you, you may always propose to overtake him: it is enough, however, to pursue his course; you need not tread in his footsteps; and you certainly have a right to outstrip him if you can.

Nor whilst I recommend studying the art from artists, can I be supposed to mean, that nature is to be neglected: I take this study in aid, and not in exclusion, of the other. Nature is, and must be the fountain which alone is inexhaustible; and from which all excellencies must originally flow.

The great use of studying our predecessors is, to open the mind, to shorten our labour, and to give us the result of the selection made by those great minds of what is grand or beautiful in nature: her rich stores are all spread out before us: but it is an art, and no easy art, to know how or what to choose, and how to attain and secure the object of our choice. Thus the highest beauty of form must be taken from nature; but it is an art of long deduction, and great experience, to know how to find it. We must not content ourselves with merely admiring and relishing; we must enter into the principles on which the work is wrought; these do not swim on the superficies, and consequently are not open to superficial observers.

Art in its perfection is not ostentatious; it lies hid, and works its effect, itself unseen. It is the proper study and labour of an artist to uncover and find out the latent cause of conspicuous beauties, and from thence form principles of his own conduct: such an examination is a continual exertion of the mind; as great, perhaps, as that of the artist whose works he is thus studying.

The sagacious imitator does not content himself with merely remarking what distinguishes the different manner or genius of each master; he enters into the contrivance in the composition how the masses of lights are disposed, the means by which the effect is produced, how artfully some parts are lost in the ground, others boldly relieved, and how all these are mutually altered and interchanged according to the reason and scheme of the work. He admires not the harmony of colouring alone, but examines by what artifice one colour is a foil to its neighbour. He looks close into the tints, examines of what colours they are composed, till he has formed clear and distinct ideas, and has learnt to see in what harmony and good colouring consists. What is learned in this manner from the works of others becomes really our own, sinks deep, and is never forgotten; nay, it is by seizing on this clue that we proceed forward, and get further and further in enlarging the principles and improving the practice of our art.

There can be no doubt, but the art is better learnt from the works themselves, than from the precepts which are formed upon those works; but if it is difficult to choose proper models for imitation, it requires no less circumspection to separate and distinguish what in those models we ought to imitate.

I cannot avoid mentioning here, though it is not my intention at present to enter into the art and method of study, an error which students are too apt to fall into. He that is forming himself, must look with great caution and wariness on those peculiarities, or prominent parts, which at first force themselves upon view; and are the marks, or what is commonly called the manner, by which that individual artist is distinguished.

Peculiar marks, I hold to be, generally, if not always, defects; however difficult it may be wholly to escape them.

Peculiarities in the works of art, are like those in the human figure: it is by them that we are cognizable and distinguished one from another, but they are always so many blemishes; which, however, both in real life and in painting, cease to appear deformities to those who have them continually before their eyes. In the works of art, even the most enlightened mind, when warmed by beauties of the highest kind, will by degrees find a repugnance within him to acknowledge any defects; nay, his enthusiasm will carry him so far, as to transform them into beauties, and objects of imitation.

It must be acknowledged, that a peculiarity of style, either from its novelty, or by seeming to proceed from a peculiar turn of mind, often escapes blame; on the contrary, it is sometimes striking and pleasing: but this it is a vain labour to endeavour to imitate; because novelty and peculiarity being its only merit, when it ceases to be new, it ceases to have value.

A manner therefore being a defect, and every painter, however excellent, having a manner, it seems to follow, that all kinds of faults, as well as beauties, may be learned under the sanction of the greatest authorities. Even the great name of Michael Angelo may be used, to keep in countenance a deficiency or rather neglect of colouring, and every other ornamental part of the Art. If the young student is dry and hard, Poussin is the same. If his work has a careless and unfinished air, he has most of the Venetian School to support him. If he makes no selection of objects, but takes individual nature just as he finds it, he is like Rembrandt. If he is incorrect in the proportions of his figures, Correggio was likewise incorrect. If his colours are not blended and united, Rubens was equally crude. In short, there is no defect that may not be excused, if it is a sufficient excuse that it can be imputed to considerable Artists; but it must be remembered, that it was not by these defects they acquired their reputation; they have a right to our pardon, but not to our admiration.

However, to imitate peculiarities or mistake defects for beauties, that man will be most liable, who confines his imitation to one favourite master; and even though he chooses the best, and is capable of distinguishing the real excellence of his model, it is not by such narrow practice, that a genius or mastery in the Art is acquired. A man is as little likely to form a true idea of the perfection of the Art, by studying a single artist, as he would be to produce a perfectly beautiful figure, by an exact imitation of any individual living model. And as the

painter, by bringing together in one piece, those beauties which are dispersed among a great variety of individuals, produces a figure more beautiful than can be found in nature, so that artist who can unite in himself the excellencies of the various great painters, will approach nearer to perfection than any one of his masters. He, who confines himself to the imitation of an individual, as he never proposes to surpass, so he is not likely to equal, the object of his imitation. He professes only to follow; and he that follows must necessarily be behind.

We should imitate the conduct of the great artists in the course of their studies, as well as the works which they produced, when they were perfectly formed. Raffaelle began by imitating implicitly the manner of Pietro Perugino, under whom he studied; hence his first works are scarce to be distinguished from his master's; but soon forming higher and more extensive views, he imitated the grand outline of Michael Angelo; he learned the manner of using colours from the works of Leonardo da Vinci, and Fratre Bartolomeo: to all this he added the contemplation of all the remains of antiquity that were within his reach; and employed others to draw for him what was in Greece and distant places. And it is from his having taken so many models, that he became himself a model for all succeeding painters; always imitating, and always original.

If your ambition, therefore, be to equal Raffaelle, you must do as Raffaelle did; take many models, and not even *him* for your guide alone, to the exclusion of others*. And yet the number is infinite of those who seem, if one may judge by their style, to have seen no other works but those of their master, or of some favourite, whose *manner* is their first wish, and their last.

I will mention a few that occur to me of this narrow, confined, illiberal, unscientific, and servile kind of imitators. Guido was thus meanly copied by Elizabetta, Sirani, and Simone Cantarini; Poussin, by Verdier and Cheron; Parmeggiano, by Jeronimo Mazzuoli. Paolo Veronese, and Iacomo Bassan, had for their imitators their brothers and sons. Pietro da Cartona was followed by Ciro Ferri and Romanelli; Rubens, by Jacques Jordaens, and Diepenbeke; Guercino, by his own family, the Gennari. Carlo Maratti was imitated by Giuseppe Chiari, and Pietro da Pietri; and Rembrandt, by Bramer, Eeckhout, and Flink. All these, to whom may be added a much longer list of painters, whose works, among the ignorant, pass for those of their masters, are justly to be censured for barrenness and servility.

To oppose to this list a few that have adopted a more liberal style of imitation; Pellegrino Tibaldi, Rosso, and Primaticcio, did not coldly imitate, but caught something of the fire that animates the works of Michael Angelo. The Caraccis formed their style from Pellegrino Tibaldi, Correggio, and the Venetian School. Domenichino, Guido, Lanfranco, Albano, Guercino, Cavidone, Schidone, Tiarini, though it is sufficiently apparent that they came from the school of the Caraccis, have yet the appearance of men who extended their views beyond the model that lay before them, and have shewn that they had opinions of their own, and thought for themselves, after they had made themselves masters of the general principles of their schools.

* Sed non qui maxime imitandus, etiam solus imitandus est. Quintilian.

Le Suer's first manner resembles very much that of his master Voüet: but as he soon excelled him, so he differed from him in every part of the art. Carlo Maratti succeeded better than those I have first named, and I think owes his superiority to the extension of his views; beside his master Andrea Sacchi, he imitated Raffaelle, Guido, and the Caraccis. It is true, there is nothing very captivating in Carlo Maratti; but this proceeded from a want which cannot be completely supplied; that is, want of strength of parts. In this certainly men are not equal; and a man can bring home wares only in proportion to the capital with which he goes to market. Carlo, by diligence, made the most of what he had; but there was undoubtedly a heaviness about him, which extended itself, uniformly, to his invention, expression, his drawing, colouring, and the general effect of his pictures. The truth is, he never equalled any of his patterns in any one thing, and he added little of his own.

But we must not rest contented even in this general study of the moderns; we must trace back the art to its fountain-head; to that source from whence they drew their principal excellencies, the monuments of pure antiquity. All the inventions and thoughts of the Ancients, whether conveyed to us in statues, bas-reliefs, intaglios, cameos, or coins, are to be sought after and carefully studied: the genius that hovers over these venerable relics, may be called the father of modern art.

From the remains of the works of the ancients the modern arts were revived, and it is by their means that they must be restored a second time. However it may mortify our vanity, we must be forced to allow them our masters; and we may venture to prophecy, that when they shall cease to be studied, arts will no longer flourish, and we shall again relapse into barbarism.

The fire of the artist's own genius operating upon these materials, which have been thus diligently collected, will enable him to make new combinations, perhaps superior to what had ever before been in the possession of the art: as in the mixture of the variety of metals, which are said to have been melted and run together at the burning of Corinth, a new and till then unknown metal was produced, equal in value to any of those that had contributed to its composition. And though a curious refiner should come with his crucibles, analyse and separate its various component parts, yet Corinthian brass would still hold its rank amongst the most beautiful and valuable of metals.

We have hitherto considered the advantages of imitation as it tends to form the taste, and as a practice by which a spark of that genius may be caught, which illumines those noble works that ought always to be present to our thoughts.

We come now to speak of another kind of imitation; the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work: this will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable, and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference likewise, whether it is upon the ancients or moderns that these depredations are made. It is generally allowed, that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients: their works are considered as a magazine of common property, always open to the public, whence every man has a right to take what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are

supposed to become to all intents and purposes his own property. The collection of the thoughts of the ancients, which Raffaelle made with so much trouble, is a proof of his opinion on this subject. Such collections may be made with much more ease, by means of an art scarce known in his time; I mean that of engraving; by which, at an easy rate, every man may now avail himself of the inventions of antiquity.

It must be acknowledged that the works of the moderns are more the property of their authors. He who borrows an idea from an ancient, or even from a modern artist not his contemporary, and so accommodates it to his own work, that it makes a part of it, with no seam or joining appearing, can hardly be charged with plagiarism: poets practise this kind of borrowing, without reserve. But an artist should not be contented with this only; he should enter into a competition with his original, and endeavour to improve what he is appropriating to his own work. Such imitation is so far from having any thing in it of the servility of plagiarism, that it is a perpetual exercise of the mind, a continual invention. Borrowing or stealing with such art and caution, will have a right to the same lenity as was used by the Lacedemonians, who did not punish theft, but the want of artifice to conceal it.

In order to encourage you to imitation, to the utmost extent, let me add, that very finished artists, in the inferior branches of the art will contribute to furnish the mind and give hints, of which a skilful painter, who is sensible of what he wants, and is in no danger of being infected by the contact of vicious models, will know how to avail himself. He will pick up from dunghills what by a nice chemistry, passing through his own mind, shall be converted into pure gold; and under the rudeness of Gothic essays, he will find original, rational, and even sublime inventions.

The works of Albert Durer, Lucas Van Leyden, the numerous inventions of Tobias Stimmer, and Jost Ammon, afford a rich mass of genuine materials, which, wrought up and polished to elegance, will add copiousness to what, perhaps, without such aid, could have aspired only to justness and propriety.

In the luxuriant style of Paul Veronese, in the capricious compositions of Tintoret, he will find something that will assist his invention, and give points, from which his own imagination shall rise and take flight, when the subject which he treats will with propriety admit of splendid effects.

In every school, whether Venetian, French, or Dutch, he will find, either ingenious compositions, extraordinary effects, some peculiar expressions, or some mechanical excellence, well worthy of his attention, and, in some measure, of his imitation. Even in the lower class of the French painters, great beauties are often found, united with great defects. Though Coypel wanted a simplicity of taste, and mistook a presumptuous and assuming air for what is grand or majestic, yet he frequently has good sense and judgment in his manner of telling his stories, great skill in his compositions, and is not without a considerable power of expressing the passions. The modern affectation of grace in his works, as well as in those of Bosch and Watteau, may be said to be separated, by a very thin partition, from the more simple and pure grace of Correggio and Parmegiano.

Among the Dutch painters, the correct, firm, and determined pencil, which was employed by Bamboccio and Jean Miel, on vulgar and mean subjects, might,

without any change, be employed on the highest; to which, indeed, it seems more properly to belong. The greatest style, if that style is confined to small figures, such as Poussin generally painted, would receive an additional grace by the elegance and precision of pencil so admirable in the works of Teniers; and though the school to which he belonged more particularly excelled in the mechanism of painting, yet it produced many who have shewn great abilities in expressing what must be ranked above mechanical excellencies. In the works of Frank Hals, the portrait painter may observe the composition of a face, the features well put together, as the painters express it; from whence proceeds that strong-marked character of individual nature, which is so remarkable in his portraits, and is not found in an equal degree in any other painter. If he had joined to this most difficult part of the art, a patience in finishing what he had so correctly planned, he might justly have claimed the place which Vandyck, all things considered, so justly holds as the first of portrait painters.

Others of the same school have shewn great power in expressing the character and passions of those vulgar people, which were the subjects of their study and attention. Among those Jan Steen seems to be one of the most diligent and accurate observers of what passed in those scenes which he frequented, and which were to him an academy. I can easily imagine, that if this extraordinary man had had the good fortune to have been born in Italy, instead of Holland, had he lived in Rome instead of Leyden, and been blessed with Michael Angelo and Raffaelle for his masters, instead of Brouwer and Van Goyen, the same sagacity and penetration which distinguished so accurately the different characters and expression in his vulgar figures, would, when exerted, in the selection and imitation of what was great and elevated in nature, have been equally successful; and he now would have ranged with the great pillars and supporters of our Art.

Men who, although thus bound down by the almost invincible powers of early habits, have still exerted extraordinary abilities within their narrow and confined circle, and have, from the natural vigour of their mind, given a very interesting expression and great force and energy to their works, though they cannot be recommended to be exactly imitated, may yet invite an artist to endeavour to transfer, by a kind of parody, their excellencies to his own performances. Whoever has acquired the power of making this use of the Flemish, Venetian, and French schools, is a real genius, and has sources of knowledge open to him which were wanting to the great artists who lived in the great age of painting.

To find excellencies, however dispersed, to discover beauties, however concealed by the multitude of defects with which they are surrounded, can be the work only of him, who, having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools; and has acquired from that comprehensive mass, which he has thus gathered to himself, a well digested and perfect idea of his art, to which every thing is referred. Like a sovereign judge and arbiter of art, he is possessed of that presiding power which separates and attracts every excellence from every school; selects both from what is great, and what is little; brings home knowledge from the East and from the West; making the universe tributary towards furnishing his mind and enriching his works with originality, and variety of inventions.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion of what appears to me the true and only method by which an artist makes himself master of his profession; which I

hold ought to be one continued course of imitation, that is, not to cease but with his life.

Those, who either from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, have neglected looking out of themselves, as far as my experience and observation reaches, have from that time not only ceased to advance, and improve in their performances, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principal, till they are reduced to beggary, and left without resources.

I can recommend nothing better, therefore, than that you endeavour to infuse into your works what you learn from the contemplation of the works of others. To recommend this has the appearance of needless and superfluous advice; but it has fallen within my own knowledge, that artists, though they were not wanting in a sincere love for their art, though they had great pleasure in seeing good pictures, and were well skilled to distinguish what was excellent or defective in them, yet have gone on in their own manner, without any endeavour to give a little of those beauties, which they admired in others, to their own works. It is difficult to conceive how the present Italian painters, who live in the midst of the treasures of art, should be contented with their own style. They proceed in their common place inventions, and never think it worth while to visit the works of those great artists with which they are surrounded.

I remember, several years ago, to have conversed at Rome with an artist of great fame throughout Europe; he was not without a considerable degree of abilities, but those abilities were by no means equal to his own opinion of them. From the reputation he had acquired, he too fondly concluded that he stood in the same rank, when compared with his predecessors, as he held with regard to his miserable contemporary rivals. In conversation about some particulars of the works of Raffaelle, he seemed to have, or to affect to have, a very obscure memory of them. He told me that he had not set his foot in the Vatican for fifteen years together; that he had been in treaty to copy a capital picture of Raffaelle, but that the business had gone off; however, if the agreement had held, his copy would have greatly exceeded the original. The merit of this artist, however great we may suppose it, I am sure would have been far greater, and his presumption would have been far less, if he had visited the Vatican, as in reason he ought to have done, at least once every month of his life.

I address myself, Gentlemen, to you who have made some progress in the art, and are to be, for the future, under the guidance of your own judgment and discretion. I consider you as arrived to that period, when you have a right to think for yourselves, and to presume that every man is fallible; to study the masters with a suspicion, that great men are not always exempt from great faults; to criticise, compare, and rank their works in your own estimation, as they approach to, or recede from, that standard of perfection which you have formed in your own minds, but which those masters themselves, it must be remembered, have taught you to make; and which you will cease to make with correctness, when you cease to study them. It is their excellencies which have taught you their defects.

I would wish you to forget where you are, and who it is that speaks to you. I only direct you to higher models and better advisers. We can teach you here

but very little; you are henceforth to be your own teachers. Do this justice, however, to the English Academy, to bear in mind, that in this place you contracted no narrow habits, no false ideas, nothing that could lead you to the imitation of any living master, who may be the fashionable darling of the day. As you have not been taught to flatter us, do not learn to flatter yourselves. We have endeavoured to lead you to the admiration of nothing but what is truly admirable. If you choose inferior patterns, or if you make your own *former* works your patterns for your *latter*, it is your own fault.

The purport of this discourse, and, indeed, of most of my other discourses, is, to caution you against that false opinion, but too prevalent among artists, of the imaginary powers of native genius, and its sufficiency in great works. This opinion, according to the temper of mind it meets with, almost always produces, either a vain confidence, or a sluggish despair, both equally fatal to all proficiency.

Study, therefore, the great works of the great masters, for ever. Study as nearly as you can, in the order, in the manner, and on the principles, on which they studied. Study nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them as models which you are to imitate, and at the same time as rivals with whom you are to contend.

DISCOURSE VII.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1776.

The reality of a Standard of Taste, as well as of Corporal Beauty. Beside this immutable truth, there are secondary truths, which are variable: both requiring the attention of the Artist, in proportion to their stability or their influence.

Gentlemen,

It has been my uniform endeavour, since I first addressed you from this place, to impress you strongly with one ruling idea. I wished you to be persuaded, that success in your art depends almost entirely on your own industry; but the industry which I principally recommended, is not the industry of the *hands*, but of the *mind*.

As our art is not a divine *gift*, so neither is it a mechanical *trade*. Its foundations are laid in solid science: and practice, though essential to perfection, can never attain that to which it aims, unless it works under the direction of principle.

Some writers upon art can carry this point too far, and suppose that such a body of universal and profound learning is requisite, that the very enumeration of its kinds is enough to frighten a beginner. Vitruvius, after going through the many accomplishments of nature, and the many acquirements of learning necessary to an architect, proceeds with great gravity to assert, that he ought to be well skilled in the civil law, that he may not be cheated in the title of the ground he builds on. But without such exaggeration, we may go so far as to assert, that a painter stands in need of more knowledge than is to be picked off his pallet, or collected by looking on his model, whether it be in life or in picture. He can never be a great artist who is grossly illiterate.

Every man whose business is description, ought to be tolerably conversant with the poets, in some language or other, that he may imbibe a poetical spirit, and enlarge his stock of ideas. He ought to acquire a habit of comparing and digesting his notions. He ought not to be wholly unacquainted with that part of philosophy which gives an insight into human nature, and relates to the manners, characters, passions, and affections. He ought to know *something* concerning the mind, as well as *a great deal* concerning the body of man. For this purpose, it is not necessary that he should go into such a compass of reading, as must, by distracting his attention, disqualify him for the practical part of his profession, and make him sink the performer in the critic. Reading, if it can be made the favourite recreation of his leisure hours, will improve and enlarge his mind, with-

out retarding his actual industry. What such partial and desultory reading cannot afford, may be supplied by the conversation of learned and ingenious men, which is the best of all substitutes for those who have not the means or opportunities of deep study. There are many such men in this age ; and they will be pleased with communicating their ideas to artists, when they see them curious and docile, if they are treated with that respect and deference which is so justly their due. Into such society, young artists, if they make it the point of their ambition, will by degrees be admitted. There, without formal teaching, they will insensibly come to feel and reason like those they live with, and find a rational and systematic taste imperceptibly formed in their minds, which they will know how to reduce to a standard, by applying general truth to their own purposes, better perhaps than those to whom they owned the original sentiment.

Of these studies, and this conversation, the desired and legitimate offspring is a power of distinguishing right from wrong ; which power, applied to works of art, is denominated Taste. Let me then, without further introduction, enter upon an examination, whether taste be so far beyond our reach, as to be unattainable by care ; or be so very vague and capricious, that no care ought to be employed about it.

It has been the fate of arts to be enveloped in mysterious and incomprehensible language, as if it was thought necessary that even the terms should correspond to the idea entertained of the instability and uncertainty of the rules which they expressed.

To speak of genius and taste, as in any way connected with reason or common sense, would be, in the opinion of some towering talkers, to speak like a man who possessed neither ; who had never felt that enthusiasm, or, to use their own inflated language, was never warmed by that Promethean fire, which animates the canvas and vivifies the marble.

If, in order to be intelligible, I appear to degrade art by bringing her down from her visionary situation in the clouds, it is only to give her a more solid mansion upon the earth. It is necessary that at some time or other we should see things as they really are, and not impose on ourselves by that false magnitude with which objects appear when viewed indistinctly as through a mist.

We will allow a poet to express his meaning, when his meaning is not well known to himself, with a certain degree of obscurity, as it is one source of the sublime. But when, in plain prose, we gravely talk of courting the muse in shady bowers,—waiting the call and inspiration of Genius, finding out where he inhabits, and where he is to be invoked with the greatest success,—of attending to times and seasons when the imagination shoots with the greatest vigour, whether at the summer solstice or the vernal equinox,—sagaciously observing how much the wild freedom and liberty of imagination is cramped by attention to established rules,—and how this same imagination begins to grow dim in advanced age, smothered and deadened by too much judgment,—when we talk such language, or entertain such sentiments as these, we generally rest contented with mere words, or at best entertain notions not only groundless, but pernicious.

If all this means, what it is very possible was originally intended only to be meant, that in order to cultivate an art, a man secludes himself from the commerce of the world, and retires into the country at particular seasons ; or that at

one time of the year his body is in better health, and consequently his mind fitter for the business of hard thinking than at another time; or that the mind may be fatigued and grow confused by long and unremitted application; this I can understand. I can likewise believe, that a man, eminent when young for possessing poetical imagination, may, from having taken another road, so neglect its cultivation, as to shew less of its powers in his latter life. But I am persuaded, that scarce a poet is to be found, from Homer down to Dryden, who preserved a sound mind in a sound body, and continued practising his profession to the very last, whose latter works are not as replete with the fire of imagination, as those which were produced in his more youthful days.

To understand literally those metaphors or ideas expressed in poetical language, seems to be equally absurd as to conclude, that because painters sometimes represent poets writing from the dictates of a little winged boy or genius, that this same genius did really inform him in a whisper what he was to write; and that he is himself but a mere machine, unconscious of the operations of his own mind.

Opinions generally received and floating in the world, whether true or false, we naturally adopt and make our own; they may be considered as a kind of inheritance to which we succeed and are tenants for life, and which we leave to our posterity very nearly in the condition in which we received it: it not being much in any one man's power either to impair or improve it. The greatest part of these opinions, like current coin in its circulation, we are used to take without weighing or examining; but by this inevitable inattention many adulterated pieces are received, which, when we seriously estimate our wealth, we must throw away. So the collector of popular opinions, when he embodies his knowledge, and forms a system, must separate those which are true from those which are only plausible. But it becomes more peculiarly a duty to the professors of art not to let any opinions relating to *that* art pass unexamined. The caution and circumspection required in such examination we shall presently have an opportunity of explaining.

Genius and taste, in their common acceptation, appear to be very nearly related; the difference lies only in this, that genius has superadded to it a habit or power of execution: or we may say, that taste, when this power is added, changes its name, and is called genius. They both, in the popular opinion, pretend to an entire exemption from the restraint of rules. It is supposed that their powers are intuitive; that under the name of genius great works are produced, and under the name of taste an exact judgment is given, without our knowing why, and without our being under the least obligation to reason, precept, or experience.

One can scarce state these opinions without exposing their absurdity; yet they are constantly in the mouths of men, and particularly of artists. They who have thought seriously on this subject, do not carry the point so far; yet I am persuaded, that even among those few who may be called thinkers, the prevalent opinion allows less than it ought to the powers of reason; and considers the principles of taste, which give all their authority to the rules of art, as more fluctuating, and as having less solid foundations, than we shall find, upon examination, they really have.

The common saying, that *tastes are not to be disputed*, owes its influence, and its general reception, to the same error which leads us to imagine this faculty of too high an original to submit to the authority of an earthly tribunal. It likewise corresponds with the notions of those who consider it as a mere phantom of the imagination, so devoid of substance as to elude all criticism.

We often appear to differ in sentiments from each other, merely from the inaccuracy of terms, as we are not obliged to speak always with critical exactness. Something of this, too, may arise from want of words in the language in which we speak, to express the more nice discriminations which a deep investigation discovers. A great deal, however, of this difference vanishes, when each opinion is tolerably explained and understood by constancy and precision in the use of terms.

We apply the term TASTE to that act of the mind by which we like or dislike, whatever be the subject. Our judgment upon an airy nothing, a fancy which has no foundation, is called by the same name which we give to our determination concerning those truths which refer to the most general and most unalterable principles of human nature; to the works which are only to be produced by the greatest efforts of the human understanding. However inconvenient this may be, we are obliged to take words as we find them; all we can do is to distinguish the THINGS to which they are applied.

We may let pass those things which are at once subjects of taste and sense, and which, having as much certainty as the senses themselves, give no occasion to enquiry or dispute. The natural appetite or taste of the human mind is for TRUTH: whether that truth results from the real agreement or equality of original ideas among themselves,—from the agreement of the representation of any object with the thing represented,—or from the correspondence of the several parts of any arrangement with each other. It is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of music.

All these have unalterable and fixed foundations in nature, and are therefore equally investigated by reason, and known by study: some with more, some with less clearness, but all exactly in the same way. A picture that is unlike, is false. Disproportionate ordonnance of parts is not right; because it cannot be true, until it ceases to be a contradiction to assert, that the parts have no relation to the whole. Colouring is true, when it is naturally adapted to the eye, from brightness, from softness, from harmony, from resemblance; because these agree with their object, NATURE, and therefore are true: as true as mathematical demonstration; but known to be true only to those who study these things.

But beside real, there is also apparent truth, or opinion, or prejudice. With regard to real truth, when it is known, the taste which conforms to it, is, and must be, uniform. With regard to the second sort of truth, which may be called truth upon sufferance, or truth by courtesy, it is not fixed, but variable. However, whilst these opinions and prejudices, on which it is founded, continue, they operate as truth; and the art, whose office it is to please the mind, as well as instruct it, must direct itself according to opinion, or it will not attain its end.

In proportion as these prejudices are known to be generally diffused, or long received, the taste which conforms to them approaches nearer to certainty, and to

a sort of resemblance to real science, even where opinions are found to be no better than prejudices. And since they deserve, on account of their duration and extent, to be really true, they become capable of no small degree of stability and determination, by their permanent and uniform nature.

As these prejudices become more narrow, more local, more transitory, this secondary taste becomes more and more fantastical; recedes from real science; is less to be approved by reason, and less followed in practice; though in no case perhaps to be wholly neglected, where it does not stand, as it sometimes does, in direct defiance of the most respectable opinions received amongst mankind.

Having laid down these positions, I shall proceed with less method, because less will serve to explain and apply them.

We will take it for granted, that reason is something invariable and fixed in the nature of things; and without endeavouring to go back to an account of first principles, which for ever will elude our search, we will conclude, that whatever goes under the name of taste, which we can fairly bring under the dominion of reason, must be considered as equally exempt from change. If, therefore, in the course of this enquiry, we can shew that there are rules for the conduct of the artist which are fixed and invariable, it follows, of course, that the art of the connoisseur, or, in other words, taste, has likewise invariable principles.

Of the judgment which we make on the works of art, and the preference that we give to one class of art over another, if a reason be demanded, the question is perhaps evaded by answering, I judge from my taste; but it does not follow that a better answer cannot be given, though, for common gazers, this may be sufficient. Every man is not obliged to investigate the cause of his approbation or dislike.

The arts would lie open for ever to caprice and casuality, if those who are to judge of their excellencies had no settled principles by which they are to regulate their decisions, and the merit or defect of performances were to be determined by unguided fancy. And indeed we may venture to assert, that whatever speculative knowledge is necessary to the artist, is equally and indispensably necessary to the connoisseur.

The first idea that occurs in the consideration of what is fixed in art, or in taste, is that presiding principle of which I have so frequently spoken in former discourses,—the general idea of nature. The beginning, the middle, and the end of every thing that is valuable in taste, is comprised in the knowledge of what is truly nature; for whatever notions are not conformable to those of nature, or universal opinion, must be considered as more or less capricious.

My notion of nature comprehends not only the forms which nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabric and organization, as I may call it, of the human mind and imagination. The terms beauty, or nature, which are general ideas, are but different modes of expressing the same thing, whether we apply these terms to statues, poetry, or picture. Deformity is not nature, but an accidental deviation from her accustomed practice. This general idea therefore ought to be called Nature; and nothing else, correctly speaking, has a right to that name. But we are so far from speaking, in common conversation, with any such accuracy, that, on the contrary, when we criticise Rembrandt and other

Dutch painters, who introduced their historical pictures exact representations of individual objects with all their imperfections, we say,—though it is not in a good taste, yet it is nature.

This misapplication of terms must be very often perplexing to the young Student. Is not art, he may say, an imitation of nature? Must he not therefore who imitates her with the greatest fidelity, be the best artist? By this mode of reasoning Rembrandt has a higher place than Raffaelle. But a very little reflection will serve to shew us, that these particularities cannot be nature: for how can that be the nature of man, in which no two individuals are the same?

It plainly appears, that as a work is conducted under the influence of general ideas, or partial, it is principally to be considered as the effect of a good or a bad taste.

As beauty therefore does not consist in taking what lies immediately before you, so neither, in our pursuit of taste, are those opinions which we first received and adopted, the best choice, or the most natural to the mind and imagination. In the infancy of our knowledge we seize with greediness the good that is within our reach; it is by after-consideration, and in consequence of discipline, that we refuse the present for a greater good at a distance. The nobility or elevation of all arts, like the excellency of virtue itself, consists in adopting this enlarged and comprehensive idea; and all criticism built upon the more confined view of what is natural, may properly be called *shallow* criticism, rather than false: its defect is, that the truth is not sufficiently extensive.

It has sometimes happened, that some of the greatest men in our Art have been betrayed into errors by this confined mode of reasoning. Poussin, who, upon the whole, may be produced as an Artist strictly attentive to the most enlarged and extensive ideas of nature, from not having settled principles on this point, has, in one instance at least, I think, deserted truth for prejudice. He is said to have vindicated the conduct of Julio Romano for his inattention to the masses of light and shade, or grouping the figures in The Battle of Constantine, as if designedly neglected, the better to correspond with the hurry and confusion of a battle. Poussin's own conduct in many of his pictures, makes us more easily give credit to this report. That it was too much his own practice, The Sacrifice to Silenus, and The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne*, may be produced as instances; but this principle is still more apparent, and may be said to be even more ostentatiously displayed in his Perseus and Medusa's Head†.

This is undoubtedly a subject of great bustle and tumult, and that the first effect of the picture may correspond to the subject, every principle of composition is violated; there is no principal figure, no principal light, no groups; every thing is dispersed, and in such a state of confusion, that the eye finds no repose any where. In consequence of the forbidding appearance, I remember turning from it with disgust, and should not have looked a second time, if I had not been called back to a closer inspection. I then indeed found, what we may expect

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* In the Cabinet of the Earl of Ashburnham.

† In the Cabinet of Sir Peter Burrel.

always to find in the works of Poussin, correct drawing, forcible expression, and just character; in short, all the excellencies which so much distinguish the works of this learned painter.

This conduct of Poussin I hold to be entirely improper to imitate. A picture should please at first sight, and appear to invite the spectator's attention: if, on the contrary, the general effect offends the eye, a second view is not always sought, whatever more substantial and intrinsic merit it may possess.

Perhaps no apology ought to be received for offences committed against the vehicle (whether it be the organ of seeing, or of hearing,) by which our pleasures are conveyed to the mind. We must take care that the eye be not perplexed and distracted by a confusion of equal parts, or equal lights, or offended by an unharmonious mixture of colours, as we should guard against offending the ear by unharmonious sounds. We may venture to be more confident of the truth of this observation, since we find that Shakespeare, on a parallel occasion, has made Hamlet recommend to the players a precept of the same kind,—never to offend the ear by harsh sounds: *in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passion*, says he, *you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.* And yet, at the same time, he very justly observes, *the end of playing, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.* No one can deny, that violent passions will naturally emit harsh and disagreeable tones: yet this great poet and critic thought that this imitation of nature would cost too much, if purchased at the expense of disagreeable sensations, or, as he expresses it, of *splitting the ear.* The poet and actor, as well as the painter of genius who is well acquainted with all the variety and sources of pleasure in the mind and imagination, has little regard or attention to common nature, or creeping after common sense. By overleaping those narrow bounds, he more effectually seizes the whole mind, and more powerfully accomplishes his purpose. This success is ignorantly imagined to proceed from inattention to all rules, and a defiance of reason and judgment; whereas it is in truth acting according to the best rules and the justest reason.

He who thinks nature, in the narrow sense of the word, is alone to be followed, will produce but a scanty entertainment for the imagination: every thing is to be done with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased, whether it proceeds from simplicity or variety, uniformity or irregularity; whether the scenes are familiar or exotic; rude and wild, or enriched and cultivated; for it is natural for the mind to be pleased with all these in their turn. In short, whatever pleases, has in it what is analogous to the mind, and is therefore, in the highest and best sense of the word, natural.

It is the sense of nature or truth which ought more particularly to be cultivated by the professors of art; and it may be observed, that many wise and learned men, who have accustomed their minds to admit nothing for truth but what can be proved by mathematical demonstration, have seldom any relish for those arts which address themselves to the fancy, the rectitude and truth of which is known by another kind of proof: and we may add, that the acquisition of this knowledge requires as much circumspection and sagacity, as is necessary to attain those truths which are more capable of demonstration. Reason must ultimately determine our choice on every occasion; but this reason may still be

exerted ineffectually by applying to taste, principles which, though right as far as they go, yet do not reach the object. No man, for instance, can deny, that it seems at first view very reasonable, that a statue which is to carry down to posterity the resemblance of an individual, should be dressed in the fashion of the times, in the dress which he himself wore: this would certainly be true, if the dress were part of the man: but after a time, the dress is only an amusement for an antiquarian; and if it obstructs the general design of the piece, it is to be disregarded by the artist. Common sense must here give way to a higher sense. In the naked form, and in the disposition of the drapery, the difference between one artist and another is principally seen. But if he is compelled to exhibit the modern dress, the naked form is entirely hid, and the drapery is already disposed by the skill of the tailor. Were a Phidias to obey such absurd commands, he would please no more than an ordinary sculptor; since, in the inferior parts of every art, the learned and the ignorant are nearly upon a level.

These were probably among the reasons that induced the sculptor of that wonderful figure of Laocoon to exhibit him naked, notwithstanding he was surprised in the act of sacrificing to Apollo, and consequently ought to have been shewn in his sacerdotal habits, if those greater reasons had not preponderated. Art is not yet in so high estimation with us, as to obtain so great a sacrifice as the ancients made, especially the Grecians; who suffered themselves to be represented naked, whether they were generals, lawgivers, or kings.

Under this head of balancing and choosing the greater reason, or of two evils taking the least, we may consider the conduct of Rubens in the Luxembourg gallery, where he has mixed allegorical figures with the representations of real personages, which must be acknowledged to be a fault; yet, if the artist considered himself as engaged to furnish this gallery with a rich, various, and splendid ornament, this could not be done, at least in an equal degree, without peopling the air and water with these allegorical figures: he therefore accomplished all that he purposed. In this case all lesser considerations, which tend to obstruct the great end of the work, must yield and give way.

The variety which portraits and modern dresses, mixed with allegorical figures, produce, is not to be slightly given up upon a punctilio of reason, when that reason deprives the art in a manner of its very existence. It must always be remembered that the business of a great painter, is to produce a great picture; he must therefore take especial care not to be cajoled by specious arguments out of his materials.

What has been so often said to the disadvantage of allegorical poetry,—that it is tedious, and uninteresting,—cannot with the same propriety be applied to painting, where the interest is of a different kind. If allegorical painting produces a greater variety of ideal beauty, a richer, a more various and delightful composition, and gives to the artist a greater opportunity of exhibiting his skill, all the interest he wishes for is accomplished; such a picture not only attracts, but fixes the attention.

If it be objected that Rubens judged ill at first in thinking it necessary to make his work so very ornamental, this puts the question upon new ground. It was his peculiar style; he could paint in no other; and he was selected for that work, probably, because it was his style. Nobody will dispute but some of the

best of the Roman or Bolognian schools would have produced a more learned and more noble work.

This leads us to another important province of taste, that of weighing the value of the different classes of the art, and of estimating them accordingly.

All arts have means within them of applying themselves with success both to the intellectual and sensitive part of our natures. It cannot be disputed, supposing both these means put in practice with equal abilities, to which we ought to give the preference ; to him who represents the heroic arts and more dignified passions of man, or to him who, by the help of meretricious ornaments, however elegant and graceful, captivates the sensuality, as it may be called of our taste. Thus the Roman and Bolognian schools are reasonably preferred to the Venetian. Flemish, or Dutch schools, as they address themselves to our best and noblest faculties.

Well-turned periods in eloquence, or harmony of numbers in poetry, which are in those arts what colouring is in painting, however highly we may esteem them, can never be considered as of equal importance with the art of unfolding truths that are useful to mankind, and which make us better or wiser. Nor can those works which remind us of the poverty and meanness of our nature, be considered as of equal rank with what excites ideas of grandeur, or raises and dignifies humanity ; or, in the words of a late poet, which makes the beholder *learn to venerate himself as man.**

It is reason and good sense, therefore, which ranks and estimates every art, and every part of that art, according to its importance, from the painter of animated, down to inanimated nature. We will not allow a man, who shall prefer the inferior style, to say it is his taste ; taste here has nothing, or at least ought to have nothing, to do with the question. He wants not taste, but sense, and soundness of judgment.

Indeed perfection in an inferior style may be reasonably preferred to mediocrity in the highest walks of art. A landscape of Claude Lorrain may be preferred to a history by Luca Giordano ; but hence appears the necessity of the connoisseur's knowing in what consists the excellency of each class, in order to judge how near it approaches to perfection.

Even in works of the same kind, as in history-painting, which is composed of various parts, excellence of an inferior species, carried to a very high degree, will make a work very valuable, and in some measure compensate for the absence of the higher kinds of merit. It is the duty of the connoisseur to know and esteem, as much as it may deserve, every part of painting: he will not then think even Bassano unworthy of his notice ; who, though totally devoid of expression, sense, grace, or elegance, may be esteemed on account of his admirable taste of colours, which, in his best works, are little inferior to those of Titian.

Since I have mentioned Bassano, we must do him likewise the justice to acknowledge, that though he did not aspire to the dignity of expressing the characters and passions of men, yet, with respect to facility and truth in his manner of touching animals of all kinds, and giving them what painters call *their character*, few have excelled him.

* Dr. Goldsmith.

To Bassano we may add Paul Veronese and Tintoret, for their entire inattention to what is justly thought the most essential part of our art, the expression of the passions. Notwithstanding these glaring deficiencies, we justly esteem their works ; but it must be remembered, that they do not please from those defects, but from their great excellencies of another kind, and in spite of such transgressions. These excellencies, too, as far as they go, are founded in the truth of *general* nature : they tell the *truth*, though not *the whole truth*.

By these considerations, which can never be too frequently impressed, may be obviated two errors, which I observed to have been, formerly at least, the most prevalent, and to be most injurious to artists ; that of thinking, taste, and genius, to have nothing to do with reason, and that of taking particular living objects for nature.

I shall now say something on that part of *taste*, which, as I have hinted to you before, does not belong so much to the external form of things, but is addressed to the mind, and depends on its original frame, or, to use the expression, the organization of the soul : I mean the imagination and the passions. The principles of these are as invariable as the former, and are to be known and reasoned upon in the same manner, by an appeal to common sense deciding upon the common feelings of mankind. This sense, and these feelings, appear to me of equal authority, and equally conclusive. Now this appeal implies a general uniformity and agreement in the minds of men. It would be else an idle and vain endeavour to establish rules of art ; it would be pursuing a phantom, to attempt to move affections with which we were entirely unacquainted. We have no reason to suspect there is a greater difference between our minds than between our forms ; of which, though there are no two alike, yet there is a general similitude that goes through the whole race of mankind ; and those who have cultivated their taste, can distinguish what is beautiful or deformed, or, in other words, what agrees with or deviates from the general idea of nature, in one case, as well as in the other.

The internal fabric of our minds, as well as the external form of our bodies, being nearly uniform, it seems then to follow, of course, that as the imagination is incapable of producing any thing originally of itself, and can only vary and combine those ideas with which it is furnished by means of the senses, there will be necessarily an agreement in the imaginations, as in the senses of men. There being this agreement, it follows, that in all cases, in our lightest amusements, as well as in our most serious actions and engagements of life, we must regulate our affections of every kind by that of others. The well-disciplined mind acknowledges this authority, and submits its own opinion to the public voice. It is from knowing what are the general feelings and passions of mankind, that we acquire a true idea of what imagination is ; though it appears as if we had nothing to do but to consult our own particular sensations, and these were sufficient to ensure us from all error and mistake.

A knowledge of the disposition and character of the human mind can be acquired only by experience : a great deal will be learned, I admit, by a habit of examining what passes in our bosoms, what are our own motives of action, and of what kind of sentiments we are conscious on any occasion. We may suppose an uniformity, and conclude that the same effect will be produced by the same

cause in the minds of others. This examination will contribute to suggest to us matters of enquiry ; but we can never be sure that our own sentiments are true and right, till they are confirmed by more extensive observation. One man opposing another determines nothing ; but a general union of minds, like a general combination of the forces of all mankind, makes a strength that is irresistible. In fact, as he who does not know himself, does not know others, so it may be said with equal truth, that he who does not know others, knows himself but very imperfectly.

A man who thinks he is guarding himself against prejudices by resisting the authority of others, leaves open every avenue to singularity, vanity, self-conceit, obstinacy, and many other vices, all tending to warp the judgment, and prevent the natural operation of his faculties. This submission to others is a deference which we owe, and indeed are forced involuntarily to pay. In fact, we never are satisfied with our opinions, whatever we may pretend, till they are ratified and confirmed by the suffrages of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle for ever ; we endeavour to get men to come to us, when we do not go to them.

He therefore who is acquainted with the works which have pleased different ages and different countries, and has formed his opinion on them, has more materials, and more means of knowing what is analogous to the mind of man, than he who is conversant only with the works of his own age or country. What has pleased, and continues to please, is likely to please again : hence are derived the rules of art, and on this immoveable foundation they must ever stand.

This search and study of the history of the mind ought not to be confined to one art only. It is by the analogy that one art bears to another, that many things are ascertained, which either were but faintly seen, or, perhaps, would not have been discovered at all, if the inventor had not received the first hints from the practices of a sister art on a similar occasion.* The frequent allusions which every man who treats of any art is obliged to make to others, in order to illustrate and confirm his principles, sufficiently shew their near connection and inseparable relation.

All arts having the same general end, which is to please, and addressing themselves to the same faculties through the medium of the senses, it follows, that their rules and principles must have as great affinity as the different materials and the different organs or vehicles, by which they pass to the mind, will permit them to retain.†

We may therefore conclude, that the real substance, as it may be called, of what goes under the name of taste, is fixed and established in the nature of things ; that there are certain and regular causes by which the imagination and passions of men are affected ; and that the knowledge of these causes is acquired by a laborious and diligent investigation of nature, and by the same slow progress as wisdom or knowledge of every kind, however instantaneous its operations may appear when thus acquired.

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* Nulla ars, non alterius artis, aut mater, aut propinqua est. TERTULL. as cited by JUNIUS.

† Omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione inter se continentur. CICERO.

It has been often observed, that the good and virtuous man alone can acquire this true or just relish even of works of art. This opinion will not appear entirely without foundation, when we consider that the same habit of mind which is acquired by our search after truth in the more serious duties of life, is only transferred to the pursuit of lighter amusements. The same disposition, the same desire to find something steady, substantial, and durable, on which the mind can lean as it were, and rest with safety, actuates us in both cases. The subject only is changed. We pursue the same method in our search after the idea of beauty and perfection in each; of virtue, by looking forwards beyond ourselves to society, and to the whole; of arts, by extending our views in the same manner to all ages and all times.

Every art, like our own, has in its composition fluctuating as well as fixed principles. It is an attentive enquiry into their difference that will enable us to determine how far we are influenced by custom and habit, and what is fixed in the nature of things.

To distinguish how much has solid foundation, we may have recourse to the same proof by which some hold that wit ought to be tried; whether it preserves itself when translated. That wit is false, which can subsist only in one language; and that picture which only pleases one age or one nation, owes its reception to some local or accidental association of ideas.

We may apply this to every custom and habit of life. Thus the general principles of urbanity, politeness, or civility, have been the same in all nations; but the mode in which they are dressed, is continually varying. The general idea of shewing respect is by making yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of our dress, or taking away the lower,* is a matter of custom.

Thus, in regard to ornaments,—it would be unjust to conclude that because they were at first arbitrarily contrived, they are therefore undeserving of our attention; on the contrary, he who neglects the cultivation of those ornaments, acts contrary to nature and reason. As life would be imperfect without its highest ornaments, the Arts, so these arts themselves would be imperfect without *their* ornaments. Though we by no means ought to rank these with positive and substantial beauties, yet it must be allowed, that a knowledge of both is essentially requisite towards forming a complete, whole, and perfect taste. It is in reality from the ornaments that arts receive their peculiar character and complexion; we may add, that in them we find the characteristical mark of a national taste; as by throwing up a feather in the air, we know which way the wind blows, better than by a more heavy matter.

The striking distinction between the works of the Roman, Bolognian, and Venetian schools, consists more in that general effect which is produced by colours, than in the more profound excellencies of the art: at least it is from thence that each is distinguished and known at first sight. Thus it is the ornaments, rather than the proportions of architecture, which at the first glance distinguish the

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* Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Exodus, iii. 5.

different orders from each other; the Doric is known by its triglyphs, the Ionic by its volutes, and the Corinthian by its acanthus.

What distinguishes oratory from a cold narration, is a more liberal, though chaste, use of those ornaments which go under the name of figurative and metaphorical expressions; and poetry distinguishes itself from oratory, by words and expressions still more ardent and glowing. What separates and distinguishes poetry, is more particularly the ornament of *verse:* it is this which gives it its character, and is an essential without which it cannot exist. Custom has appropriated different metre to different kinds of composition, in which the world is not perfectly agreed. In England the dispute is not yet settled, which is to be preferred, rhyme or blank verse. But however we disagree about what these metrical ornaments shall be, that some metre is essentially necessary, is universally acknowledged.

In poetry or eloquence, to determine how far figurative or metaphorical language may proceed, and when it begins to be affectation or beside the truth, must be determined by taste; though this taste, we must never forget, is regulated and formed by the presiding feelings of mankind: by those works which have approved themselves to all times and all persons. Thus, though eloquence has undoubtedly an essential and intrinsic excellence, and immoveable principles common to all languages, founded in the nature of our passions and affections; yet it has its ornaments and modes of address, which are merely arbitrary. What is approved in the eastern nations as grand and majestic, would be considered by the Greeks and Romans as turgid and inflated; and they, in return, would be thought by the Orientals to express themselves in a cold and insipid manner.

We may add likewise to the credit of ornaments, that it is by their means that Art itself accomplishes its purpose. Fresnoy calls colouring, which is one of the chief ornaments of painting, *lena sororis*, that which procures lovers and admirers to the more valuable excellencies of the art.

It appears to be the same right turn of mind which enables a man to acquire the *truth*, or the just idea of what is right, in the ornaments, as in the more stable principles of art. It has still the same centre of perfection, though it is the centre of a smaller circle.

To illustrate this by the fashion of dress, in which there is allowed to be a good or bad taste:—The component parts of dress are continually changing from great to little, from short to long; but the general form still remains: it is still the same general dress, which is comparatively fixed, though on a very slender foundation; but it is on this which fashion must rest. He who invents with the most success, or dresses in the best taste, would probably, from the same sagacity employed to greater purposes, have discovered equal skill, or have formed the same correct taste, in the highest labours of art.

I have mentioned taste in dress, which is certainly one of the lowest subjects to which this word is applied; yet, as I have before observed, there is a right even here, however narrow its foundation respecting the fashion of any particular nation. But we have still more slender means of determining, to which of the different customs of different ages or countries we ought to give the preference, since they seem to be all equally removed from nature. If an European, when he has cut off his beard, and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own

natural hair in regular hard knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and after having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity; if, when thus attired he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yellow and red ochre on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country, which ever feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.

All these fashions are very innocent; neither worth disquisition, nor any endeavour to alter them; as the change would, in all probability, be equally distant from nature. The only circumstance against which indignation may reasonably be removed, is, where the operation is painful or destructive of health; such as some of the practices at Otaheite, and the straight lacing of the English ladies; of the last of which practices, how destructive it must be to health and long life, the professor of anatomy took an opportunity of proving a few days since in this Academy.

It is in dress, as in things of greater consequence. Fashions originate from those only who have the high and powerful advantages of rank, birth, and fortune. Many of the ornaments of art, those at least for which no reason can be given, are transmitted to us, are adopted, and acquire their consequence from the company in which we have been used to see them. As Greece and Rome are the fountains from whence have flowed all kinds of excellence, to that veneration which they have a right to claim for the pleasure and knowledge which they have afforded us, we voluntarily add our approbation of every ornament and every custom that belonged to them, even to the fashion of their dress. For it may be observed that, not satisfied with them in their own place, we make no difficulty of dressing statues of modern heroes or senators in the fashion of the Roman armour or peaceful robe; we go so far as hardly to bear a statue in any other drapery.

The figures of the great men of those nations have come down to us in sculpture. In sculpture remain almost all the excellent specimens of ancient art. We have so far associated personal dignity to the persons thus represented, and the truth of art to their manner of representation, that it is not in our power any longer to separate them. This is not so in painting; because having no excellent ancient portraits, that connection was never formed. Indeed we could no more venture to paint a general officer in a Roman military habit, than we could make a statue in the present uniform. But since we have no ancient portraits,—to shew how ready we are to adopt those kind of prejudices, we make the best authority among the moderns serve the same purpose. The great variety of excellent portraits with which Vandyck has enriched this nation, we are not content to admire for their real excellence, but extend our approbation even to the dress which happened to be the fashion of that age. We all very well remember how common it was a few years ago for portraits to be drawn in this fantastic dress; and this custom is not yet entirely laid aside. By this means it must be acknowledged very ordinary pictures acquired something of the air and effect of the works of Vandyck, and appeared therefore at first sight to be better

pictures than they really were ; they appeared so, however, to those only who had the means of making this association ; and when made, it was irresistible. But this association is Nature, and refers to that secondary truth that comes from conformity to general prejudice and opinion ; it is therefore not merely fantastical. Besides the prejudice which we have in favour of ancient dresses, there may be likewise other reasons for the effect which they produce ; among which we may justly rank the simplicity of them, consisting of little more than one single piece of drapery, without those whimsical capricious forms by which all other dresses are embarrassed.

Thus, though it is from the prejudice we have in favour of the ancients, who have taught us architecture, that we have adopted likewise their ornaments ; and though we are satisfied that neither nature nor reason are the foundation of those beauties which we imagine we see in that art, yet if any one, persuaded of this truth, should therefore invent new orders of equal beauty, which we will suppose to be possible, they would not please ; nor ought he to complain, since the old has that great advantage of having custom and prejudice on its side. In this case we leave what has every prejudice in its favour, to take that which will have no advantage over what we have left, but novelty : which soon destroys itself, and at any rate is but a weak antagonist against custom.

Ancient ornaments, having the right of possession, ought not to be removed, unless to make room for that which not only has higher pretensions, but such pretensions as will balance the evil and confusion which innovation always brings with it.

To this we may add, that even the durability of the materials will often contribute to give a superiority to one object over another. Ornaments in buildings, with which taste is principally concerned, are composed of materials which last longer than those of which dress is composed ; the former therefore make higher pretensions to our favour and prejudice.

Some attention is surely due to what we can no more get rid of, than we can go out of ourselves. We are creatures of prejudice ; we neither can nor ought to eradicate it ; we must only regulate it by reason ; which kind of regulation is indeed little more than obliging the lesser, the local and temporary prejudices, to give way to those which are more durable and lasting.

He, therefore, who in his practice of portrait-painting wishes to dignify his subject, which we will suppose to be a lady, will not paint her in the modern dress, the familiarity of which alone is sufficient to destroy all dignity. He takes care that his work shall correspond to those ideas and that imagination which he knows will regulate the judgment of others ; and therefore dresses his figure something with the general air of the antique for the sake of dignity, and preserves something of the modern for the sake of likeness. By this conduct his works corresponds with those prejudices which we have in favour of what we continually see ; and the relish of the antique simplicity corresponds with what we may call the more learned and scientific prejudice.

There was a statue made not long since of Voltaire, which the sculptor, not having that respect for the prejudices of mankind which he ought to have had, made entirely naked, and as meagre and emaciated as the original is said to be. The consequence was what might have been expected ; it remained in the

sculptor's shop, though it was intended as a public ornament and a public honour to Voltaire, for it was procured at the expense of his contemporary wits and admirers.

Whoever would reform a nation, supposing a bad taste to prevail in it, will not accomplish his purpose by going directly against the stream of their prejudices. Men's minds must be prepared to receive what is new to them. Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold on the mind, and we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavoured to be introduced by violence. When Battista Franco was employed, in conjunction with Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, to adorn the library of St. Mark, his work, Vasari says, gave less satisfaction than any of the others: the dry manner of the Roman school was very ill calculated to please eyes that had been accustomed to the luxuriancy, splendour, and richness of Venetian colouring. Had the Romans been the judges of this work, probably the determination would have been just contrary; for in the more noble parts of the art, Battista Franco was perhaps not inferior to any of his rivals.

Gentlemen,

It has been the main scope and principle end of this discourse to demonstrate the reality of a standard in taste, as well as in corporeal beauty; that a false or depraved taste is a thing as well known, as easily discovered, as any thing that is deformed, mis-shapen, or wrong, in our form or outward make; and that this knowledge is derived from the uniformity of sentiments among mankind, from whence proceeds the knowledge of what are the general habits of nature; the result of which is an idea of perfect beauty.

If what has been advanced be true,—that beside this beauty or truth, which is formed on the uniform, eternal, and immutable laws of nature, and which of necessity can be but *one;* that besides this one immutable verity, there are likewise what we have called apparent or secondary truths, proceeding from local and temporary prejudices, fancies, fashions, or accidental connection of ideas; if it appears that these last have still their foundation, however slender, in the original fabric of our minds,—it follows that all these truths or beauties deserve and require the attention of the artist, in proportion to their stability or duration, or as their influence is more or less extensive. And let me add, that as they ought not to pass their just bounds, so neither do they, in a well-regulated taste, at all prevent or weaken the influence of those general principles which alone can give to art its true and permanent dignity.

To form this just taste is undoubtedly in your own power, but it is to reason and philosophy that you must have recourse; from them you must borrow the balance, by which is to be weighed and estimated the value of every pretension that intrudes itself on your notice.

The general objection which is made to the introduction of Philosophy into the regions of taste, is, that it checks and restrains the flights of the imagination, and gives that timidity, which an over-carefulness not to err or act contrary to reason is likely to produce. It is not so. Fear is neither reason nor philosophy. The true spirit of philosophy, by giving knowledge, gives a manly confidence,

and substitutes rational firmness in the place of vain presumption. A man of real taste is always a man of judgment in other respects; and those inventions which either disdain or shrink from reason, are generally, I fear, more like the dreams of a distempered brain, than the exalted enthusiasm of a sound and true genius. In the midst of the highest flights of fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside from first to last, though I admit her more powerful operation is upon reflection.

Let me add, that some of the greatest names of antiquity, and those who have most distinguished themselves in works of genius and imagination, were equally eminent for their critical skill. Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Horace; and among the moderns, Boileau, Corneille, Pope, and Dryden, are at least instances of genius not being destroyed by attention or subjection to rules and science. I should hope, therefore, that the natural consequence of what has been said, would be to excite in you a desire of knowing the principles and conduct of the great masters of our Art, and respect and veneration for them when known.

DISCOURSE VIII.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1778.

The Principles of Art, whether Poetry or Painting, have their foundation in the mind; such as novelty, variety, and contrast; these in their excess become defects.—Simplicity: Its excess disagreeable.—Rules not to be always observed in their literal sense: sufficient to preserve the spirit of the law.—Observations on the Prize Pictures.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE recommended in former discourses,* that Artists should learn their profession by endeavouring to form an idea of perfection from the different excellencies which lie dispersed in the various schools of painting. Some difficulty will still occur, to know what is beauty, and where it may be found: one would wish not to be obliged to take it entirely on the credit of fame; though to this, I acknowledge, the younger Students must unavoidably submit. Any suspicion in them of the chance of their being deceived, will have more tendency to obstruct their advancement, than even an enthusiastic confidence in the perfection of their models. But to the more advanced in the art, who wish to stand on more stable and firmer ground, and to establish principles on a stronger foundation than authority, however venerable or powerful, it may be safely told, that there is still a higher tribunal, to which those great masters themselves must submit, and to which indeed every excellence in art must be ultimately referred. He who is ambitious to enlarge the boundaries of his art, must extend his views beyond the precepts which are found in books, or may be drawn from the practice of his predecessors, to a knowledge of those preeepts in the mind, those operations of intellectual nature,—to which every thing that aspires to please, must be proportioned and accommodated.

Poetry having a more extensive power than our art, exerts its influence over almost all the passions; among those may be reckoned one of our most prevalent dispositions, anxiety for the future. Poetry operates by raising our curiosity, engaging the mind by degrees to take an interest in the event, keeping that event suspended, and surprising at last with an unexpected catastrophe.

The Painter's art is more confined, and has nothing that corresponds with, or perhaps is equivalent to, this power and advantage of leading the mind on, till attention is totally engaged. What is done by Painting, must be done at one blow; curiosity has received at once all the satisfaction it can ever have. There

* Discourse II. and III.

are, however, other intellectual qualities and dispositions which the Painter can satisfy and affect as powerfully as the Poet: among those we may reckon our love of novelty, variety, and contrast; these qualities, on examination, will be found to refer to a certain activity and restlessness, which has a pleasure and delight in being exercised and put in motion: art therefore only administers to those wants and desires of the mind.

It requires no long disquisitions to shew, that the dispositions which I have stated actually subsist in the human mind. Variety reanimates the attention, which is apt to languish under a continual sameness. Novelty makes a more forcible impression on the mind, than can be made by the representation of what we have often seen before; and contrasts rouse the power of comparison by opposition. All this is obvious; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that the mind, though an active principle, has likewise a disposition to indolence; and though it loves exercise, loves it only to a certain degree, beyond which it is very unwilling to be led or driven; the pursuit therefore of novelty and variety may be carried to excess. When variety entirely destroys the pleasure proceeding from uniformity and repetition, and when novelty counteracts and shuts out the pleasure arising from old habits and customs, they oppose too much the indolence of our disposition; the mind therefore can bear with pleasure but a small portion of novelty at a time. The main part of the work must be in the mode to which we have been used. An affection to old habits and customs I take to be the predominant disposition of the mind, and novelty comes as an exception: where all is novelty, the attention, the exercise of the mind is too violent. Contrast, in the same manner, when it exceeds certain limits, is as disagreeable as a violent and perpetual opposition; it gives to the senses, in their progress, a more sudden change than they can bear with pleasure.

It is then apparent, that those qualities, however they contribute to the perfection of art, when kept within certain bounds, if they are carried to excess, become defects, and require correction: a work consequently will not proceed better and better as it is more varied; variety can never be the ground-work and principle of the performance—it must be only employed to recreate and relieve.

To apply these general observations which belong equally to all arts, to ours in particular. In a composition, when the objects are scattered and divided into many equal parts, the eye is perplexed and fatigued, from not knowing where to rest, where to find the principal action, or which is the principal figure; for where all are making equal pretensions to notice, all are in equal danger of neglect.

The expression which is used very often on these occasions is, the piece wants *repose;* a word which perfectly expresses a relief of the mind from that state of hurry and anxiety which it suffers, when looking at a work of this character.

On the other hand, absolute unity, that is, a large work, consisting of one group or mass of light only, would be as defective as an heroic poem without episode, or any collateral incidents to recreate the mind with that variety which it always requires.

An instance occurs to me of two painters, (Rembrandt and Poussin,) of characters totally opposite to each other in every respect, but in nothing more than in their mode of composition, and management of light and shadow. Rembrandt's

manner is absolute unity; he often has but one group, and exhibits little more than one spot of light in the midst of a large quantity of shadow: if he has a second mass, that second bears no proportion to the principal. Poussin, on the contrary, has scarce any principal mass of light at all, and his figures are often too much dispersed, without sufficient attention to place them in groups.

The conduct of these two painters is entirely the reverse of what might be expected from their general style and character; the works of Poussin being as much distinguished for simplicity, as those of Rembrandt for combination. Even this conduct of Poussin might proceed from too great an affection to simplicity of *another kind*; too great a desire to avoid that ostentation of art, with regard to light and shadow, on which Rembrandt so much wished to draw the attention: however, each of them ran into contrary extremes, and it is difficult to determine which is the most reprehensible, being equally distant from the demands of nature, and the purposes of art.

The same just moderation must be observed in regard to ornaments; nothing will contribute more to destroy or oppose than profusion, of whatever kind, whether it consists in the multiplicity of objects, or the variety and brightness of colours. On the other hand, a work without ornament, instead of simplicity, to which it makes pretensions, has rather the appearance of poverty. The degree to which ornaments are admissible, must be regulated by the professed style of the work; but we may be sure of this truth,—that the most ornamental style requires repose, to set off even its ornaments to advantage. I cannot avoid mentioning here an instance of repose in that faithful and accurate painter of nature, Shakspeare; the short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air: and Banquo observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind, after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a Prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? The modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as never could occur to men in the situation represented. This is also frequently the practice of Homer; who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life. The writers of every age and country, where taste has begun to decline, paint and adorn every object they touch; are always on the stretch; never deviate or sink a moment from the pompous and the brilliant. Lucan, Statius, and Claudian, (as a learned critic has observed,) are examples of this bad taste and want of judgment; they never soften their tones, or condescend to be natural: all is exaggeration and perpetual splendour, without affording repose of any kind.

As we are speaking of excesses, it will not be remote from our purpose to say a few words upon simplicity; which, in one of the senses in which it is used, is considered as the general corrector of excess. We shall at present forbear to consider it as implying that exact conduct which proceeds from an intimate

knowledge of simple unadulterated nature, as it is then only another word for perfection, which neither stop short of, nor oversteps, reality and truth.

In our enquiry after simplicity, as in many other enquiries of this nature, we can best explain what is right, by shewing what is wrong; and, indeed, in this case it seems to be absolutely necessary: simplicity, being only a negative virtue, cannot be described or defined. We must therefore explain its nature, and shew the advantage and beauty which is derived from it, by shewing the deformity which proceeds from its neglect.

Though instances of this neglect might be expected to be found in practice, we should not expect to find in the works of critics, precepts that bid defiance to simplicity and every thing that relates to it. De Piles recommends to us portrait-painters, to add grace and dignity to the characters of those, whose pictures we draw: so far he is undoubtedly right; but, unluckily, he descends to particulars, and gives his own ideas of grace and dignity. "*If*," says he, "*you draw persons of high character and dignity, they ought to be drawn in such an attitude, that the Portrait must seem to speak to us of themselves, and, as it were, to say to us, 'stop, take notice of me, I am that invincible King, surrounded by Majesty, —I am that valiant commander, who struck terror every where,—I am that great minister, who knew all the springs of Politics,—I am that magistrate of consummate wisdom and probity.*'" He goes on in this manner, with all the characters he can think on. We may contrast the tumour of this presumptuous loftiness with the natural unaffected air of the portraits of Titian, where dignity, seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence, and instead of being thus vainly assumed, has the appearance of an unalienable adjunct; whereas such pompous and laboured insolence of grandeur is so far from creating respect, that it betrays vulgarity and meanness, and new-acquired consequence.

The painters, many of them at least, have not been backward in adopting the notions contained in these precepts. The portraits of Rigaud are perfect examples of an implicit observance of these rules of De Piles; so that though he was a painter of great merit in many respects, yet that merit is entirely overpowered by a total absence of simplicity in every sense.

Not to multiply instances, which might be produced for this purpose, from the works of History-painters, I shall mention only one,—a picture which I have seen of the Supreme Being by Coypell.

This subject the Roman Catholic painters have taken the liberty to represent, however indecent the attempt, and however obvious the impossibility of any approach to an adequate representation: but here the air and character, which the Painter has given, and he has doubtless given the highest he could conceive, are so degraded by an attempt at such dignity as De Piles has recommended, that we are enraged at the folly and presumption of the artist, and consider it as little less than profanation.

As we have passed to a neighbouring nation for instances of want of this quality, we must acknowledge, at the same time, that they have produced great examples of simplicity, in Poussin and Le Sueur. But as we are speaking of the most refined and subtle notion of perfection, may we not enquire, whether a curious eye cannot discern some faults, even in those great men? I can fancy, that even Poussin, by abhorring that affectation and that want of simplicity,

which he observed in his countrymen, has, in certain particulars, fallen into the contrary extreme, so far as to approach to a kind of affectation ;—to what, in writing, would be called pedantry.

When simplicity, instead of being a corrector, seems to set up for herself, that is, when an artist seems to value himself solely upon this quality, such an ostentatious display of simplicity becomes then as disagreeable and nauseous as any other kind of affectation. He is, however, in this case, likely enough to sit down contented with his own work ; for though he finds the world look at it with indifference or dislike, as being destitute of every quality that can recreate or give pleasure to the mind, yet he consoles himself, that it has simplicity, a beauty of too pure and chaste a nature to be relished by vulgar minds.

It is in art as in morals ; no character would inspire us with an enthusiastic admiration of his virtue, if that virtue consisted only in an absence of vice ; something more is required ; a man must do more than merely his duty, to be a hero.

Those works of the ancients, which are in the highest esteem, have something beside mere simplicity to recommend them. The Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, the Gladiator, have a certain composition of action, have contrasts sufficient to give grace and energy in a high degree ; but it must be confessed of the many thousand antique statues which we have, that their general characteristic is bordering at least on inanimate insipidity.

Simplicity, when so very inartificial as to seem to evade the difficulties of art, is a very suspicious virtue.

I do not, however, wish to degrade simplicity from the high estimation in which it has been ever justly held. It is our barrier against that great enemy to truth and nature, affectation, which is ever clinging to the pencil, and ready to drop in and poison every thing it touches.

Our love and affection to simplicity proceeds in a great measure from our aversion to every kind of affectation. There is likewise another reason why so much stress is laid upon this virtue ; the propensity which artists have to fall into the contrary extreme : we therefore set a guard on that side which is most assailable. When a young artist is first told, that his composition and his attitudes must be contrasted, that he must turn the head contrary to the position of the body, in order to produce grace and animation ; that his outline must be undulating, and swelling, to give grandeur ; and that the eye must be gratified with a variety of colours ;—when he is told this, with certain animating words of spirit, dignity, energy, grace, greatness of style, and brilliancy of tints, he becomes suddenly vain of his newly-acquired knowledge, and never thinks he can carry those rules too far. It is then that the aid of simplicity ought to be called in, to correct the exuberance of youthful ardour.

The same may be said in regard to colouring, which in its pre-eminence is particularly applied to flesh. An artist in his first essay of imitating nature, would make the whole mass of one colour, as the oldest painters did ; till he is taught to observe not only the variety of tints, which are in the object itself, but the differences produced by the gradual decline of light to shadow : he then immediately puts his instruction in practice, and introduces a variety of distinct colours. He must then be again corrected and told, that though there is this

variety, yet the effect of the whole upon the eye must have the union and simplicity of the colouring of nature.

And here we may observe, that the progress of an individual Student bears a great resemblance to the progress and advancement of the art itself. Want of simplicity would probably be not one of the defects of an artist who had studied nature only, as it was not of the old masters, who lived in the time preceding the great Art of Painting; on the contrary, their works are too simple and too inartificial.

The art in its infancy, like the first work of a Student, was dry, hard, and simple. But this kind of barbarous simplicity would be better named Penury, as it proceeds from mere want; from want of knowledge, want of resources, want of abilities to be otherwise: their simplicity was the offspring, not of choice, but necessity.

In the second stage they were sensible of this poverty; and those who were the most sensible of the want, were the best judges of the measure of the supply. There were painters who emerged from poverty without falling into luxury. Their success induced others, who probably never would of themselves have had strength of mind to discover the original defect, to endeavour at the remedy by an abuse; and they ran into the contrary extreme. But however they may have strayed, we cannot recommend to them to return to that simplicity which they have justly quitted; but to deal out their abundance with a more sparing hand, with that dignity which makes no parade, either of its riches or of its art. It is not easy to give a rule which may serve to fix this just and correct medium; because when we may have fixed, or nearly fixed, the middle point, taken as a general principle, circumstances may oblige us to depart from it, either on the side of simplicity, or on that of variety and decoration.

I thought it necessary in a former Discourse, speaking of the difference of the sublime and ornamental style of painting,—in order to excite your attention to the more manly, noble, and dignified manner,—to leave perhaps an impression too contemptuous of those ornamental parts of our art, for which many have valued themselves, and many works are much valued and esteemed.

I said, then, what I thought it was right at that time to say: I supposed the disposition of young men more inclinable to splendid negligence, than perseverance in laborious application to acquire correctness; and therefore did as we do in making what is crooked straight, by bending it the contrary way, in order that it may remain straight at last.

For this purpose, then, and to correct excess or neglect of any kind, we may here add, that it is not enough that a work be learned, it must be pleasing: the painter must add grace to strength, if he desires to secure the first impression in his favour. Our taste has a kind of sensuality about it, as well as a love of the sublime; both these qualities of the mind are to have their proper consequence, as far as they do not counteract each other; for that is the grand error which much care ought to be taken to avoid.

There are some rules, whose absolute authority, like that of our nurses, continues no longer than while we are in a state of childhood. One of the first rules, for instance, that I believe every master would give to a young pupil, respecting his conduct and management of light and shadow, would be what Leonardo da

Vinci has actually given ; that you must oppose a light ground to the shadowed side of your figure, and a dark ground to the light side. If Lionardo had lived to see the superior splendour and effect which has been since produced by the exactly contrary conduct,—by joining light to light, and shadow to shadow,—though without doubt he would have admired it, yet, as it ought not, so probably it would not be the first rule with which he would have begun his instructions.

Again ; in the artificial management of the figures, it is directed that they shall contrast each other according to the rules generally given ; that if one figure opposes his front to the spectator, the next figure is to have his back turned, and that the limbs of each individual figure be contrasted ; that is, if the right leg be put forward, the right arm is to be drawn back.

It is very proper that those rules should be given in the Academy ; it is proper the young Students should be informed that some research is to be made, and that they should be habituated to consider every excellence as reducible to principles. Besides, it is the natural progress of instruction to teach first what is obvious and perceptible to the senses, and from thence proceed gradually to notions large, liberal, and complete, such as comprise the more refined and higher excellencies in art. But when Students are more advanced, they will find that the greatest beauties of character and expression are produced without contrast ; nay, more, that this contrast would ruin and destroy that natural energy of men engaged in real action, unsolicitous of grace. St Paul preaching at Athens in one of the Cartoons, far from any affected academical contrast of limbs, stands equally on both legs, and both hands are in the same attitude : add contrast, and the whole energy and unaffected grace of the figure is destroyed. Elymas the sorcerer stretches both hands forward in the same direction, which gives perfectly the expression intended. Indeed you never will find in the works of Raffaelle any of those school-boy affected contrasts. Whatever contrast there is, appears without any seeming agency of art, by the natural chance of things.

What has been said of the evil of excesses of all kinds, whether of simplicity, variety, or contrast, naturally suggests to the painter the necessity of a general enquiry into the true meaning and cause of rules, and how they operate on those faculties to which they are addressed ; by knowing their general purpose and meaning, he will often find that he need not confine himself to the literal sense, it will be sufficient if he preserve the spirit of the law.

Critical remarks are not always understood without examples : it may not be improper, therefore, to give instances where the rule itself, though generally received, is false, or where a narrow conception of it may lead the artist into great errors.

It is given as a rule by Fresnoy, that *the principal figure of a subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest.* A Painter who should think himself obliged strictly to follow this rule, would encumber himself with needless difficulties ; he would be confined to great uniformity of composition, and be deprived of many beauties which are incompatible with its observance. The meaning of this rule extends, or ought to extend, no further than this—that the principal figure should be immediately distinguished at the first glance of the eye ; but there is no necessity that the principal light should fall on the principal figure, or that the principal figure

should be in the middle of the picture. It is sufficient that it be distinguished by its place, or by the attention of other figures pointing it out to the spectator. So far is this rule from being indispensable, that it is very seldom practised, other considerations of greater consequence often standing in the way. Examples in opposition to this rule, are found in the Cartoons, in Christ's Charge to Peter, the Preaching of St. Paul, and Elymas the Sorcerer, who is undoubtedly the principal object in that picture. In none of those compositions is the principal figure in the midst of the picture. In the very admirable composition in the Tent of Darius, by Le Brun, Alexander is not in the middle of the picture, nor does the principal light fall on him; but the attention of all the other figures immediately distinguish him, and distinguishes him more properly; the greatest light falls on the daughter of Darius, who is in the middle of the picture, where it is more necessary the principal light should be placed.

It is very extraordinary that Felibien, who has given a very minute description of this picture, but indeed such a description as may be rather called panegyric than criticism, thinking it necessary (according to the precept of Fresnoy) that Alexander should possess the principal light, has accordingly given it to him; he might with equal truth have said that he was placed in the middle of the picture, as he seemed resolved to give this piece every kind of excellence which he conceived to be necessary to perfection. His generosity is here unluckily misapplied, as it would have destroyed, in a great measure, the beauty of the composition.

Another instance occurs to me, where equal liberty may be taken in regard to the management of light. Though the general practice is, to make a large mass about the middle of the picture surrounded by shadow, the reverse may be practised, and the spirit of the rule may still be preserved. Examples of this principle reversed may be found very frequently in the works of the Venetian School. In the great composition of Paul Veronese, THE MARRIAGE AT CANA, the figures are for the most part in half shadow; the great light is in the sky; and indeed the general effect of this picture, which is so striking, is no more than what we often see in landscapes, in small pictures of fairs and country feasts; but those principles of light and shadow, being transferred to a large scale, to a space containing near a hundred figures as large as life, and conducted to all appearance with as much facility, and with an attention as steadily fixed upon *the whole together*, as if it were a small picture immediately under the eye, the work justly excites our admiration; the difficulty being encreased as the extent is enlarged.

The various modes of composition are infinite: sometimes it shall consist of one large group in the middle of the picture, and the smaller groups on each side; or a plain space in the middle, and the groups of figures ranged round this vacuity.

Whether this principal broad light be in the middle space of ground, as in THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS; or in the sky, as in the MARRIAGE AT CANA, in THE ANDROMEDA, and in most of the Pictures of Paul Veronese; or whether the light be on the groups; whatever mode of composition be adopted, every variety and licence is allowable: this only is indisputably necessary, that to prevent the eye from being distracted and confused by a multiplicity of objects of equal magnitude, those objects, whether they consist of lights, shadows, or figures, must be disposed in large masses and groups properly varied and contrasted; that to a certain quantity of action a proportioned space of plain ground is required; that light is

to be supported by sufficient shadow; and, we may add, that a certain quantity of cold colours is necessary to give value and lustre to the warm colours: what those proportions are cannot be so well learnt by precept as by observation on picures, and in this knowledge bad pictures will instruct as well as good. Our enquiry why pictures have a bad effect, may be as advantageous as the enquiry why they have a good effect; each will corroborate the principles that are suggested by the other.

Though it is not my *business* to enter into the detail of our art, yet I must take this opportunity of mentioning one of the means of producing that great effect which we observe in the works of the Venetian painters, as I think it is not generally known or observed. It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm, mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours, be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and for this purpose, a small proportion of cold colours will be sufficient.

Let this conduct be reversed; let the light be cold, and the surrounding colours warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious.

Le Brun and Carlo Maratti were two painters of great merit, and particularly what may be called Academical Merit, but were both deficient in this management of colours: the want of observing this rule is one of the causes of that heaviness of effect which is so observable in their works. The principal light in the Picture of Le Brun, which I just now mentioned, falls on Statira, who is dressed very injudiciously in a pale blue drapery: it is true, he has heightened this blue with gold, but that is not enough; the whole picture has a heavy air, and by no means answers the expectation raised by the Print. Poussin often made a spot of blue drapery, when the general hue of the picture was inclinable to brown or yellow; which shews sufficiently, that harmony of colouring was not a part of the art that had much engaged the attention of that great painter.

The conduct of Titian in the picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, has been much celebrated, and justly, for the harmony of colouring. To Ariadne is given (say the critics) a red scarf, to relieve the figure from the sea, which is behind her. It is not for that reason, alone, but for another of much greater consequence; for the sake of general harmony and effect of the picture. The figure of Ariadne is separated from the great group, and is dressed in blue, which, added to the colour of the sea, makes that quantity of cold colour which Titian thought necessary for the support and brilliancy of the great group; which group is composed, with very little exception, entirely of mellow colours. But as the picture in this case would be divided into two distinct parts, one half cold, and the other warm, it was necessary to carry some of the mellow colours of the great group into the cold part of the picture, and a part of the cold into the great group; accordingly Titian gave Ariadne a red scarf, and to one of the Bacchante a little blue drapery.

The light of the picture, as I observed, ought to be of a warm colour; for though white may be used for the principal light, as was the practice of many

of the Dutch and Flemish painters, yet it is better to suppose *that white* illumined by the yellow rays of the setting sun, as was the manner of Titian. The superiority of which manner is never more striking, than when in a collection of pictures we chance to see a portrait of Titian's hanging by the side of a Flemish picture, (even though that should be of the hand of Vandyck,) which, however admirable in other respects, becomes cold and grey in the comparison.

The illuminated parts of objects are in nature of a warmer tint than those that are in the shade: what I have recommended, therefore, is no more than that the same conduct be observed in the whole, which is acknowledged to be necessary in every individual part. It is presenting to the eye the same effect as that which it has been *accustomed* to feel, which in this case, as in every other, will always produce beauty; no principle, therefore, in our art, can be more certain, or is derived from a higher source.

What I just now mentioned of the supposed reason why Ariadne has part of her drapery red, gives me occasion here to observe, that this favourite quality of giving objects relief, and which De Piles and all the Critics have considered as a requisite of the utmost importance, was not one of those objects which much engaged the attention of Titian: painters of an inferior rank have far exceeded him in producing this effect. This was a great object of attention, when art was in its infant state; as it is at present with the vulgar and ignorant, who feel the highest satisfaction in seeing a figure, which, as they say, looks as if they could walk round it. But however low I may rate this pleasure of deception, I should not oppose it, did it not oppose itself to a quality of a much higher kind, by counteracting entirely that fulness of manner which is so difficult to express in words, but which is found in perfection in the best works of Correggio, and we may add, of Rembrandt. This effect is produced by melting and losing the shadows in a ground still darker than those shadows; whereas that relief is produced by opposing and separating the ground from the figure either by light, or shadow, or colour. This conduct of in-laying, as it may be called, figures on their ground, in order to produce relief, was the practice of the old Painters, such as Andrea Mantega, Pietro Perugino, and Albert Durer; and to these we may add, the first manner of Lionardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and even Correggio; but these three were among the first who began to correct themselves in dryness of style, by no longer considering relief as a principal object. As those two qualities, relief, and fulness of effect, can hardly exist together, it is not very difficult to determine to which we ought to give the preference. An Artist is obliged for ever to hold a balance in his hand, by which he must determine the value of different qualities; that, when *some* fault must be committed, he may choose the least. Those painters who have best understood the art of producing a good effect, have adopted one principle that seems perfectly conformable to reason; that a part may be sacrificed for the good of the whole. Thus, whether the masses consist of light or shadow, it is necessary that they should be compact, and of a pleasing shape: to this end, some parts may be made darker and some lighter, and reflections stronger than nature would warrant. Paul Veronese took great liberties of this kind. It is said, that being once asked, why certain figures were painted in shade, as no cause was seen in the picture itself; he turned off the enquiry by answering, "*una nuevola che passa*," a cloud is passing which has overshadowed them.

But I cannot give a better instance of this practice than a picture which I have of Rubens: it is a representation of a Moonlight. Rubens has not only diffused more light over the picture than is in nature, but has bestowed on it those warm glowing colours by which his works are so much distinguished. It is so unlike what any other painters have given us of Moonlight, that it might be easily mistaken, if he had not likewise added stars, for a fainter setting sun.—Rubens thought the eye ought to be satisfied in this case, above all other considerations: he might indeed have made it more natural, but it would have been at the expence of what he thought of much greater consequence,—the harmony proceeding from the contrast and variety of colours.

This same picture will furnish us with another instance, where we must depart from nature for a greater advantage. The Moon in this picture does not preserve so great a superiority in regard to its lightness over the object which it illumines, as it does in nature; this is likewise an intended deviation, and for the same reason. If Rubens had preserved the same scale of gradation of light between the Moon and the objects, which is found in nature, the picture must have consisted of one small spot of light only, and at a little distance from the picture nothing but this spot would have been seen. It may be said, indeed, that this being the case, it is a subject that ought not to be painted: but then, for the same reason, neither armour, nor anything shining, ought ever to be painted; for though pure white is used in order to represent the greatest light of shining objects, it will not in the picture preserve the same superiority over flesh, as it has in nature, without keeping that flesh-colour of a very low tint. Rembrandt, who thought it of more consequence to paint light, than the objects that are seen by it, has done this in a picture of Achilles which I have. The head is kept down to a very low tint, in order to preserve this due gradation and distinction between the armour and the face; the consequence of which is, that upon the whole the picture is too black. Surely too much is sacrificed here to this narrow conception of nature: allowing the contrary conduct a fault, yet it must be acknowledged a less fault, than making a picture so dark that it cannot be seen without a peculiar light, and then with difficulty. The merit or demerit of the different conduct of Rubens and Rembrandt, in those instances which I have given, is not to be determined by the narrow principles of nature, separated from its effect on the human mind. Reason and common sense tell us, that before, and above all other considerations, it is necessary that the work should be seen, not only without difficulty or inconvenience, but with pleasure and satisfaction; and every obstacle which stands in the way of this pleasure and convenience must be removed.

The tendency of this Discourse, with the instances which have been given, is not so much to place the Artist above rules, as to teach him their reason; to prevent him from entertaining a narrow confined conception of Art; to clear his mind from a perplexed variety of rules and their exceptions, by directing his attention to an intimate acquaintance with the passions and affections of the mind, from which all rules arise, and to which they are all referable. Art effects its purpose by their means; accurate knowledge, therefore, of those passions and dispositions of the mind is necessary to him who desires to effect them upon sure and solid principles.

A complete essay or enquiry into the connection between the rules of Art, and the eternal and immutable dispositions of our passions, would be indeed going at once to the foundation of criticism*; but I am too well convinced what extensive knowledge, what subtle and penetrating judgment would be required, to engage in such an undertaking: it is enough for me, if, in the language of painters, I have produced a slight sketch of a part of this vast composition, but that sufficiently distinct to shew the usefulness of such a theory, and its practicability.

Before I conclude, I cannot avoid making one observation on the pictures now before us. I have observed, that every candidate has copied the celebrated invention of Timanthes in hiding the face of Agamemnon in his mantle; indeed such lavish encomiums have been bestowed on this thought, and that too by men of the highest character in critcal knowledge,—Cicero, Quintillian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny,—and have been since re-echoed by almost every modern that has written on the Arts, that your adopting it can neither be wondered at nor blamed. It appears now to be so much connected with the subject, that the spectator would perhaps be disappointed in not finding united in the picture what he always united in his mind, and considered as indispensably belonging to the subject. But it may be observed, that those who praise this circumstance were not painters. They use it as an illustration only of their own art; it served their purpose, and it was certainly not their business to enter into the objections that lie against it in another Art. I fear *we* have but very scanty means of exciting those powers over the imagination, which make so very considerable and refined a part of poetry. It is a doubt with me, whether we should even make the attempt. The chief, if not the only occasion which the painter has for this artifice, is, when the subject is improper to be more fully represented, either for the sake of decency, or to avoid what would be disagreeable to be seen; and this is not to raise or increase the passions, which is the reason that is given for this practice, but on the contrary to diminish their effect.

It is true, sketches, or such drawings as painters generally make for their works, give this pleasure of imagination to a high degree. From a slight undetermined drawing, where the ideas of the composition and character are, as I may say, only just touched upon, the imagination supplies more than the painter himself, probably, could produce; and we accordingly often find that the finished work disappoints the expectation that was raised from the sketch; and this power of the imagination is one of the causes of the great pleasure we have in viewing a collection of drawings by great painters. These general ideas, which are expressed in sketches, correspond very well to the art often used in Poetry. A great part of the beauty of the celebrated description of Eve in Milton's Paradise Lost, consists in using only general indistinct expressions, every reader making out the detail according to his own particular imagination,—his own idea of beauty, grace, expression, dignity, or loveliness: but a painter, when he represents Eve on a canvas, is obliged to give a determined form, and his own idea of beauty distinctly expressed.

* This was inadvertently said. I did not recollect the admirable treatise *On the Sublime and Beautiful.*

We cannot on this occasion, nor indeed on any other, recommend an undeterminate manner, or vague ideas of any kind, in a complete and finished picture. This notion, therefore, of leaving any thing to the imagination, opposes a very fixed and indispensable rule in our art,—that every thing shall be carefully and distinctly expressed, as if the painter knew, with correctness and precision, the exact form and character of whatever is introduced into the picture. This is what with us is called Science and Learning; which must not be sacrificed and given up for an uncertain and doubtful beauty, which, not naturally belonging to our Art, will probably be sought for without success.

Mr Falconet has observed, in a note on this passage in his translation of Pliny, that the circumstance of covering the face of Agamemnon was probably not in consequence of any fine imagination of the painter,—which he considers as a discovery of the critics, but merely copied from the description of the sacrifice, as it is found in Euripides.

The words from which the picture is supposed to be taken, are these: *Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance towards the fatal altar; he groaned, he turned aside his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with his robe.*

Falconet does not at all acquiesce in the praise that is bestowed on Timanthes; not only because it is not his invention, but because he thinks meanly of this trick of concealing, except in instances of blood, where the objects would be too horrible to be seen; but, says he, "in an afflicted Father, in a King, in Agamemnon, you, who are a painter, conceal from me the most interesting circumstance, and then put me off with sophistry and a veil. You are (he adds) a feeble Painter, without resources: you do not know even those of your Art: I care not what veil it is, whether closed hands, arms raised, or any other action that conceals from me the countenance of the Hero. You think of veiling Agamemnon; you have unveiled your own ignorance. A Painter who represents Agamemnon veiled, is as rediculous as a Poet would be, who, in a pathetic situation, in order to satisfy my expectations, and rid himself of the business, should say, that the sentiments of his hero are so far above whatever can be said on the occasion, that he shall say nothing."

To what Falconet has said, we may add, that supposing this method of leaving the expression of grief to the imagination, to be, as it was thought to be, the invention of the painter, and that it deserves all the praise that has been given it, still it is a trick that will serve but once; whoever does it a second time, will not only want novelty, but be justly suspected of using artifice to evade difficulties. If difficulties overcome make a great part of the merit of Art, difficulties evaded can deserve but little commendation.

DISCOURSE IX.

DELIVERED AT THE

OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, IN SOMERSET-PLACE, OCTOBER 16, 1780.

On the removal of the Royal Academy to Somerset-Place.—The advantages to Society from cultivating intellectual pleasure.

GENTLEMEN,

THE honour which the Arts acquire by being permitted to take possession of this noble habitation, is one of the most considerable of the many instances we have received of his Majesty's protection; and the strongest proof of his desire to make the Academy respectable.

Nothing has been left undone, that might contribute to excite our pursuit, or to reward our attainments. We have already the happiness of seeing the Arts in a state to which they never before arrived in this nation. This Building, in which we are now assembled, will remain to many future ages an illustrious specimen of the Architect's* abilities. It is our duty to endeavour that those who gaze with wonder at the structure, may not be disappointed when they visit the apartments. It will be no small addition to the glory which this nation has already acquired from having given birth to eminent men in every part of science, if it should be enabled to produce, in consequence of this institution, a School of English Artists. The estimation in which we stand in respect to our neighbours, will be in proportion to the degree in which we excel or are inferior to them in the acquisition of intellectual excellence, of which Trade and its consequential riches must be acknowledged to give the means; but a people whose whole attention is absorded in those means, and who forget the end, can aspire but little above the rank of a barbarous nation. Every establishment that tends to the cultivation of the pleasures of the mind, as distinct from those of sense, may be considered as an inferior school of mortality, where the mind is polished and prepared for higher attainments.

Let us for a moment take a short survey of the progress of the mind towards what is, or ought to be, its true object of attention. Man, in his lowest state, has no pleasures but those of sense, and no wants but those of appetite; afterwards, when society is divided into different ranks, and some are appointed to labour for the support of others, those whom their superiority sets free from labour, begin to look for intellectual entertainments. Thus, whilst the shepherds were attending their flocks, their masters made the first astronomical observations; so music is said to have had its origin from a man at leisure listening to the strokes of a hammer.

* Sir Walter Chambers.

As the senses, in the lowest state of nature, are necessary to direct us to our support, when that support is once secure there is danger in following them further; to him who has no rule of action but the gratification of the senses, plenty is always dangerous: it is therefore necessary to the happiness of individuals, and still more necessary to the security of society, that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, and the contemplation of general truth; by this pursuit the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common senses of life, by learning to feel itself capable of higher aims and nobler enjoyments. In this gradual exaltation of human nature, every art contributes its contingent towards the general supply of mental pleasure. Whatever abstracts the thoughts from sensual gratifications, whatever teaches us to look for happiness within ourselves, must advance in some measure the dignity of our nature.

Perhaps there is no higher proof of the excellency of man than this, that to a mind properly cultivated whatever is bounded is little. The mind is continually labouring to advance, step by step, through successive gradations of excellence, towards perfection, which is dimly seen, at a great though not hopeless distance, and which we must always follow because we never can attain; but the pursuit rewards itself: one truth teaches another, and our store is always increasing, though nature can never be exhausted. Our art, like all arts which address the imagination, is applied to somewhat a lower faculty of the mind, which approaches nearer to sensuality; but through sense and fancy it must make its way to reason; for such is the progress of thought, that we perceive by sense, we combine by fancy, and distinguish by reason: and without carrying our art out of its natural and true character, the more we purify it from every thing that is gross in sense, in that proportion we advance its use and dignity; and in proportion as we lower it to mere sensuality, we pervert its nature, and degrade it from the rank of a liberal art; and this is what every artist ought well to remember. Let him remember, also, that he deserves just so much encouragement in the state as he makes himself a member of it virtuously useful, and contributes in his sphere to the general purpose and perfection of society.

The art which we profess has beauty for its object; this it is our business to discover and to express; but the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual; it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting; but which he is yet so far able to communicate, as to raise the thoughts, and extend the views of the spectator; and which, by a succession of art, may be so far diffused, that its effects may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be among the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement of taste: which, if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates at least their greatest depravation, by disentangling the mind from appetite, and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony, which began by taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue.

DISCOURSE X.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 11, 1780.

Sculpture.—Has but one style.—Its objects, form and character.—Ineffectual attempts of the Modern Sculptors to improve the Art.—Ill effects of Modern Dress in Sculpture.

GENTLEMEN,

I SHALL now, as it has been customary on this day, and on this occasion, communicate to you such observations as have occurred to me on the Theory of Art.

If these observations have hitherto referred principally to painting, let it be remembered that this art is much more extensive and complicated than Sculpture, and affords therefore a more ample field for criticism; and as the greater includes the less, the leading principles of Sculpture are comprised in those of Painting.

However, I wish now to make some remarks with particular relation to Sculpture; to consider wherein, or in what manner, its principles and those of Painting agree or differ; what is within its power of performing, and what it is vain or improper to attempt; that it may be clearly and distinctly known what ought to be the great purpose of the Sculptor's labours.

Sculpture is an art of much more simplicity and uniformity than Painting; it cannot with propriety, and the best effect, be applied to many subjects. The object of its pursuit may be comprised in two words, Form and Character; and those qualities are presented to us but in one manner, or in one style only; whereas the powers of Painting, as they are more various and extensive, so they are exhibited in as great a variety of manners. The Roman, Lombard, Florentine, Venetian, and Flemish Schools, all pursue the same end by different means. But Sculpture having but one style, can only to one style of painting have any relation; and to this (which is indeed the highest and most dignified that Painting can boast), it has a relation so close, that it may be said to be almost the same art operating upon different materials. The Sculptors of the last age, from not attending sufficiently to this discrimination of the different styles of Painting, have been led into many errors. Though they well knew that they were allowed to imitate, or take ideas for the improvement of their own Art from the grand style of Painting, they were not aware that it was not permitted to borrow in the same manner from the ornamental. When they endeavour to copy the picturesque effects, contrasts, or petty exellencies of whatever kind, which not improperly find a place in the inferior branches of Painting, they doubtless imagine themselves improving and extending the boundaries of their art by this imitation; but they are in reality violating its essential character, by giving a different direction to its operations, and proposing to themselves either what is unattainable, or at

best a meaner object of pursuit. The grave and austere character of Sculpture requires the utmost degree of formality in composition; picturesque contrasts have here no place; every thing is carefully weighed and measured, one side making almost an exact equipoise to the other; a child is not a proper balance to a full-grown figure, nor is a figure sitting or stooping a companion to an upright figure.

The excellence of every art must consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose; and if by a false imitation of nature, or mean ambition of producing a picturesque effect or illusion of any kind, all the grandeur of ideas which this art endeavours to excite, be degraded or destroyed, we may boldly oppose ourselves to any such innovation. If the producing of a deception is the summit of this art, let us at once give to statues the addition of colour; which will contribute more towards accomplishing this end, than all those artifices which have been introduced and professedly defended, on no other principle but that of rendering the work more natural. But as colour is universally rejected, every practice liable to the same objection must fall with it. If the business of Sculpture were to administer pleasure to ignorance, or a mere entertainment to the senses, the Venus of Medicis might certainly receive much improvement by colour; but the character of Sculpture makes it her duty to afford delight of a different, and, perhaps, of a higher kind; the delight resulting from the contemplation of perfect beauty: and this, which is in truth an intellectual pleasure, is in many respects incompatible with what is merely addressed to the senses, such as that with which ignorance and levity contemplate elegance of form.

The Sculptor may be safely allowed to practise every means within the power of his art to produce a deception, provided this practice does not interfere with or destroy higher excellencies; on these conditions he will be forced, however loth, to acknowledge that the boundaries of his art have long been fixed, and that all endeavours will be vain that hope to pass beyond the best works which remain of ancient Sculpture.

Imitation is the means, and not the end, of art; it is employed by the sculptor as the language by which his ideas are presented to the mind of the spectator. Poetry and elocution of every sort make use of signs, but those signs are arbitrary and conventional. The sculptor employs the representation of the thing itself; but still as a means to a higher end,—as a gradual ascent always advancing towards faultless form and perfect beauty. It may be thought at the first view, that even this form, however perfectly represented, is to be valued and take its rank only for the sake of still a higher object, that of conveying sentiment and character, as they are exhibited by attitude, and expression of the passions. But we are sure from experience, that the beauty of form alone, without the assistance of any other quality, makes of itself a great work, and justly claims our esteem and admiration. As a proof of the high value we set on the mere excellence of form, we may produce the greatest part of the works of Michael Angelo, both in painting and sculpture; as well as most of the antique statues, which are justly esteemed in a very high degree, though no very marked or striking character or expression of any kind is represented.

But, as a stronger instance that this excellence alone inspires sentiment, what artist ever looked at the Torso without feeling a warmth of enthusiasm, as from the

highest efforts of poetry? From whence does this proceed? What is there in this fragment that produces this effect, but the perfection of this science of abstract form?

A mind elevated to the contemplation of excellence perceives in this defaced and shattered fragment, *disjecti membra poetæ*, the traces of superlative genius, the reliques of a work on which succeeding ages can only gaze with inadequate admiration.

It may be said that this pleasure is reserved only to those who have spent their whole life in the study and contemplation of this art; but the truth is, that all would feel its effects, if they could divest themselves of the expectation of *deception*, and look only for what it really is, a *partial* representation of nature. The only impediment of their judgment must then proceed from their being uncertain to what rank, or rather kind of excellence, it aspires; and to what sort of approbation it has a right. This state of darkness is, without doubt, irksome to every mind; but by attention to works of this kind, the knowledge of what is aimed at comes of itself, without being taught, and almost without being perceived.

The Sculptor's art is limited in comparison of others, but it has its variety and intricacy within its proper bounds. Its essence is correctness: and when to correct and perfect form is added the ornament of grace, dignity of character, and appropriated expression, as in the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and many others, this art may be said to have accomplished its purpose.

What Grace is, how it is to be acquired or conceived, are in speculation difficult questions; but *causa latet, res est notissima:* without any perplexing enquiry, the effect is hourly perceived. I shall only observe, that its natural foundation is correctness of design; and though grace may be sometimes united with incorrectness, it cannot proceed from it.

But to come nearer to our present subject. It has been said that the grace of the Apollo depends on a certain degree of incorrectness; that the head is not anatomically placed between the shoulders; and that the lower half of the figure is longer than just proportion allows.

I know that Correggio and Parmegiano are often produced as authorities to support this opinion; but very little attention will convince us, that the incorrectness of some parts which we find in their works, does not contribute to grace, but rather tends to destroy it. The Madonna, with the sleeping Infant, and beautiful group of Angels, by Parmegiano, in the Palazzo Piti, would not have lost any of its excellence, if the neck, fingers, and indeed the whole figure of the Virgin, instead of being so very long and incorrect, had preserved their due proportion.

In opposition to the first of these remarks, I have the authority of a very able Sculptor of this Academy, who has copied that figure, consequently measured and carefully examined it, to declare, that the criticism is not true. In regard to the last, it must be remembered, that Apollo is here in the exertion of one of his peculiar powers, which is swiftness; he has therefore that proportion which is best adapted to that character. This is no more incorrectness than when there is given to an Hercules an extraordinary swelling and strength of muscles.

The art of discovering and expressing grace is difficult enough of itself, with-

out perplexing ourselves with what is incomprehensible. A supposition of such a monster as Grace, begot by Deformity, is poison to the mind of a young Artist, and may make him neglect what is essential to his art, correctness of Design, in order to pursue a phantom, which has no existence but in the imagination of affected and refined speculators.

I cannot quit the Apollo, without making one observation on the character of this figure. He is supposed to have just discharged his arrow at the Python; and, by the head retreating a little towards the right shoulder, he appears attentive to its effect. What I would remark, is the difference of this attention from that of the Discobolus, who is engaged in the same purpose, watching the effect of his Discus. The graceful, negligent, though animated, air of the one, and the vulgar eagerness of the other, furnish a signal instance of the judgment of the ancient Sculptors in their nice discriminatlon of character. They are both equally true to nature, and equally admirable.

It may be remarked, that Grace, Character, and Expression, though words of different sense and meaning, and so understood when applied to the works of Painters, are indiscriminately used when we speak of Sculpture. This indecision we may suspect to proceed from the undetermined effects of the Art itself: those qualities are exhibited in Sculpture rather by form and attitude than by the features, and can therefore be expressed but in a very general manner.

Though the Laocoon and his two sons have more expression in the countenance than perhaps any other antique statues, yet it is only the general expression of pain; and this passion is still more strongly expressed by the writhing and contortion of the body than by the features.

It has been observed in a late publication, that if the attention of the Father in this group had been occupied more by the distress of his children than by his own sufferings, it would have raised a much greater interest in the spectator. Though this observation comes from a person whose opinion, in every thing relating to the Arts, carries with it the highest authority, yet I cannot but suspect that such refined expression is scarce within the province of this Art; and in attempting it, the Artist will run great risk of enfeebling expression, and making it less intelligible to the spectator.

As the general figure presents itself in a more conspicuous manner than the features, it is there we must principally look for expression or character; *patuit in corpore vultus;* and, in this respect, the Sculptor's art is not unlike that of Dancing, where the attention of the spectator is principally engaged by the attitude and action of the performer; and it is there he must look for whatever expression that art is capable of exhibiting. The Dancers themselves acknowledge this, by often wearing masks, with little diminution in the expression. The face bears so very inconsiderable a proportion to the effect of the whole figure, that the ancient Sculptors neglected to animate the features, even with the general expression of the passions. Of this the group of the Boxers is a remarkable instance; they are engaged in the most animated action with the greatest serenity of countenance. This is not recommended for imitation, (for there can be no reason why the countenance should not correspond with the attitude and expression of the figure,) but is mentioned in order to infer from hence, that this fre-

quent deficiency in ancient Sculpture could proceed from nothing but a habit of inattention to what was considered as comparatively immaterial.

Those who think Sculpture can express more than we have allowed, may ask, by what means we discover, at the first glance, the character that is represented in a Bust, Cameo, or Intaglio? I suspect it will be found, on close examination, by him who is resolved not to see more than he really does see, that the figures are distinguished by their *insignia* more than by any variety of form or beauty. Take from Apollo his Lyre, from Bacchus his Thirsus and Vine-leaves, and Meleager the Boar's Head, and there will remain little or no difference in their characters. In a Juno, Minerva, or Flora, the idea of the artist seems to have gone no further than representing perfect beauty, and afterwards adding the proper attributes, with a total indifference to which they gave them. Thus John De Bologna, after he had finished a group of a young man holding up a young woman in his arms, with an old man at his feet, called his friends together, to tell him what name he should give it, and it was agreed to call it the Rape of the Sabines;* and this is the celebrated group which now stands before the old Palace at Florence. The figures have the same general expression which is to be found in most of the antique Sculpture; and yet it would be no wonder if future critics should find out delicacy of expression which was never intended; and go so far as to see, in the old man's countenance, the exact relation which he bore to the woman who appears to be taken from him.

Though Painting and Sculpture are, like many other arts, governed by the same general principles, yet in the detail, or what may be called the by-laws of each art, there seems to be no longer any connection between them. The different materials upon which those two arts exert their powers, must infallibly create a proportional difference in their practice. There are many petty excellencies which the Painter attains with ease, but which are impracticable in Sculpture; and which, even if it could accomplish them, would add nothing to the true value and dignity of the work.

Of the ineffectual attempts which the modern Sculptors have made by way of improvement, these seem to be the principal; The practice of detaching drapery from the figure, in order to give the appearance of flying in the air;—

Of making different plans in the same bas-relievos;—

Of attempting to represent the effects of perspective:—

To these we may add the ill effect of figures cloathed in a modern dress.

The folly of attempting to make stone sport and flutter in the air, is so apparent, that it carries with it its own reprehension; and yet to accomplish this seemed to be the great ambition of many modern Sculptors, particularly Bernini: his heart was so much set on overcoming this difficulty, that he was for ever attempting it, though by that attempt he risked every thing that was valuable in the art.

Bernini stands in the first class of modern Sculptors, and therefore it is the business of criticism to prevent the ill effects of so powerful an example.

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* See *Il reposo di Raffaelle Borghini.*

From his very early work of Apollo and Daphne, the world justly expected he would rival the best productions of ancient Greece; but he soon strayed from the right path. And though there is in his works something which always distinguishes him from the common herd, yet he appears in his latter performances to have lost his way. Instead of pursuing the study of that ideal beauty with which he had so successfully begun, he turned his mind to an injudicious quest of novelty; attempted what was not within the province of the Art, and endeavoured to overcome the hardness and obstinancy of his materials; which, even supposing he had accomplished, so far as to make this species of drapery appear natural, the ill effect and confusion occasioned by its being detached from the figure to which it belongs, ought to have been alone a sufficient reason to have deterred him from that practice.

We have not, I think, in our Academy, any of Bernini's works, except a cast of the head of his Neptune*; this will be sufficient to serve us for an example of the mischief produced by this attempt of representing the effects of the wind. The locks of the hair are flying abroad in all directions, insomuch that it is not a superficial view that can discover what the object is which is represented, or distinguish those flying locks from the features, as they are all of the same colour, of equal solidity, and consequently project with equal force.

The same entangled confusion which is here occasioned by the hair, is produced by drapery flying off; which the eye must, for the same reason, inevitably mingle and confound with the principal parts of the figure.

It is a general rule, equally true in both Arts, that the form and attitude of the figure should be seen clearly, and without any ambiguity, at the first glance of the eye. This the Painter can easily do by colour, by loosing parts in the ground, or keeping them so obscure as to prevent them from interfering with the more principal objects. The Sculptor has no other means of preventing this confusion than by attaching the drapery for the greater part close to the figure; the folds of which following the order of the limbs, whenever the drapery is seen, the eye is led to trace the form and attitude of the figure at the same time.

The drapery of the Apollo, though it makes a large mass, and is separated from the figure, does not affect the present question, from the very circumstance of its being so completely separated; and from the regularity and simplicity of its form, it does not in the least interfere with a distinct view of the figure. In reality, it is no more a part of it than a pedestal, a trunk of a tree, or an animal, which we often see joined to statues.

The principal use of those appendages is to strengthen and preserve the statue from accidents; and many are of opinion, that the mantle which falls from the Apollo's arm is for the same end; but surely it answers a much greater purpose, by preventing that dryness of effect which would inevitably attend a naked arm; extended almost at full length; to which we may add, the disagreeable effect which would proceed from the body and arm making a right angle.

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* Some years after this Discourse was written, Bernini's NEPTUNE was purchased for our author at Rome, and brought to England. After his death it was sold by his Executors for £500 to Charles Anderson Pelham, Esq., now Lord Yarborough. M.

The Apostles, in the church of St. John Lateran, appear to me to fall under the censure of an injudicious imitation of the manner of the Painters. The drapery of those figures, from being disposed in large masses, gives undoubtedly that air of grandeur which magnitude or quantity is sure to produce. But though it should be acknowledged that it is managed with great skill and intelligence, and contrived to appear as light as the materials will allow, yet the weight and solidity of stone was not to be overcome.

Those figures are much in the style of Carlo Maratti, and such as we may imagine he would have made, if he had attempted Sculpture; and when we know he had the superintendence of that work, and was an intimate friend of one of the principal Sculptors, we may suspect that his taste had some influence, if he did not even give the designs. No man can look at those figures without recognizing the manner of Carlo Maratti. They have the same defect which his works so often have, of being overloaded with drapery, and that too artificially disposed. I cannot but believe that if Ruscono, Le Gros, Monot, and the rest of the Sculptors employed in that work, had taken for their guide the simple dress, such as we see in the antique statues of the philosophers, it would have given more real grandeur to the figures, and would certainly have been more suitable to the characters of the Apostles.

Though there is no remedy for the ill effect of those solid projections which flying drapery in stone must always produce in statues, yet in bas-relievos it is totally different; those detached parts of drapery the Sculptor has here as much power over as the Painter, by uniting and losing it in the ground, so that it shall not in the least entangle and confuse the figure.

But here again the Sculptor, not content with this successful imitation, if it may be so called, proceeds to represent figures, or groups of figures on different plans; that is, some on the fore-ground, and some at a greater distance, in the manner of Painters in historical compositions. To do this he has no other means than by making the distant figures of less dimensions, and relieving them in a less degree from the surface; but this is not adequate to the end; they will still appear only as figures on a less scale, but equally near the eye with those in the front of the piece.

Nor does the mischief of this attempt, which never accomplishes its intention, rest here: by this division of the work into many minute parts, the grandeur of its general effect is inevitably destroyed.

Perhaps the only circumstance in which the Modern have excelled the Ancient Sculptors, is the management of a single group in basso-relievo; the art of gradually raising the group from the flat surface, till it imperceptibly emerges into alto-relievo. Of this there is no ancient example remaining that discovers any approach to the skill which Le Gros has shewn in an Altar in the Jesuits Church at Rome. Different plans or degrees of relief in the same group have, as we see in this instance, a good effect, though the contrary happens when the groups are separated, and are at some distance behind each other.

This improvement in the art of composing a group in basso-relievo was probably first suggested by the practice of the modern Painters, who relieve their figures, or groups of figures, from their ground, by the same gentle gradation; and it is accomplished in every respect by the same general principles; but as

the marble has no colour, it is the composition itself that must give it its light and shadow. The ancient Sculptors could not borrow this advantage from their Painters, for this was an art with which they appear to have been entirely unacquainted; and in the bas-relievos of Lorenzo Ghiberti, the casts of which we have in the Academy, this art is no more attempted than it was by the Painters of his age.

The next imaginary improvement of the moderns, is the representing the effects of Perspective in bas-relief. Of this little need be said; all must recollect how ineffectual has been the attempt of modern Sculptors to turn the buildings which they have introduced as seen from their angle, with a view to make them appear to recede from the eye in perspective. This, though it may shew indeed their eager desire to encounter difficulties, shews at the same time how inadequate their materials are even to this their humble ambition.

The Ancients, with great judgment, represented only the elevation of whatever architecture they introduced into their bas-reliefs, which is composed of little more than horizontal or perpendicular lines; whereas the interruption of crossed lines or whatever causes a multiplicity of subordinate parts, destroys that regularity and firmness of effect on which grandeur of style so much depends.

We come now to the last consideration; in what manner Statues are to be dressed, which are made in honour of men, either now living, or lately departed.

This is a question which might employ a long discourse of itself: I shall at present only observe, that he who wishes not to obstruct the Artist, and prevent his exhibiting his abilities to their greatest advantage, will certainly not desire a modern dress.

The desire of transmitting to posterity the shape of modern dress must be acknowledged to be purchased at a prodigious price, even the price of every thing that is valuable in art.

Working in stone is a very serious business; and it seems to be scarce worth while to employ such durable materials in conveying to posterity a fashion of which the longest existence scarce exceeds a year.

However agreeable it may be to the Antiquary's principles of equity and gratitude, that as he has received great pleasure from the contemplation of the fashions of dress of former ages, he wishes to give the same satisfaction to future Antiquaries: yet, methinks pictures of an inferior style, or prints, may be considered as quite sufficient, without prostituting this great art to such mean purposes.

In this town may be seen an Equestrian Statue in a modern dress, which may be sufficient to deter future artists from any such attempt: even supposing no other objection, the familiarity of the modern dress by no means agrees with the dignity and gravity of Sculpture.

Sculpture is formal, regular, and austere; disdains all familiar objects, as incompatible with its dignity; and is an enemy to every species of affectation, or appearance of academical art. All contrasts, therefore, of one figure to another, or of the limbs of a single figure, or even in the folds of the drapery, must be sparingly employed. In short, whatever partakes of fancy or caprice, or goes under the denomination of Picturesque, (however to be admired in its proper place,) is incompatible with that sobriety and gravity which is peculiarly the characteristic of this art.

There is no circumstance which more distinguishes a well regulated and sound taste, than a settled uniformity of design, where all the parts are compact, and fitted to each other, every thing being of a piece. This principle extends itself to all the habits of life, as well as to all works of art. Upon this general ground therefore we may safely venture to pronounce, that the uniformity and simplicity of the materials on which the Sculptor labours, (which are only white marble,) prescribes bounds to his art, and teaches him to confine himself to a proportionable simplicity of design.

DISCOURSE XI.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1782.

Genius.—Consists Principally in the Comprehension of a Whole; in taking General Ideas only.

Gentlemen,

The highest ambition of every Artist is to be thought a man of Genius. As long as this flattering quality is joined to his name, he can bear with patience the imputation of carelessness, incorrectness, or defects of whatever kind.

So far indeed is the presence of Genius from implying an absence of faults, that they are considered by many as its inseparable companions. Some go such lengths as to take indication from them, and not only excuse faults on account of Genius, but presume Genius from the existence of certain faults.

It is certainly true, that a work may justly claim the character of Genius, though full of errors; and it is equally true, that it may be faultless, and yet not exhibit the least spark of Genius. This naturally suggests an enquiry, a desire at least of enquiring, what qualities of a work and of a workman may justly entitle a Painter to that character.

I have in a former discourse* endeavoured to impress you with a fixed opinion, that a comprehensive and critical knowledge of the works of nature is the only source of beauty and grandeur. But when we speak to Painters, we must also consider this rule, and all rules, with reference to the mechanical practice of their own particular Art. It is not properly in the learning, the taste, and the dignity of the ideas, that Genius appears as belonging to a painter. There is a Genius particular and appropriated to his own trade, (as I may call it,) distinguished from all others. For that power, which enables the Artist to conceive his subject with dignity, may be said to belong to general education; and is as much the Genius of a Poet, or the professor of any other liberal Art, or even a good critic in any of those arts, as of a Painter. Whatever sublime ideas may fill his mind, he is a Painter only as he can put in practice what he knows, and communicate those ideas by visible representation.

If my expression can convey my idea, I wish to distinguish excellence of this kind by calling it the Genius of mechanical performance. This Genius consists, I conceive, in the power of expressing that which employs your pencil, whatever

* Discourse III.

it may be, *as a whole;* so that the general effect and power of the whole may take possession of the mind, and for a while suspend the consideration of the subordinate and particular beauties or defects.

The advantage of this method of considering objects, is what I wish now more particularly to enforce. At the same time I do not forget, that a Painter must have the power of contracting as well as dilating his sight; because, he that does not at all express particulars, expresses nothing; yet it is certain, that a nice discrimination of minute circumstances, and a punctilious delineation of them, whatever excellence it may have, (and I do not mean to detract from it,) never did confer on the Artist the character of Genius.

Beside those minute differences in things which are frequently not observed at all, and, when they are, make little impression, there are in all considerable objects great characteristic distinctions, which press strongly on the senses, and therefore fix the imagination. These are by no means, as some persons think, an aggregate of all the small discriminating particulars; nor will such an accumulation of particulars ever express them. These answer to what I have heard great lawyers call the leading points in a case, or the leading cases relative to those points.

The detail of particulars, which does not assist the expression of the main characteristic, is worse than useless—it is mischievous, as it dissipates the attention, and draws it from the principal point. It may be remarked, that the impression which is left on our mind, even of things which are familiar to us, is seldom more than their general effect; beyond which we do not look in recognising such objects. To express this in Painting, is to express what is congenial and natural to the mind of man, and what gives him by reflection his own mode of conceiving. The other pre-supposes *nicety* and *research*, which are only the business of the curious and attentive, and therefore does not speak to the general sense of the whole species; in which common, and, as I may so call it, mother tongue, every thing grand and comprehensive must be uttered.

I do not mean to prescribe what degree of attention ought to be paid to the minute parts; this it is hard to settle. We are sure that it is expressing the general effect of the whole, which alone can give to objects their true and touching character; and wherever this is observed, whatever else may be neglected, we acknowledge the hand of a Master. We may even go further, and observe, than when the general effect only is presented to us by a skilful hand, it appears to express the object represented in a more lively manner than the minutest resemblance would do.

These observations may lead to very deep questions, which I do not mean here to discuss; among others, it may lead to an enquiry, Why we are not always pleased with the most absolute possible resemblance of an imitation to its original object? Cases may exist in which such a resemblance may be even disagreeable. I shall only observe that the effect of figures in Wax-work, though certainly a more exact representation than can be given by Painting or Sculpture, is a sufficient proof that the pleasure we receive from imitation is not increased merely in proportion as it approaches to minute and detailed reality; we are pleased, on the contrary, by seeing ends accomplished by seemingly inadequate means.

To express protuberance by actual relief, to express the softness of flesh by the softness of wax, seems rude and inartificial, and creates no grateful surprise. But to express distances on a plain surface, softness by hard bodies, and particular colouring by materials which are not singly of that colour, produces that magic which is the prize and triumph of art.

Carry this principle a step further. Suppose the effect of imitation to be fully compassed by means still more inadequate; let the power of a few well-chosen strokes, which supersede labour by judgment and direction, produce a complete impression of all that the mind demands in an object; we are charmed with such an unexpected happiness of execution, and begin to be tired with the superfluous diligence, which in vain solicits an appetite already satiated.

The properties of all objects, as far as a Painter is concerned with them, are, the outline or drawing, the colour, and the light and shade. The drawing gives the form, the colour its visible quality, and the light and shade its solidity.

Excellence in any one of these parts of art will never be acquired by an artist, unless he has the habit of looking upon objects at large, and observing the effect which they have on the eye when it is dilated, and employed upon the whole, without seeing any one of the parts distinctly. It is by this that we obtain the ruling characteristic, and that we learn to imitate it by short and dexterous methods. I do not mean by dexterity a trick or mechanical habit, formed by guess, and established by custom; but that science, which, by a profound knowledge of ends and means, discovers the shortest and surest way to its own purpose.

If we examine with a critical view the manner of those painters whom we consider as patterns, we shall find that their great fame does not proceed from their works being more highly finished than those of other artists, or from a more minute attention to details, but from that enlarged comprehension which sees the whole at once, and that energy of art which gives its characteristic effect by adequate expression.

Raffaelle and Titian are two names which stand the highest in our art: one for Drawing, the other for Painting. The most considerable and the most esteemed works of Raffaelle are the Cartoons, and his Fresco works in the Vatican; those, as we all know, are far from being minutely finished: his principal care and attention seems to have been fixed upon the adjustment of the whole, whether it was the general composition, or the composition of each individual figure; for every figure may be said to be a lesser whole, though in regard to the general work to which it belongs, it is but a part; the same may be said of the head, of the hands, and feet. Though he possessed this art of seeing and comprehending the whole, as far as form is concerned, he did not exert the same faculty in regard to the general effect, which is presented to the eye by colour, and light and shade. Of this the deficiency of his oil pictures, where this excellence is more expected than in Fresco, is a sufficient proof.

It is to Titian we must turn our eyes to find excellence with regard to colour, and light and shade, in the highest degree. He was both the first and the greatest master of this art. By a few strokes he knew how to mark the general image and character of whatever object he attempted; and produced, by this alone, a truer representation than his master Giovanni Bellino, or any of his predecessors, who finished every hair. His great care was to express the general colour, to

preserve the masses of light and shade, and to give by opposition the idea of that solidity which is inseparable from natural objects. When those are preserved, though the work should possess no other merit, it will have in a proper place its complete effect; but where any of these are wanting, however minutely laboured the picture may be in the detail, the whole will have a false and even an unfinished appearance, at whatever distance, or in whatever light, it can be shewn.

It is vain to attend to the variation of tints, if, in that attention, the general hue of flesh is lost; or to finish ever so minutely the parts, if the masses are not observed, or the whole not well put together.

Vasari seems to have had no great disposition to favour the Venetian Painters, yet he every where justly commends *il modo di fare, la maniera, la bella pratica;* that is, the admirable manner and practice of that school. On Titian, in particular, he bestows the epithets of *guidicioso, bello, e stupendo.*

This manner was then new to the world, but that unshaken truth on which it is founded, has fixed it as a model to all succeeding Painters; and those who will examine into the artifice, will find it to consist in the power of generalising, and in the shortness and simplicity of the means employed.

Many artists, as Vasari likewise observes, have ignorantly imagined they are imitating the manner of Titian, when they leave their colours rough, and neglect the detail; but, not possessing the principles on which he wrought, they have produced what he calls *goffe pitture*, absurd foolish pictures; for such will always be the consequence of affecting dexterity without science, without selection, and without fixed principles.

Raffaelle and Titian seem to have looked at nature for different purposes; they both had the power of extending their view to the whole; but one looked only for the general effect as produced by form, the other as produced by colour.

We cannot entirely refuse to Titian the merit of attending the general *form* of his object, as well as colour; but his deficiency lay, a deficiency at least when he is compared with Raffaelle, in not possessing the power, like him, of correcting the form of his model by any general idea of beauty in his own mind. Of this his St. Sebastian is a particular instance. The figure appears to be a most exact representation both of the form and the colour of the model, which he then happened to have before him; it has all the force of nature, and the colouring is flesh itself; but, unluckily, the model was of a bad form, especially the legs. Titian has with as much care preserved these defects as he has imitated the beauty and briliancy of the colouring. In his colouring he was large and general, as in his design he was minute and partial; in the one he was a Genius, in the other not much above a copier. I do not, however, speak now of all his pictures; instances enough may be produced in his works, where those observations on his defects could not with any propriety be applied: but it is in the manner, or language, as it may be called, in which Titian and others of that school express themselves, that their chief excellence lies. This manner is in reality, in painting, what language is in poetry; we are all sensible how differently the imagination is affected by the same sentiment expressed in different words, and how mean or how grand the same object appears when presented to us by different Painters. Whether it is the human figure, an animal, or even inanimate objects, there is nothing, however unpromising in appearance, but may be raised into dignity,

convey sentiment, and produce emotion, in the hands of a Painter of genius. What was said of Virgil, that he threw even the dung about the ground with an air of dignity, may be applied to Titian: whatever he touched, however naturally mean, and habitually familiar, by a kind of magic he invested with grandeur and importance.

I must here observe, that I am not recommending a neglect of the detail; indeed it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prescribe *certain* bounds, and tell how far, or when it is to be observed or neglected; much must, at last, be left to the taste and judgment of the artist. I am well aware that a judicious detail will sometimes give the force of truth to the work, and consequently interest the spectator. I only wish to impress on your minds the true distinction between essential and subordinate powers; and to shew what qualities in the art claim your *chief* attention, and what may, with the least injury to your reputation, be neglected. Something, perhaps, always must be neglected; the lesser ought then to give way to the greater; and since every work can have but a limited time allotted to it, (for even supposing a whole life to be employed about one picture, it is still limited,) it appears more reasonable to employ that time to the best advantage, in contriving various methods of composing the work,—in trying different effect of light and shadow,—and employing the labour of correction in heightening by a judicious adjustment of the parts the effects of the whole, —than that the time should be taken up in minutely finishing those parts.

But there is another kind of high finishing, which may safely be condemned, as it seems to counteract its own purpose; that is, when the artist, to avoid that hardness which proceeds from the outline cutting against the ground, softens and blends the colours to excess: this is what the ignorant call high finishing, but which tends to destroy the brilliancy of colour, and the true effect of representation, which consists very much in preserving the same proportion of sharpness and bluntness that is found in natural objects. This extreme softening, instead of producing the effect of softness, gives the appearance of ivory, or some other hard substance, highly polished.

The portraits of Cornelius Jansen appear to have this defect, and consequently want that suppleness which is the characterestic of flesh; whereas, in the works of Vandyck, we find that true mixture of softness and hardness perfectly observed. The same defect may be found in the manner of Vanderwerf, in opposition to that of Teniers; and such also, we may add, is the manner of Raffaelle in his oil pictures, in comparison with that of Titian.

The name which Raffaelle has so justly maintained as the first of Painters, we may venture to say was not acquired by this laborious attention. His apology may be made by saying that it was the manner of his country; but if he had expressed his ideas with the facility and eloquence, as it may be called, of Titian, his works would certainly not have been less excellent; and that praise, which ages and nations have poured out upon him, for possessing Genius in the higher attainments of art, would have been extended to them all.

Those who are not conversant in works of art, are often surprised at the high value set by connoisseurs on drawings which appear careless, and in every respect unfinished; but they are truly valuable; and their value arises from this, that they give the idea of an whole; and this whole is often expressed by a dex-

terous facility which indicates the true power of a Painter, even though roughly exerted: whether it consists in the general composition, or the general form of each figure, or the turn of the attitude which bestows grace and elegance. All this we may see fully exemplified in the very skilful drawings of Parmegiano and Correggio. On whatever account we value these drawings, it is certainly not for high finishing, or a minute attention to particulars.

Excellence in every part, and in every province of our art, from the highest style of history down to the resemblances of still life, will depend on this power of extending the attention at once to the whole, without which the greatest diligence is vain.

I wish you to bear in mind, that when I speak of an whole, I do not mean simply an *whole* as belonging to composition, but an *whole* with respect to the general style of colouring ; an *whole* with regard to the light and shade; an *whole* of every thing which may separately become the main object of a Painter.

I remember a Landscape-Painter in Rome, who was known by the name of Studio, from his patience in high finishing, in which he thought the whole excellence of art consisted; so that he once endeavoured, as he said, to represent every individual leaf on a tree. This picture I never saw; but I am very sure that an artist, who looked only at the general character of the species, the order of the branches, and the masses of the foliage, would in a few minutes produce a more true resemblance of trees, than this Painter in as many months.

A Landscape-painter certainly ought to study anatomically (if I may use the expression) all the objects which he paints; but when he is to turn his studies to use, his skill as a man of genius will be displayed in shewing the general effect, preserving the same degree of hardness and softness which the objects have in nature; for he applies himself to the imagination, not to the curiosity, and works not for the Virtuoso or the Naturalist, but for the common observer of life and nature. When he knows his subject, he will know not only what to describe, but what to omit; and this skill in leaving out, is, in all things, a great part of knowledge and wisdom.

The same excellence of manner which Titian displayed in History or Portrait-painting, is equally conspicuous in his Landscapes, whether they are professedly such, or serve only as back-grounds. One of the most eminent of this latter kind is to be found in the picture of St. Pietro Martire. The large trees, which are here introduced, are plainly distinguished from each other by the different manner with which the branches shoot from their trunks, as well as by their different foliage; and the weeds in the fore-ground are varied in the same manner, just as much as variety requires, and no more. When Algarotti, speaking of this picture, praises it for the minute discriminations of the leaves and plants, even, as he says, to excite the admiration of a Botanist, his intention was undoubtedly to give praise even at the expense of truth; for he must have known, that this is not the character of the picture; but connoisseurs will always find in pictures what they think they ought to find: he was not aware that he was giving a description injurious to the reputation of Titian.

Such accounts may be very hurtful to young artists, who never have had an opportunity of seeing the work described; and they may possibly conclude, that this

great Artist acquired the name of the Divine Titian from his eminent attention to such trifling circumstancss, which in reality would not raise him above the level of the most ordinary painter.

We may extend these observations even to what seems to have but a single, and that an individual, object. The excellence of Portrait-painting, and we may add even the likeness, the character, and countenance, as I have observed in another place, depend more upon the general effect produced by the painter, than on the exact expression of the peculiarities, or minute discrimination of the parts. The chief attention of the artist is therefore employed in planting the features in their proper places, which so much contributes to giving the effect and true impression of the whole. The very peculiarities may be reduced to classes and general descriptions; and there are therefore large ideas to be found even in this contracted subject. He may afterwards labour single features to what degree he thinks proper, but let him not forget continually to examine, whether, in finishing the parts, he is not destroying the general effect.

It is certainly a thing to be wished, that all excellence were applied to illustrate subjects that are interesting and worthy of being commemorated; whereas, of half the pictures that are in the world, the subject can be valued only as an occasion which set the artist to work: and yet, our high estimation of such pictures, without considering or perhaps without knowing the subject, shews how much our attention is engaged by the art alone.

Perhaps nothing that we can say will so clearly shew the advantage and excellence of this faculty, as that it confers the character of Genius on works that pretend to no other merit; in which is neither expression, character, or dignity, and where none are interested in the subject. We cannot refuse the character of Genius to the marriage of Paolo Veronese, without opposing the general sense of mankind, (great authorities have called it the Triumph of Painting,) or, to the altar of St Augustine at Antwerp, by Rubens, which equally deserves that title, and for the same reason. Neither of those pictures have any interesting story to support them. That of Paolo Veronese, is only a representation of a great concourse of people at a dinner; and the subject of Rubens, if it may be called a subject where nothing is doing, is an assembly of various Saints that lived in different ages. The whole excellence of those pictures consists in mechanical dexterity, working, however, under the influence of that comprehensive faculty which I have so often mentioned.

It is by this, and this alone, that the mechanical power is ennobled, and raised much above its natural rank. And it appears to me, that with propriety it acquires this character, as an instance of that superiority with which mind predominates over matter, by contracting into one whole what nature has made multifarious.

The great advantage of this idea of a whole is, that a greater quantity of truth may be said to be contained and expressed in a few lines or touches, than in the most laborious finishing of the parts, where this is not regarded. It is upon this foundation that it stands; and the justness of the observation would be confirmed by the ignorant in art, if it were possible to take their opinions unseduced by some false notion of what they imagine they ought to see in a Picture. As it is an art, they think they ought to be pleased in proportion as they see that

art ostentatiously displayed; they will, from this supposition, prefer neatness, high-finishing, and gaudy colouring, to the truth, simplicity, and unity of nature. Perhaps, too, the totally ignorant beholder, like the ignorant artist, cannot comprehend a whole, nor even what it means. But if false notions do not anticipate their perceptions, they who are capable of observation, and who, pretending to no skill, look only straight forward, will praise and condemn in proportion as the Painter has succeeded in the effect of the whole. Here general satisfaction, or general dislike, though perhaps despised by the Painter, as proceeding from the ignorance of the principles of art, may yet help to regulate his conduct, and bring back his attention to that which ought to be his principal object, and from which he has deviated for the sake of minuter beauties.

An instance of this right judgment I once saw in a child, in going through a gallery where there were many portraits of the last ages, which, though neatly put out of hand, were very ill put together. The child paid no attention to the neat finishing or naturalness of any bit of drapery, but appeared to observe only the ungracefulness of the persons represented, and put herself in the posture of every figure which she saw in a forced and awkward attitude. The censure of nature, uninformed, fastened upon the greatest fault that could be in a picture, because it related to the character and management of the whole.

I should be sorry, if what has been said should be understood to have any tendency to encourage that carelessness which leaves work in an unfinished state. I commend nothing for the want of exactness; I mean to point out that kind of exactness which is the best, and which is alone truly to be so esteemed.

So far is my disquisition from giving countenance to idleness, that there is nothing in our art which enforces such continual exertion and circumspection, as an attention to the general effect of the whole. It requires much study and much practice; it requires the Painter's entire mind; whereas the parts may be finishing by nice touches, while his mind is engaged on other matters; he may even hear a play or a novel read without much disturbance. The artist who flatters his own indolence, will continually find himself evading this active exertion, and applying his thoughts to the ease and laziness of highly finishing the parts; producing at last what Cowley calls "laborious effects of idleness."

No work can be too much finished, provided the diligence employed be directed to its proper object; but I have observed that an excessive labour in the detail has, nine times in ten, been pernicious to the general effect, even when it has been the labour of great masters. It indicates a bad choice, which is an ill setting out in any undertaking.

To give a right direction to your industry has been my principal purpose in this discourse. It is this which I am confident often makes the difference between two Students of equal capacities and of equal industry. While the one is employing his labour on minute objects of little consequence, the other is acquiring the art, and perfecting the habit, of seeing nature in an extensive view, in its proper proportions, and its due subordination of parts.

Before I conclude, I must make one observation sufficiently connected with the present subject.

The same extension of mind which gives the excellence of Genius to the theory

and mechanical practice of the art, will direct him likewise in the method of study, and give him the superiority over those who narrowly follow a more confined track of partial imitation. Whoever, in order to finish his education, should travel to Italy, and spend his whole time there only in copying pictures, and measuring statues or buildings, (though these things are not to be neglected,) would return with little improvement. He that imitates the Iliad, says Dr Young, is not imitating Homer. It is not by laying up in the memory the particular details of any of the great works of art, that any man becomes a great artist, if he stops without making himself master of the general principles on which these works are conducted. If he even hopes to rival those whom he admires, he must consider their works as the means of teaching him the true art of seeing nature. When this is acquired, he then may be said to have appropriated their powers, or at least the foundation of their powers, to himself; the rest must depend upon his own industry and application. The great business of study is, to form a *mind*, adapted and adequate to all times and all occasions; to which all nature is then laid open, and which may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches.

DISCOURSE XII.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1784.

Particular Methods of Study of little Consequence.—Little of the Art can be Taught.—Love of Method often a Love of Idleness.—Pittori Improvisatori apt to be Careless and Incorrect; seldom Original and Striking.—This proceeds from their not Studying the Works of other Masters.

Gentlemen,

In consequence of the situation in which I have the honour to be placed in this Academy, it has often happened, that I have been consulted by the young Students who intend to spend some years in Italy, concerning the method of regulating their studies. I am, as I ought to be, solicitously desirous to communicate the entire result of my experience and observation; and though my openness and facility in giving my opinions might make some amends for whatever was defective in them, yet I fear my answers have not often given satisfaction. Indeed I have never been sure, that I understood perfectly what they meant, and was not without some suspicion that they had not themselves very distinct ideas of the object of their enquiry.

If the information required was, by what means the path that leads to excellence could be discovered; if they wished to know whom they were to take for their guides; what to adhere to, and what to avoid; where they were to bait, and where they were to take up their rest; what was to be tasted only, and what should be their diet; such general directions are certainly proper for a Student to ask, and for me, to the best of my capacity, to give; but these rules have been already given: they have in reality been the subject of almost all my Discourses from this place. But I am rather inclined to think, that by *method of study*, it was meant, (as several do mean,) that the times and the seasons should be prescribed, and the order settled, in which every thing was to be done: that it might be useful to point out to what degree of excellence one part of the Art was to be carried, before the Student proceeded to the next; how long he was to continue to draw from the ancient statues, when to begin to compose, and when to apply to the study of colouring.

Such a detail of instruction might be extended with a great deal of plausible and ostentatious amplification—but it would at best be useless. Our studies

will be for ever, in a very great degree, under the direction of chance; like travellers, we must take what we can get, and when we can get it; whether it is, or is not administered to us in the most commodious manner, in the most proper place, or at the exact minute when we would wish to have it.

Treatises on education, and method of study, have always appeared to me to have one general fault. They proceed upon a false supposition of life; as if we possessed not only a power over events and circumstances, but had a greater power over ourselves than I believe any of us will be found to possess. Instead of supposing ourselves to be perfect patterns of wisdom and virtue, it seems to me more reasonable to treat ourselves (as I am sure we must now and then treat others) like humoursome children, whose fancies are often to be indulged, in order to keep them in good-humour with themselves and their pursuits. It is necessary to use some artifice of this kind in all processes which by their very nature are long, tedious, and complex, in order to prevent our taking that aversion to our studies, which the continual shackles of methodical restraint are sure to produce.

I would rather wish a student, as soon as he goes abroad, to employ himself upon whatever he has been incited to by any immediate impulse, than to go sluggishly about a prescribed task: whatever he does in such a state of mind, little advantage accrues from it, as nothing sinks deep enough to leave any lasting impression; and it is impossible that any thing should be well understood, or well done, that is taken into a reluctant understanding, and executed with a servile hand.

It is desirable, and indeed is necessary to intellectual health, that the mind should be recreated and refreshed with a variety in our studies; that in the irksomeness of uniform pursuit we should be relieved, and, if I may so say, deceived, as much as possible. Besides, the minds of men are so very differently constituted, that it is impossible to find one method which shall be suitable to all. It is of no use to prescribe to those who have no talents; and those who have talents will find methods for themselves—methods dictated to them by their own particular dispositions, and by the experience of their own particular necessities.

However, I would not be understood to extend this doctrine to the younger students. The first part of the life of a student, like that of other school-boys, must necessarily be a life of restraint. The grammar, the rudiments, however unpalatable, must at all events be mastered. After a habit is acquired of drawing correctly from the model (whatever it may be) which he has before him, the rest, I think, may be safely left to chance; always supposing that the student is *employed*, and that his studies are directed to the proper object.

A passion for his art, and an eager desire to excel, will more than supply the place of method. By leaving a student to himself, he may possibly indeed be led to undertake matters above his strength: but the trial will at least have this advantage, it will discover to himself his own deficiencies; and this discovery alone, is a very considerable acquisition. One inconvenience, I acknowledge, may attend bold and arduous attempts; frequent failure may discourage. This evil, however, is not more pernicious than the slow proficiency which is the natural consequence of too easy tasks.

Whatever advantages method may have in dispatch of business, (and there it certainly has many,) I have but little confidence of its efficacy in acquiring excellence in any art whatever. Indeed, I have always strongly suspected, that this love of method, on which some persons appear to place so great dependence, is, in reality, at the bottom, a love of idleness; a want of sufficient energy to put themselves into immediate action: it is a sort of an apology to themselves for doing nothing. I have known artists who may truly be said to have spent their whole lives, or at least the most precious part of their lives, in planning methods of study, without ever beginning; resolving, however, to put it all in practice at some time or other,—when a certain period arrives,—when proper conveniencies are procured,—or when they remove to a certain place better calculated for study. It is not uncommon for such persons to go abroad with the most honest and sincere resolution of studying hard, when they shall arrive at the end of their journey. The same want of exertion, arising from the same cause which made them at home put off the day of labour until they had found a proper scheme for it, still continues in Italy, and they consequently return home with little, if any, improvement.

In the practice of art, as well as in morals, it is necessary to keep a watchful and jealous eye over ourselves: idleness, assuming the specious disguise of industry, will lull to sleep all suspicion of our want of an active exertion of strength. A provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite enquiry and research, or even the mere mechanical labour of copying, may be employed to evade and shuffle off real labour,—the real labour of thinking.

I have declined for these reasons to point out any particular method and course of study to young Artists on their arrival in Italy. I have left it to their own prudence, a prudence which will grow and improve upon them in the course of unremitted, ardent industry, directed by a real love of their profession, and an unfeigned admiration of those who have been universally admitted as patterns of excellence in the art.

In the exercise of that general prudence, I shall here submit to their consideration such miscellaneous observations as have occurred to me on considering the mistaken notions or evil habits, which have prevented that progress towards excellence, which the natural abilities of several Artists might otherwise have enabled them to make.

False opinions and vicious habits have done far more mischief to Students, and to Professors too, than any wrong methods of study.

Under the influence of sloth, or of some mistaken notion, is that disposition which always wants to lean on other men. Such Students are always talking of the prodigious progress they should make, if they could but have the advantage of being taught by some particular eminent Master. To him they would wish to transfer that care, which they ought and must take of themselves. Such are to be told, that after the rudiments are past, very little of our Art can be taught by others. The most skilful Master can do little more than put the end of the clue into the hands of his Scholar, by which he must conduct himself.

It is true, the beauties and defects of the works of our predecessors may be pointed out; the principles on which their works are conducted, may be ex-

plained; the great examples of Ancient Art may be spread out before them; but the most sumptuous entertainment is prepared in vain, if the guests will not take the trouble of helping themselves.

Even the Academy itself, where every convenience for study is procured, and laid before them, may, from that very circumstance, from leaving no difficulties to be encountered in the pursuit, cause a remission of their industry. It is not uncommon to see young artists whilst they are struggling with every obstacle in their way, exert themselves with such success as to outstrip competitors possessed of every means of improvement. The promising expectation which was formed, on so much being done with so little means, has recommended them to a Patron, who has supplied them with every convenience of study; from that time their industry and eagerness of pursuit has forsaken them; they stand still, and see others rush on before them.

Such men are like certain animals, who will feed only when there is but little provender, and that got at with difficulty through the bars of a rack, but refuse to touch it when there is abundance before them.

Perhaps, such a falling off may proceed from the faculties being overpowered by the immensity of the materials ; as the traveller dispairs ever to arrive at the end of his journey, when the whole extent of the road which he is to pass is at once displayed to his view.

Among the first moral qualities, therefore, which a Student ought to cultivate, is a just and manly confidence in himself, or rather in the effects of that persevering industry which he is resolved to possess.

When Raffaelle, by means of his connection with Bramante, the Pope's Architect, was fixed upon to adorn the Vatican with his works, he had done nothing that marked in him any great superiority over his contemporaries; though he was then but young, he had under his direction the most considerable Artists of his age; and we know what kind of men those were: a lesser mind would have sunk under such a weight; and if we should judge from the meek and gentle disposition which we are told was the character of Raffaelle, we might expect this would have happened to him; but his strength appeared to increase in proportion as exertion was required; and it is not improbable that we are indebted to the good fortune which first placed him in that conspicuous situation, for those great examples of excellence which he has left us.

The observations to which I formerly wished, and now desire, to point your attention, relate not to errors which are committed by those who have no claim to merit, but to those inadvertencies into which men of parts only can fall by the over-rating or the abuse of some real, though perhaps subordinate, excellence. The errors last alluded to are those of backward, timid characters; what I shall now speak of, belong to another class; to those Artists who are distinguished for the readiness and facility of their invention. It is undoubtedly a splendid and desirable accomplishment to be able to design instantaneously any given subject. It is an excellence that I believe every Artist would wish to possess; but unluckily, the manner in which this dexterity is acquired, habituates the mind to be contented with first thoughts without choice or selection. The judgment, after it has been long passive, by degrees loses its power of becoming active when exertion is necessary.

Whoever, therefore, has this talent, must in some measure undo what he had the habit of doing, or at least give a new turn to his mind: great works, which are to live and stand the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat. A proportionable time is required for deliberation and circumspection. I remember when I was at Rome looking at the fighting Gladiator, in company with an eminent Sculptor, and I expressed my admiration of the skill with which the whole is composed, and the minute attention of the Artist to the change of every muscle in that momentary exertion of strength; he was of opinion that a work so perfect required nearly the whole life of man to perform.

I believe, if we look around us, we shall find, that in the sister art of Poetry, what has been soon done, has been as soon forgotten. The judgment and practice of a great Poet on this occasion is worthy attention. Metastasio, who has so much and justly distinguished himself throughout Europe, at his outset was an *Improvisatore*, or *extempore* Poet, a description of men not uncommon in Italy: it is not long since he was asked by a friend, if he did not think the custom of inventing and reciting *extempore*, which he practised when a boy in his character of an *Improvisatore*, might not be considered as a happy beginning of his education; he thought it, on the contrary, a disadvantage to him: he said that he had acquired by that habit a carelessness and incorrectness, which it cost him much trouble to overcome, and to substitute in the place of it a totally different habit, that of thinking with selection, and expressing himself with correctness and precision.

However extraordinary it may appear, it is certainly true, that the inventions of the *Pittori improvisatori*, as they may be called, have,—notwithstanding the common boast of their authors that all is spun from their own brain,—very rarely any thing that has in the least the air of originality :—their compositions are generally common-place, uninteresting, without character or expression ; like those flowery speeches that we sometimes hear, which impress no new ideas on the mind.

I would not be thought, however, by what has been said, to oppose the use, the advantage, the necessity there is, of a Painter's being readily able to express his ideas by sketching. The further he can carry such designs, the better. The evil to be apprehended is, his resting there, and not correcting them afterwards from nature, or taking the trouble to look about him for whatever assistance the works of others will afford him.

We are not to suppose, that when a Painter sits down to deliberate on any work, he has all his knowledge to seek; he must not only be able to draw *extempore* the human figure in every variety of action, but he must be acquainted likewise with the general principles of composition, and possess a habit of foreseeing, while he is composing, the effect of the masses of light and shadow, that will attend such a disposition. His mind is entirely occupied by his attention to the whole. It is a subsequent consideration to determine the attitude and expression of individual figures. It is in this period of his work that I would recommend to every Artist to look over his port-folio, or pocket-book, in which he has treasured up all the happy inventions, all the extraordinary and expressive attitudes that he has met with in the course of his studies; not only for the sake of borrowing from those studies whatever may be applicable to his wn

work, but likewise on account of the great advantage he will receive by bringing the ideas of great Artists more distinctly before his mind, which will teach him to invent other figures in a similar style.

Sir Francis Bacon speaks with approbation of the provisionary methods Demosthenes and Cicero employed to assist their invention: and illustrates their use by a quaint comparison after his manner. These particular *Studios* being not immediately connected with our art, I need not cite the passage I allude to, and shall only observe that such preparation totally opposes the general received opinions that are floating in the world, concerning genius and inspiration. The same great man in another place, speaking of his own Essays, remarks, that they treat of "those things, wherein both men's lives and persons are most conversant, whereof a man shall find much in experience, but little in books:" they are then what an artist would naturally call invention; and yet we may suspect that even the genius of Bacon, great as it was, would never have been enabled to have made those observations, if his mind had not been trained and disciplined by reading the observations of others. Nor could he, without such reading, have known that those opinions were not to be found in other books.

I know there are many Artists of great fame, who appear never to have looked out of themselves, and who probably would think it derogatory to their character, to be supposed to borrow from any other Painter. But when we recolleet, and compare the works of such men with those who took to their assistance the inventions of others, we shall be convinced of the great advantage of this latter practice.

The two men most eminent for readiness of invention, that occur to me, are Luca Giordano and La Fage: one in painting, and the other in drawing.

To such extraordinary powers as were possessed by both of those Artists, we cannot refuse the character of Genius; at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that it was that kind of mechanic Genius which operates without much assistance of the head. In all their works, which are (as might be expected) very numerous, we may look in vain for anything that can be said to be original and striking; and yet, according to the ordinary ideas of originality, they have as good pretensions as most Painters; for they borrowed very little from others, and still less will any Artist, that can distinguish between excellence and insipidity, ever borrow from them.

To those men, and all such, let us oppose the practice of the first of Painters. I suppose we shall all agree, that no man ever possessed a greater power of invention, and stood less in need of foreign assistance, than Raffaelle; and yet, when he was designing one of his greatest as well as latest works, the Cartoons, it is very apparent that he had the studies which he had made from Masaccio before him. Two noble figures of St. Paul, which he found there, he adopted in his own work: one of them he took for St. Paul preaching at Athens; and the other for the same Saint, when chastising the sorcerer Elymas. Another figure in the same work, whose head is sunk in his breast, with his eyes shut, appearing deeply wrapt up in thought, was introduced amongst the listeners to the preaching of St. Paul. The most material alteration that is made in those two figures of St. Paul, is the addition of the left hands, which are not seen in the original. It is a rule that Raffaelle observed, (and indeed ought never to be

dispensed with,) in a principal figure, to shew both hands; that it should never be a question, what is become of the other hand. For the Sacrifice at Listra, he took the whole ceremony much as it stands in an ancient Basso-relievo, since published in the ADMIRANDA.

I have given examples from those pictures only of Raffaelle which we have among us, though many other instances might be produced of this great Painter's not disdaining assistance: indeed his known wealth was so great, that he might borrow where he pleased without loss of credit.

It may be remarked, that this work of Masaccio, from which he has borrowed so freely, was a public work, and at no farther distance from Rome than Florence; so that if he had considered it a disgraceful theft, he was sure to be detected; but he was well satisfied that his character for invention would be little affected by such a discovery; nor is it, except in the opinion of those who are ignorant of the manner in which great works are built.

Those who steal from mere poverty; who, having nothing of their own, cannot exist a minute without making such depredations; who are so poor that they have no place in which they can even deposit what they have taken; to men of this description nothing can be said: but such Artists as those to whom I suppose myself now speaking, men whom I consider as competently provided with all the necessaries and conveniences of art, and who do not desire to steal baubles and common trash, but wish only to possess peculiar rarities which they select to ornament their cabinets, and take care to enrich the general store with materials of equal or of greater value than what they have taken; such men surely need not be ashamed of that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among Artists, of receiving from the dead and giving to the living, and perhaps to those who are yet unborn.

The daily food and nourishment of the mind of an Artist is found in the great works of his predecessors. There is no other way for him to become great himself. *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco**, is a remark of a whimsical Natural History, which I have read, though I do not recollect its title; however false as to dragons, it is applicable enough to Artists.

Raffaelle, as appears from what has been said, had carefully studied the works of Masaccio; and indeed there was no other, if we except Michael Angelo, (whom he likewise imitated,) so worthy of his attention; and though his manner was dry and hard, his compositions formal, and not enough diversified, according to the custom of Painters in that early period, yet his works possess that grandeur and simplicity which accompany, and even sometimes proceed from regularity and hardness of manner. We must consider the barbarous state of the Arts before his time, when skill in drawing was so little understood, that the best of the painters could not even foreshorten the foot, but every figure appeared to stand upon his toes; and what served for drapery, had, from the hardness and

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* In Ben Jonson's CATILINE, we find this aphorism, with a slight variation:

"A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
"Must eat a bat." M.

smallness of the folds, too much the appearance of cords clinging round the body. He first introduced large drapery flowing in an easy and natural manner: indeed he appears to be the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the Art afterwards arrived, and may therefore be justly considered as one of the Great Fathers of modern Art.

Though I have been led on to a longer digression respecting this great Painter than I intended, yet I cannot avoid mentioning another excellence which he possessed in a very eminent degree; he was as much distinguished among his contemporaries for his diligence and industry, as he was for the natural faculties of his mind. We are told, that his whole attention was absorbed in the pursuit of his art, and that he acquired the name of Masaccio*, from his total disregard to his dress, his person, and all the common concerns of life. He is indeed a signal instance of what well-directed diligence will do in a short time; he lived but twenty-seven years; yet in that short space carried the art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model for his successors. Vasari gives a long catalogue of Painters and Sculptors, who formed their taste, and learned their Art, by studying his works; among those, he names Michael Angelo, Lionardo da Vinci, Pietro Perugino, Raffaelle, Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Il Rosso, and Pierino del Vaga.

The habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist-like mind; it is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think, or invent in a mean manner; a state of mind is acquired that receives those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.

Besides the general advantage of forming the taste by such an intercourse, there is another of a particular kind, which was suggested to me by the practice of Raffaelle, when imitating the work of which I have been speaking. The figure of the Proconsul, Sergius Paulus, is taken from the Felix of Masaccio, though one is a front figure, and the other seen in profile; the action is likewise somewhat changed; but it is plain Raffaelle had that figure in his mind. There is a circumstance indeed, which I mention by the by, which marks it very particularly; Sergius Paulus wears a crown of laurel; this is hardly reconcileable to strict propriety, and the *costume*, of which Raffaelle was in general a good observer; but he found it so in Masaccio, and he did not bestow so much pains in disguise as to change it. It appears to me to be an excellent practice, thus to suppose the figures which you wish to adopt in the works of those great Painters to be statues; and to give, as Raffaelle has here given another view, taking care to preserve all the spirit and grace you find in the original.

I should hope, from what has been lately said, that it is not necessary to guard myself against any supposition of recommending an entire dependence upon former masters. I do not desire that you should get other people to do your business, or to think for you; I only wish you to consult with, to call in, as Councillors, men the most distinguished for their knowledge and experience,

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* The addition of *accio* denotes some deformity or imperfection attending that person to whom it is applied. R.

the result of which counsel must ultimately depend upon yourself. Such conduct in the commerce of life has never been considered as disgraceful, or in any respect to imply intellectual imbecility; it is a sign rather of that true wisdom, which feels individual imperfection; and is conscious to itself how much collective observation is necessary to fill the immense extent, and to comprehend the infinite variety of nature. I recommend neither self-dependence nor plagiarism. I advise you only to take that assistance which every human being wants, and which, as appears from the examples that have been given, the greatest Painters have not disdained to accept. Let me add, that the dilligence required in the search, and the exertion subsequent in accommodating those ideas to your own purpose, is a business which idleness will not, and ignorance cannot, perform. But in order more distinctly to explain what kind of borrowing I mean, when I recommend so anxiously the study of the works of great Masters, let us for a minute return again to Raffaelle, consider his method of practice, and endeavour to imitate him, in his manner of imitating others.

The two figures of St. Paul which I lately mentioned, are so nobly conceived by Masaccio, that perhaps it was not in the power even of Raffaelle himself to raise and improve them, nor has he attempted it; but he has had the address to change in some measure without diminishing the grandeur of their character; he has substituted, in the place of a serene composed dignity, that animated expression which was necessary to the more active employment he has assigned them.

In the same manner he has given more animation to the figure of Sergius Paulus, and to that which is introduced in the picture of St. Paul preaching, of which little more than hints are given by Masaccio, which Raffaelle has finished. The closing the eyes of this figure, which in Masaccio might be easily mistaken for sleeping, is not in the least ambiguous in the Cartoon: his eyes indeed are closed, but they are closed with such vehemence, that the agitation of a mind *perplexed in the extreme* is seen at the first glance: but what is most extraordinary, and I think particularly to be admired, is, that the same idea is continued through the whole figure, even to the drapery, which is so closely muffled about him, that even his hands are not seen; by this happy correspondence between the expression of the countenance, and the disposition of the parts, the figure appears to think from head to foot. Men of superior talents alone are capable of thus using and adapting other men's minds to their own purposes, or are able to make out and finish what was only in the original a hint or imperfect conception. A readiness in taking such hints, which escape the dull and ignorant, makes, in my opinion, no inconsiderable part of that faculty of the mind which is called Genius.

It often happens that hints may be taken and employed in a situation totally different from that in which they were originally employed. There is a figure of a Bacchante leaning backward, her head thrown quite behind her, which seems to be a favourite invention, as it is so frequently repeated in basso-relievos, camæos, and intaglios; it is intended to express an enthusiastic frantic kind of joy. This figure Baccio Bandinelli, in a drawing that I have of that Master, of the Descent from the Cross, has adopted, (and he knew very well what was worth borrowing,) for one of the Marys, to express frantic agony of grief. It is

curious to observe, and it is certainly true, that the extremes of contrary passions are with very little variation expressed by the same action.

If I were to recommend method in any part of the study of a Painter, it would be in regard to invention; that young Students should not presume to think themselves qualified to invent, till they were acquainted with those stores of invention the world already possesses, and had by that means accumulated sufficient materials for the mind to work with. It would certainly be no improper method of forming the mind of a young Artist, to begin with such exercises as the Italians call a *Pasticcio* composition of the different excellencies which are dispersed in all other works of the same kind. It is not supposed that he is to stop here, but that he is to acquire by this means the art of selecting, first what is truly excellent in Art, and then what is still more excellent in Nature; a task, which, without this previous study, he will be but ill qualified to perform.

The doctrine which is here advanced, is acknowledged to be new, and to many may appear strange. But I only demand for it the reception of a stranger; a favourable and attentive consideration, without that entire confidence which might be claimed under authoritative recommendation.

After you have taken a figure, or any idea of a figure, from any of those great Painters, there is another operation still remaining, which I hold to be indispensably necessary, that is, never to neglect finishing from Nature every part of the work. What is taken from a model, though the first idea may have been suggested by another, you have a just right to consider as your own property. And here I cannot avoid mentioning a circumstance in placing the model, though to some it may appear trifling. It is better to possess the model with the attitude you require, than to place him with your own hands: by this means it happens often that the model puts himself in an action superior to your own imagination. It is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it; besides, when you fix the position of a model, there is danger of putting him in an attitude into which no man would naturally fall. This extends even to drapery. We must be cautious in touching and altering a fold of the stuff, which serves as a model, for fear of giving it inadvertently a forced form; and it is perhaps better to take the chance of another casual throw, than to alter the position in which it was at first accidentally cast.

Rembrandt, in order to take the advantage of accident, appears often to have used the pallet-knife to lay his colours on the canvas, instead of the pencil. Whether it is the knife or any other instrument, it suffices if it is something that does not follow exactly the will. Accident in the hands of an Artist who knows how to take the advantage of its hints, will often produce bold and capricious beauties of handling and facility, such as he would not have thought of, or ventured, with his pencil, under the regular restraint of his hand. However, this is fit only on occasions where no correctness of form is required, such as clouds, stumps of trees, rocks, or broken ground. Works produced in an accidental manner will have the same free unrestrained air as the works of nature, whose particular combinations seem to depend upon accident.

I again repeat, you are never to lose sight of Nature; the instant you do, you are all abroad, at the mercy of every gust of fashion, without knowing or seeing

the point to which you ought to steer. Whatever trips you make, you must still have Nature in your eye. Such deviations as art necessarily requires, I hope in a future Discourse to be able to explain. In the mean time, let me recommend to you, not to have too great dependence on your practice or memory, however strong those impressions may have been which are there deposited. They are for ever wearing out, and will be at last obliterated, unless they are continually refreshed and repaired.

It is not uncommon to meet with artists, who, from a long neglect of cultivating this necessary intimacy with Nature, do not even know her when they see her; she appearing a stranger to them, from their being so long habituated to their own representation of her. I have heard Painters acknowledge, though in that acknowledgment no degradation of themselves was intended, that they could do better without Nature than with her; or as they expressed it themselves, *that it only put them out.* A Painter with such ideas and such habits, is indeed in a most hopeless state. *The art of seeing Nature*, or in other words, the art of using Models, is in reality the great object, the point to which all our studies are directed. As for the power of being able to do tolerably well, from practice alone, let it be valued according to its worth. But I do not see in what manner it can be sufficient for the production of correct, excellent, and finished Pictures. Works deserving this character never were produced, nor ever will arise, from memory alone; and I will venture to say, that an Artist who brings to his work a mind tolerably furnished with the general principles of Art, and a taste formed upon the works of good Artists, in short who knows in what excellence consists, will, with the assistance of Models, which we will likewise suppose he has learnt the art of using, be an over-match for the greatest Painter that ever lived who should be debarred such advantages.

Our neighbours, the French, are much in this practice of *extempore* invention, and their dexterity is such as even to excite admiration, if not envy; but how rarely can this praise be given to their finished pictures!

The late Director of their Academy, *Boucher*, was eminent in this way. When I visited him some years since, in France, I found him at work on a very large Picture, without drawings or models of any kind. On my remarking this particular circumstance, he said, when he was young, studying his art, he found it necessary to use models; but he had left them off for many years.

Such Pictures as this was, and such as I fear always will be produced by those who work solely from practice or memory, may be a convincing proof of the necessity of the conduct which I have recommended. However, in justice, I cannot quit this Painter without adding, that in the former part of his life, when he was in the habit of having recourse to nature, he was not without a considerable degree of merit,—enough to make half the Painters of his country his imitators; he had often grace and beauty, and good skill in composition; but, I think, all under the influence of a bad taste: his imitators are indeed abominable.

Those Artists who have quitted the service of Nature, (whose service when well understood, is *perfect freedom,*) and have put themselves under the direction of I know not what capricious fantastical mistress, who fascinates and overpowers their whole mind, and from whose dominion there are no hopes of their being

ever reclaimed, (since they appear perfectly satisfied, and not at all conscious of their forlorn situation,) like the transformed followers of Comus,—

> Not once perceive their soul disfigurement;
> But boast themselves more comely than before.

Methinks such men, who have found out so short a path, have no reason to complain of the shortness of life, and the extent of art; since life is so much longer than is wanted for their improvement, or indeed is necessary for the accomplishment of their idea of perfection. On the contrary, he who recurs to Nature, at every recurrence renews his strength. The rules of art he is never likely to forget; they are few and simple; but Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her. In this intercourse, there is no end of his improvement; the longer he lives, the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect idea of Art.

DISCOURSE XIII.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 11, 1786.

Art not merely Imitation, but under the direction of the imagination. In what manner Poetry, Painting, Acting, Gardening, and Architecture, depart from Nature.

GENTLEMEN,

To discover beauties, or to point out faults, in the works of celebrated Masters, and to compare the conduct of one Artist with another, is certainly no mean or inconsiderable part of criticism; but this is still no more than to know the art through the Artist. This test of investigation must have two capital defects; it must be narrow, and it must be uncertain. To enlarge the boundaries of the Art of Painting, as well as to fix its principles, it will be necessary, that, *that* art, and *those* principles, should be considered in their correspondence with the principles of the other arts, which, like this, address themselves primarily and principally to the imagination. When those connected and kindred principles are brought together to be compared, another comparison will grow out of this; that is, the comparison of them all with those of human nature, from whence arts derive the materials upon which they are to produce their effects.

When this comparison of art with art, and of all arts with the nature of man, is once made with success, our guiding lines are as well ascertained and established as they can be in matters of this description.

This, as it is the highest style of criticism, is at the same time the soundest; for it refers to the eternal and immutable nature of things.

You are not to imagine that I mean to open to you at large, or to recommend to your research, the whole of this vast field of science. It is certainly much above my faculties to reach it; and though it may not be above yours to comprehend it fully, if it were fully and properly brought before you, yet perhaps the most perfect criticism requires habits of speculation and abstraction, not very consistent with the employment which ought to occupy and the habits of mind which ought to prevail in a practical Artist. I only point out to you these things, that when you do criticise, (as all who work on a plan, will criticise more or less,) your criticism may be built on the foundation of true principles; and that though you may not always travel a great way, the way that you do travel may be the right road.

I observe, as a fundamental ground, common to all the Arts with which we have any concern in this discourse, that they address themselves only to two faculties of the mind, its imagination and its sensibility.

All theories which attempt to direct or to control the Art, upon any principles falsely called rational, which we form to ourselves upon a supposition of what ought in reason to be the end or means of Art, independent of the known first effect produced by objects on the imagination, must be false and delusive. For though it may appear bold to say it, the imagination is here the residence of truth. If the imagination be effected, the conclusion is fairly drawn; if it be not affected, the reasoning is erroneous, because the end is not obtained; the effect itself being the test, and the only test, of the truth and efficacy of the means.

There is in the commerce of life, as in Art, a sagacity which is far from being contradictory to right reason, and is superior to any occasional exercise of that faculty, which supersedes it, and does not wait for the slow progress of deduction, but goes at once, by what appears a kind of intuition, to the conclusion. A man endowed with this faculty, feels and acknowledges the truth, though it is not always in his power, perhaps, to give a reason for it; because he cannot recollect and bring before him all the materials that gave birth to his opinion; for very many and very intricate considerations may unite to form the principle, even of small and minute parts, involved in, or dependant on, a great system of things: though these in process of time are forgotten, the right impression still remains fixed in his mind.

This impression is the result of the accumulated experience of our whole life, and has been collected, we do not always know how, or when. But this mass of collective observation, however acquired, ought to prevail over that reason, which however powerfully exerted on any particular occasion, will probably comprehend but a partial view of the subject; and our conduct in life as well as in the Arts, is, or ought to be, generally governed by this habitual reason: it is our happiness that we are enabled to draw on such funds. If we were obliged to enter into a theoretical deliberation on every occasion, before we act, life would be at a stand, and Art would be impracticable.

It appears to me therefore, that our first thoughts, that is, the effect which any thing produces on our minds, on its first appearance, is never to be forgotten; and it demands for that reason, because it is the first, to be laid up with care. If this be not done, the Artist may happen to impose on himself by partial reasoning; by a cold consideration of those animated thoughts which proceed, not perhaps from caprice or rashness, (as he may afterwards conceit,) but from the fulness of his mind, enriched with the copious stores of all the various inventions which he had ever seen, or had ever passed in his mind. These ideas are infused into his design, without any conscious effort; but if he be not on his guard, he may re-consider and correct them, till the whole matter is reduced to a commonplace invention.

This is sometimes the effect of what I mean to caution you against; that is to say, an unfounded distrust of the imagination and feeling, in favour of narrow, partial, confined argumentative theories; and of principles that seem to apply to the design in hand; without considering those general impressions on the fancy in which real principles of *sound reason*, and of much more weight and import-

ance, are involved, and, as it were, lie hid, under the appearance of a sort of vulgar sentiment.

Reason, without doubt, must ultimately determine every thing; at this minute it is required to inform us when that very reason is to give way to feeling.

Though I have often spoke of that mean conception of our art which confines it to mere imitation, I must add, that it may be narrowed to such a mere matter of experiment, as to exclude from it the application of science, which alone gives dignity and compass to any art. But to find proper foundations for science is neither to narrow or to vulgarise it; and this is sufficiently exemplified in the success of experimental philosophy. It is the false system of reasoning, grounded on a partial view of things, against which I would most earnestly guard you. And I do it the rather, because those narrow theories, so coincident with the poorest and most miserable practice, and which are adopted to give it countenance, have not had their origin in the poorest minds, but in the mistakes, or possibly in the mistaken interpretations, of great and commanding authorities. We are not therefore in this case misled by feeling, but by false speculation.

When such a man as Plato speaks of Painting as only an imitative art, and that our pleasure proceeds from observing and acknowledging the truth of the imitation, I think he misleads us by a partial theory. It is in this poor, partial, and so far, false, view of the art, that Cardinal Bembo has chosen to distinguish even Raffaelle himself, whom our enthusiasm honours with the name of Divine. The same sentiment is adopted by Pope in his epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller; and he turns the panegyric solely on imitation, as it is a sort of deception.

I shall not think my time misemployed, if by any means I may contribute to confirm your opinion of what ought to be the object of your pursuit; because, though the best critics must always have exploded this strange idea, yet I know that there is a disposition towards a perpetual recurrence to it, on account of its simplicity and superficial plausibility. For this reason I shall beg leave to lay before you a few thoughts on this subject; to throw out some hints that may lead your minds to an opinion, (which I take to be the truth,) that Painting is not only not to be considered as an imitation, operating by deception, but that it is, and ought to be, in many points of view, and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature. Perhaps it ought to be as far removed from the vulgar idea of imitation, as the refined civilized state in which we live, is removed from a gross state of nature; and those who have not cultivated their imaginations, which the majority of mankind certainly have not, may be said, in regard to arts, to continue in this state of nature. Such men will always prefer imitation to that excellence which is addressed to another faculty that they do not possess; but these are not the persons to whom a Painter is to look, any more than a judge of morals and manners ought to refer controverted points upon those subjects to the opinions of people taken from the banks of the Ohio, or from New Holland.

It is the lowest style only of arts, whether of Painting, Poetry, or Music, that may be said, in the vulgar sense, to be naturally pleasing. The higher efforts of those arts, we know by experience, do not affect minds wholly uncultivated. This refined taste is the consequence of education and habit; we are born only with a capacity of entertaining this refinement, as we are born with a disposi-

tion to receive and obey all the rules and regulations of society; and so far it may be said to be natural to us, and no further.

What has been said, may shew the artist how necessary it is, when he looks about him for the advice and criticism of his friends, to make some distinction of the character, taste, experience, and observation in this Art, of those from whom it is received. An ignorant uneducated man may, like Apelles's critic, be a competent judge of the truth of the representation of a sandal; or to go somewhat higher, like Moliere's old woman, may decide upon what is nature in regard to comic humour; but a critic in the higher style of art, ought to possess the same refined taste, which directed the Artist in his work.

To illustrate this principle by a comparison with other Arts, I shall now produce some instances to shew, that they, as well as our own Art, renounce the narrow idea of nature, and the narrow theories derived from that mistaken principle, and apply to that reason only which informs us not what imitation is,—a natural representation of a given object,—but what it is natural for the imagination to be delighted with. And perhaps there is no better way of acquiring this knowledge, than by this kind of analogy: each art will corroborate and mutually reflect the truth on the other. Such a kind of juxtaposition may likewise have this use, that whilst the Artist is amusing himself in the contemplation of other Arts, he may habitually transfer the principles of those Arts to that which he professes; which ought to be always present to his mind, and to which every thing is to be referred.

So far is Art from being derived from, or having any immediate intercourse with particular nature as its model, that there are many Arts that set out with a professed deviation from it.

This is certainly not so exactly true in regard to Painting and Sculpture. Our elements are laid in gross common nature,—an exact imitation, of what is before us: but when we advance to the higher state, we consider this power of imitation, though first in the order of acquisition, as by no means the highest in the scale of perfection.

Poetry addresses itself to the same faculties and the same dispositions as Painting, though by different means. The object of both is to accommodate itself to all the natural propensities and inclinations of the mind. The very existence of Poetry depends on the licence it assumes of deviating from actual nature, in order to gratify natural propensities by other means, which are found by experience full as capable of affording such gratification. It sets out with a language in the highest degree artificial, a construction of measured words, such as never is, nor ever was used by man. Let this measure be what it may, whether hexameter or any other metre used in Latin or Greek,—or Rhyme, or blank Verse varied with pauses and accents, in modern languages,—they are all equally removed from Nature, and equally a violation of common speech. When this artificial mode has been established as the vehicle of sentiment, there is another principle in the human mind, to which the work must be referred, which still renders it more artificial, carries it still further from common nature, and deviates only to render it more perfect. That principle is the sense of congruity, coherence, and consistency, which is a real existing principle in man; and it must be gratified. Therefore having once adopted a style and a measure not found in common

discourse, it is required that the sentiments also should be in the same proportion elevated above common nature, from the necessity of their being an agreement of the parts among themselves, that one uniform whole may be produced.

To correspond therefore with this general system of deviation from nature, the manner in which poetry is offered to the ear, the tone in which it is recited, should be as far removed from the tone of conversation, as the words of which that Poetry is composed. This naturally suggests the idea of modulating the voice by art, which I suppose may be considered as accomplished to the highest degree of excellence in the recitative of the Italian Opera, as we may conjecture it was in the Chorus that attended the ancient drama. And though the most violent passions, the highest distress, even death itself, are expressed in singing or recitative, I would not admit as sound criticism the condemnation of such exhibitions on account of their being unnatural.

If it is natural for our senses, and our imaginations, to be delighted with singing, with instrumental music, with poetry, and with graceful action, taken separately, (none of them being, in the vulgar sense, natural, even in that separate state,) it is conformable to experience, and therefore agreeable to reason as connected with and referred to experience, that we should also be delighted with this union of music, poetry, and graceful action, joined to every circumstance of pomp and magnificence calculated to strike the senses of the spectator. Shall reason stand in the way, and tell us that we ought not to like what we know we do like, and prevent us from feeling the full effect of this complicated exertion of art? This is what I would understand by poets and painters being allowed to dare every thing; for what can be more daring, than accomplishing the purpose and end of art, by a complication of means, none of which have their archetypes in actual nature?

So far therefore is servile imitation from being necessary, that whatever is familiar, or in any way reminds us of what we see and hear every day, perhaps does not belong to the higher provinces of art, either in poetry or painting. The mind is to be transported, as Shakspeare expresses it, *beyond the ignorant present*, to ages past. Another and a higher order of beings is supposed; and to those beings every thing which is introduced into the work must correspond. Of this conduct, under these circumstances, the Roman and Florentine schools afford sufficient examples. Their style by this means is raised and elevated above all others; and by the same means the compass of art itself is enlarged.

We often see grave and great subjects attempted by artists of another school; who though excellent in the lower class of art, proceeding on the principles which regulate that class, and not recollecting, or not knowing, that they were to address themselves to another faculty of the mind, have become perfectly ridiculous.

The picture which I have at present in my thoughts is a sacrifice of Iphigenia, painted by Jan Steen, a painter of whom I have formerly had occasion to speak with the highest approbation; and even in this picture, the subject of which is by no means adapted to his genius, there is nature and expression; but it is such expression, and the countenances are so familiar, and consequently so vulgar, and the whole accompanied with such finery of silks and velvet, that one would be almost tempted to doubt, whether the artist did not purposely intend to burlesque his subject.

Instances of the same kind we frequently see in poetry. Parts of Hobbes's translation of Homer are remembered and repeated merely for the familiarity and meanness of their phraseology, so ill corresponding with the ideas which ought to have been expressed, and, as I conceive, with the style of the original.

We may proceed in the same manner through the comparatively inferior branches of art. There are in works of that class, the same distinction of a higher and a lower style; and they take their rank and degree in proportion as the artist departs more or less from common nature, and makes it an object of his attention to strike the imagination of the spectator by ways belonging specially to art—unobserved and untaught out of the school of its practice.

If our judgments are to be directed by narrow, vulgar, untaught, or rather ill-taught reason, we must prefer a portrait by Denner, or any other high finisher, to those of Titian or Vandyck; and a landscape of Vanderheyden to those of Titian or Rubens; for they are certainly more exact representations of nature.

If we suppose a view of nature represented with all the truth of the *camera obscura*, and the same scene represented by a great Artist, how little and mean will the one appear in comparison of the other, where no superiority is supposed from the choice of the subject. The scene shall be the same, the difference only will be in the manner in which it is presented to the eye. With what additional superiority then will the same Artist appear when he has the power of selecting his materials, as well as elevating his style? Like Nicolas Poussin, he transports us to the environs of ancient Rome, with all the objects which a literary education makes so precious and interesting to man: or, like Sebastian Bourdon, he leads us to the dark antiquity of the Pyramids of Egypt; or, like Claude Lorrain, he conducts us to the tranquillity of Arcadian scenes and fairy land.

Like the history-painter, a painter of landscapes in this style, and with this conduct, sends the imagination back into antiquity; and, like the Poet, he makes the elements sympathise with his subject: whether the clouds roll in volumes like those of Titian or Salvator Rosa,—or, like those of Claude, are gilded with the setting sun; whether the mountains have sudden and bold projections, or are gently sloped, whether the branches of his trees shoot out abruptly in right angles from their trunks, or follow each other with only a gentle inclination. All these circumstances contribute to the general character of the work, whether it be of the elegant, or of the more sublime kind. If we add to this the powerful materials of lightness and darkness, over which the Artist has complete dominion, to vary and dispose them as he pleases; to diminish, or increase them, as will best suit his purpose, and correspond to the general idea of his work; a landscape thus conducted, under the influence of a poetical mind, will have the same superiority over the more ordinary and common views, as Milton's *Allegro* and *Pensoroso* have over a cold prosaic narration or description; and such a picture would make a more forcible impression on the mind than the real scenes, were they presented before us.

If we look abroad to other Arts, we may observe the same distinction, the same division into two classes; each of them acting under the influence of two different principles, in which the one follows nature, the other varies it, and sometimes departs from it.

The Theatre, which is said *to hold the mirror up to nature*, comprehends both those ideas. The lower kind of Comedy, or Farce, like the inferior style of

Painting, the more naturally it is represented, the better; but the higher appears to me to aim no more at imitation, so far as it belongs to any thing like deception, or to expect that the spectators should think that the events there represented are really passing before them, than Raffaelle in his Cartoons, or Poussin in his Sacraments, expected it to be believed, even for a moment, that what they exhibited were real figures.

For want of this distinction, the world is filled with false criticism. Raffaelle is praised for naturalness and deception, which he certainly has not accomplished, and as certainly never intended; and our late great actor, Garrick, has been as ignorantly praised by his friend Fielding, who doubtless imagined he had hit upon an ingenious device, by introducing in one of his novels, (otherwise a work of the highest merit,) an ignorant man, mistaking Garrick's representation of a scene in Hamlet, for reality. A very little reflection will convince us, that there is not one circumstance in the whole scene that is of the nature of deception. The merit and excellence of Shakspeare, and of Garrick, when they were engaged in such scenes, is of a different and much higher kind. But what adds to the falsity of this intended compliment, is, that the best stage-representation appears even more unnatural to a person of such a character, who is supposed never to have seen a play before, than it does to those who have had a habit of allowing for those necessary deviations from nature which the Art requires.

In theatric representation, great allowances must be always made for the place in which the exhibition is represented; for the surrounding company, the lighted candles, the scenes visibly shifted in your sight, and the language of blank verse, so different from common English, which merely as English must appear surprising in the mouths of Hamlet, and all the court and natives of Denmark. These allowances are made; but their being made puts an end to all manner of deception: and further, we know that the more low, illiterate, and vulgar any person is, the less he will be disposed to make these allowances, and of course to be deceived by any imitation; the things in which the trespass against nature and common probability is made in favour of the theatre, being quite within the sphere of such uninformed men.

Though I have no intention of entering into all the circumstances of unnaturalness in theatrical representations, I must observe, that even the expression of violent passion is not always the most excellent in proportion as it is the most natural: so great terror and such disagreeable sensations may be communicated to the audience, that the balance may be destroyed by which pleasure is preserved, and holds its predominancy in the mind: violent distortion of action, harsh screamings of the voice, however great the occasion, or however natural on such occasion, are therefore not admissible in the theatric art. Many of these allowed deviations from nature arise from the necessity which there is, that every thing should be raised and enlarged beyond its natural state; that the full effect may come home to the spectator, which otherwise would be lost in the comparatively extensive space of the Theatre. Hence the deliberate and stately step, the studied grace of action, which seems to enlarge the dimensions of the Actor, and alone to fill the stage. All this unnaturalness, though right and proper in its place, would appear affected and ridiculous in a private room; *quid enim deformius, quàm scenam in vitam transferre?*

And here I must observe, and I believe it may be considered as a general rule, that no Art can be engrafted with success on another Art. For though they all profess the same origin, and to proceed from the same stock, yet each has its own peculiar modes both of imitating nature, and of deviating from it, each for the accomplishment of its own particular purpose. These deviations, more especially, will not bear transplantation to another soil.

If a Painter should endeavour to copy the theatrical pomp and parade of dress and attitude, instead of that simplicity, which is not a greater beauty in life than it is in Painting, we should condemn such Pictures as painted in the meanest style.

So also Gardening, as far as Gardening is an Art, or entitled to that appellation, is a deviation from nature; for if the true taste consists, as many hold, in banishing every appearance of Art, or any traces of the footsteps of man, it would then be no longer a Garden. Even though we define it, "Nature to advantage dress'd," and in some sense it is such, and much more beautiful and commodious for the recreation of man; it is, however, when so dressed, no longer a subject for the pencil of a Landscape-Painter, as all Landscape-Painters know, who love to have recourse to Nature herself, and to dress her according to the principles of their own Art, which are far different from those of Gardening, even when conducted according to the most approved principles, and such as a Landscape-Painter himself would adopt in the disposition of his own grounds, for his own private satisfaction.

I have brought together as many instances as appear necessary to make out the several points which I wished to suggest to your consideration in this Discourse; that your own thoughts may lead you further in the use that may be made of the analogy of the Arts; and of the restraint which a full understanding of the diversity of many of their principles ought to impose on the employment of that analogy.

The great end of all those arts is, to make an impression on the imagination and the feeling. The imitation of nature frequently does this. Sometimes it fails, and something else succeeds. I think, therefore, the true test of all the arts is not solely whether the production is a true copy of nature, but whether it answers the end of art, which is to produce a pleasing effect upon the mind.

It remains only to speak a few words of Architecture, which does not come under the denomination of an imitative art. It applies itself, like Music, (and I believe we may add Poetry,) directly to the imagination, without the intervention of any kind of imitation.

There is in Architecture, as in Painting, an inferior branch of art, in which the imagination appears to have no concern. It does not, however, acquire the name of a polite and liberal art, from its usefulness, or administering to our wants or necessities, but from some higher principle: we are sure that in the hands of a man of genius it is capable of inspiring sentiment, and of filling the mind with great and sublime ideas.

It may be worth the attention of Artists to consider what materials are in their hands, that may contribute to this end; and whether this art has it not in its power to address itself to the imagination with effect, by more ways than are generally employed by Architects.

To pass over the effect produced by that general symmetry and proportion, by which the eye is delighted, as the ear is with music, Architecture certainly possesses many principles in common with Poetry and Painting. Among those which may be reckoned as the first, is that of affecting the imagination by means of association of ideas. Thus, for instance, as we have naturally a veneration for antiquity, whatever building brings to our remembrance ancient customs and manners, such as the Castles of the Barons of ancient Chivalry, is sure to give this delight. Hence it is that *towers and battlements** are so often selected by the Painter and the Poet, to make a part of the composition of their ideal Landscape; and it is from hence, in a great degree, that in the buildings of Vanbrugh, who was a Poet as well as an Architect, there is a greater display of imagination than we shall find perhaps in any other; and this is the ground of the effect we feel in many of his works, notwithstanding the faults with which many of them are justly charged. For this purpose, Vanburgh appears to have had recourse to some of the principles of the Gothic Architecture; which, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination, with which the Artist is more concerned than with absolute truth.

The Barbaric splendour of those Asiatic Buildings, which are now publishing by a member of this Academy,† may possibly, in the same manner, furnish an Architect, not with models to copy, but with hints of composition and general effect, which would not otherwise have occurred.

It is, I know, a delicate and hazardous thing, (and as such I have already pointed it out,) to carry the principles of one art to another, or even to reconcile in one object the various modes of the same Art, when they proceed on different principles. The sound rules of the Grecian Architecture are not to be lightly sacrificed. A deviation from them, or even an addition to them, is like a deviation or addition to, or from, the rules of other Arts—fit only for a great master, who is thoroughly conversant in the nature of man, as well as all combinations in his own Art.

It may not be amiss for the Architect to take advantage *sometimes* of that to which I am sure the Painter ought always to have his eyes open, I mean the use of accidents; to follow when they lead, and to improve them, rather than always to trust to a regular plan. It often happens that additions have been made to houses, at various times, for use or pleasure. As such buildings depart from regularity, they now and then acquire something of scenery by this accident, which I should think might not unsuccessfully be adopted by an Architect, in an original plan, if it does not too much interfere with convenience. Variety and intricacy is a beauty and excellence in every other of the arts which address the imagination; and why not in Architecture?

The forms and turnings of the streets of London, and other old towns, are produced by accident, without any original plan or design; but they are not al-

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* Towers and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees. MILTON. L'ALLEGRO. R.

† MR HODGES.

ways the less pleasant to the walker or spectator, on that account. On the contrary, if the city had been built on the regular plan of Sir Christopher Wren, the effect might have been, as we know it is in some new parts of the town, rather unpleasing; the uniformity might have produced weariness, and a slight degree of disgust.

I can pretend to no skill in the detail of Architecture. I judge now of the art, merely as a Painter. When I speak of Vanbrugh, I mean to speak of him in the language of our art. To speak then of Vanbrugh in the language of a Painter, he had originality of invention, he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object, he produced his second and third groups or masses; he perfectly understood in *his* Art what is the most difficult in ours, the conduct of the back-ground; by which the design and invention is set off to the greatest advantage. What the back-ground is in Painting, in Architecture is the real ground on which the building is erected; and no Architect took greater care than he that his work should not appear crude and hard: that is, it did not abruptly start out of the ground without expectation or preparation.

This is a tribute which a Painter owes to an Architect who composed like a Painter; and was defrauded of the due reward of his merit by the Wits of his time, who did not understand the principles of composition in poetry better than he; and who knew little or nothing of what he understood perfectly, the general ruling principles of Architecture and Painting. His fate was that of the great Perrault; both were the objects of the petulant sarcasms of factious men of letters; and both have left some of the fairest ornaments which to this day decorate their several countries—the façade of the Louvre, Blenheim, and Castle-Howard.

Upon the whole, it seems to me, that the object and intention of all the Arts is to supply the natural imperfection of things, and often to gratify the mind by realising and embodying what never existed but in the imagination.

It is allowed on all hands, that facts, and events, however they may bind the Historian, have no dominion over the Poet or the Painter. With us, History is made to bend and conform to this great idea of Art. And why? Because these Arts, in their highest province, are not addressed to the gross senses, but to the desires of the mind, to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world which is about us. Just so much as our Art has of this, just so much of dignity, I had almost said of divinity, it exhibits; and those of our Artists who possessed this mark of distinction in the highest degree, acquired from thence the glorious appellation of Divine.

DISCOURSE XIV.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1788.

Character of Gainsborough ;—his Excellencies and Defects.

Gentlemen,

In the study of our Art, as in the study of all Arts, something is the result of *our own* observation of Nature ; something, and that not little, the effect of the example of those who have studied the same nature before us, and who have cultivated before us the same Art, with diligence and success. The less we confine ourselves in the choice of those examples, the more advantage we shall derive from them; and the nearer we shall bring our performances to a correspondence with nature and the great general rules of Art. When we draw our examples from remote and revered antiquity—with some advantage undoubtedly in that selection—we subject ourselves to some inconveniencies. We may suffer ourselves to be too much led away by great names, and to be too much subdued by overbearing authority. Our learning, in that case, is not so much an exercise of our judgment as a proof of our docility. We find ourselves, perhaps, too much overshadowed; and the character of our pursuits is rather distinguished by the tameness of the follower, than animated by the spirit of emulation. It is sometimes of service that our examples should be *near* us; and such as raise a reverence, sufficient to induce us carefully to observe them, yet not so great as to prevent us from engaging with them in something like a generous contention.

We have lately lost Mr Gainsborough, one of the greatest ornaments of our Academy. It is not our business here to make panegyrics on the living, or even on the dead, who were of our body. The praise of the former might bear appearance of adulation ; and the latter, of untimely justice; perhaps of envy to those whom we have still the happiness to enjoy, by an oblique suggestion of invidious comparisons. In discoursing therefore on the talents of the late Mr Gainsborough, my object is, not so much to praise or to blame him, as to draw from his excellencies and defects matter of instruction to the Students in our Academy. If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will

be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the Art, among the very first of that rising name. That our reputation in the Arts is now only rising, must be acknowledged; and we must expect our advances to be attended with old prejudices, as adversaries, and not as supporters; standing in this respect in a very different situation from the late artists of the Roman School, to whose reputation ancient prejudices have certainly contributed: the way was prepared for them, and they may be said rather to have lived in the reputation of their country, than to have contributed to it; whilst whatever celebrity is obtained by English Artists, can arise only from the operation of a fair and true comparison. And when they communicate to their country a share of their reputation, it is a portion of fame not borrowed from others, but solely acquired by their own labour and talents. As Italy has undoubtedly a prescriptive right to an administration bordering on prejudice, as a soil peculiarly adapted, congenial, and, we may add, destined to the production of men of great genius in our Art, we may not unreasonably suspect that a portion of the great fame of some of their late artists has been owing to the general readiness and disposition of mankind, to acquiesce in their original prepossessions in favour of the productions of the Roman School.

On this ground, however unsafe, I will venture to prophecy, that two of the last distinguished Painters of that country, I mean Pompeio Battoni, and Raffaelle Mengs, however great their names may at present sound in our ears, will very soon fall into the rank of Imperiale, Sebastian Concha, Placido Constanza, Massuccio, and the rest of their immediate predecessors; whose names, though equally renowned in their life-time, are now fallen into what is little short of total oblivion. I do not say that those painters were not superior to the artist I allude to, and whose loss we lament, in a certain routine of practice, which, to the eyes of common observers, has the air of a learned composition, and bears a sort of superficial resemblance to the manner of the great men who went before them. I know this perfectly well; but I know likewise, that a man, looking for real and lasting reputation, must unlearn much of the common place method so observable in the works of the artists whom I have named. For my own part, I confess, I take more interest in, and am more captivated with, the powerful impression of nature, which Gainsborough exhibited in his portraits and in his landscapes, and the interesting simplicity and elegance of his little ordinary beggar-children, than with any of the works of that School, since the time of Andrea Sacchi, or perhaps we may say Carlo Maratti; two painters who may truly be said to be Ultimi Romanorum.

I am well aware how much I lay myself open to the censure and ridicule of the academical professors of other nations, in preferring the humble attempts of Gainsborough to the works of those regular graduates in the great historical style. But we have the sanction of all mankind in preferring genius, in a lower rank of art, to feebleness and insipidity in the highest.

It would not be to the present purpose, even if I had the means and materials, which I have not, to enter into the private life of Mr Gainsborough. The history of his gradual advancement, and the means by which he acquired such excellence in his art, would come nearer to our purposes and wishes, if it were by any means attainable ; but the slow progress of advancement is in general

imperceptible to the man himself who makes it ; it is the consequence of an accumulation of various ideas which his mind has received, he does not perhaps know how or when. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that he may be able to mark the time when, from the sight of a picture, a passage in an author, or a hint in conversation, he has received, as it were, some new and guiding light, something like inspiration, by which his mind has been expanded; and is morally sure that his whole life and conduct has been affected by that accidental circumstance. Such interesting accounts we may however sometimes obtain from a man who has acquired an uncommon habit of self-examination, and has attended to the progress of his own improvement.

It may not be improper to make mention of some of the customs and habits of this extraordinary man: points which come more within the reach of an observer; I however mean such only as are connected with his art, and indeed were, as I apprehend, the causes of his arriving to that degree of excellence which we see and acknowledge in his works. Of these causes we must state, as the fundamental, the love which he had to his art; to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which every thing was referred; and this we may fairly conclude from various circumstances of his life, which were known to his intimate friends. Among others he had a habit of continually remarking to those who happened to be about him, whatever peculiarity of countenance, whatever accidental combination of figure, or happy effects of light and shadow, occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If, in his walks, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house: and from the fields he brought into his painting-room, stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds ; and designed them, not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table; composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water. How far this latter practice may be useful in giving hints, the professors of landscape can best determine. Like every other technical practice, it seems to me wholly to depend on the general talent of him who uses it. Such methods may be nothing better than contemptible and mischievous trifling; or they may be aids. I think, upon the whole, unless we constantly refer to real nature, that practice may be more likely to do harm than good. I mention it only, as it shows the solicitude and extreme activity which he had about every thing that related to his art; that he wished to have his objects embodied as it were, and distinctly before him; that he neglected nothing which could keep his faculties in exercise, and derived hints from every sort of combination.

We must not forget whilst we are on this subject, to make some remarks on his custom of painting by night, which confirms what I have already mentioned, —his great affection to his art; since he could not amuse himself in the evening by any other means so agreeable to himself. I am indeed much inclined to believe that it is a practice very advantageous and improving to an artist; for by this means he will acquire a new and a higher perception of what is great and beautiful in Nature. By candle-light, not only objects appear more beautiful, but from their being in a greater breadth of light and shadow, as well as having

a greater breadth and uniformity of colour, Nature appears in a higher style; and even the flesh seems to take a higher and richer tone of colour. Judgment is to direct us in the use to be made of this method of study; but the method itself is, I am very sure, advantageous. I have often imagined that the two great colourists, Titian and Correggio, though I do not know that they painted by night, formed their high ideas of colouring from the effects of objects by this artificial light: but I am more assured, that whoever attentively studies the first and best manner of Guercino, will be convinced that he either painted by this light, or formed his manner on this conception.

Another practice Gainsborough had, which is worth mentioning, as it is certainly worthy of imitation; I mean his manner of forming all the parts of his picture together; the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner as nature creates her works. Though this method is not uncommon to those who have been regularly educated, yet probably it was suggested to him by his own natural sagacity. That this custom is not universal appears from the practice of a painter whom I have just mentioned, Pompeio Battoni, who finished his historical pictures part after part; and in his portraits completely finished one feature before he proceeded to another. The consequence was, as might be expected, the countenance was never well expressed; and, as the painters say, the whole was not well put together.

The first thing required to excel in our art, or I believe in any art, is, not only a love for it, but even an enthusiastic ambition to excel in it. This never fails of success proportioned to the natural abilities with which the artist has been endowed by Providence. Of Gainsborough, we certainly know, that his passion was not the acquirement of riches, but excellence in his art, and to enjoy that honourable fame which is sure to attend it. That *he felt this ruling passion strong in death*, I am myself a witness. A few days before he died, he wrote me a letter, to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which (he had been informed) I always spoke of him; and desired he might see me, once more, before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myself to be thus connected with the dying testimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail on myself to suppress, that I was not connected with him by any habits of familiarity; if any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten, in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one, who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion, by being sensible of his excellence. Without entering into a detail of what passed at this last interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life, was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were, which, he said, he flattered himself in his last works were in some measure supplied.

When such a man as Gainsborough arrives to great fame, without the assistance of an academical education, without travelling to Italy, or any of those preparatory studies which have been so often recommended, he is produced as an instance, how little such studies are necessary; since so great excellence may be acquired without them. This is an inference not warranted by the success of any individual; and I trust it will not be thought that I wish to make this use of it.

It must be remembered that the style and department of art which Gainsborough chose, and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were every where about him; he found them in the streets, and in the fields; and from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of the various masters, though they are, in my opinion, always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. It cannot be denied, that excellence in the department of the art which he professed may exist without them; that in such subjects, and in the manner that belongs to them, the want of them is supplied, and more than supplied, by natural sagacity, and a minute observation of particular nature. If Gainsborough did not look at Nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw Her with the eye of a painter; and gave a faithful, if not a poetical, representation of what he had before him.

Though he did not much attend to the works of the great historical painters of former ages, yet he was well aware that the language of the art,—the art of imitation,—must be learned somewhere; and as he knew that he could not learn it in an equal degree from his contemporaries, he very judiciously applied himself to the Flemish School, who are undoubtedly the greatest masters of one necessary branch of art; and he did not need to go out of his own country for examples of that school: from that he learned the harmony of colouring, the management and disposition of light and shadow, and every means which the masters of it practised, to ornament and give splendour to their works. And to satisfy himself as well as others, how well he knew the mechanism and artifice which they employed to bring out that tone of colour which we so much admired in their works, he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at the first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned, he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes; and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own.

Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy-pictures, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdael, and others of those schools. In his fancy-pictures, when he had fixed on his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other, such a grace and such an elegance as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste; for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish School, nor indeed to any School; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace, which are neither theirs, nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

Upon the whole, we may justly say, that whatever he attempted he carried to

a high degree of excellence. It is to the credit of his good sense and judgment that he never did attempt that style of historical painting, for which his previous studies had made no preparation.

And here it naturally occurs to oppose the sensible conduct of Gainsborough in this respect, to that of our late excellent Hogarth, who, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers. After this admirable artist had spent the greatest part of his life in an active, busy, and we may add, successful attention to the ridicule of life, after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably he will never be equalled, and had stored his mind with infinite materials to explain and illustrate the domestic and familiar scenes of common life, which were generally, and ought to have been always, the subject of his pencil, he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him: he was indeed so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style, that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation was at all necessary. It is to be regretted that any part of the life of such a genius should be fruitlessly employed. Let his failure teach us not to indulge ourselves in the vain imagination that by a momentary resolution we can give either dexterity to the hand, or a new habit to the mind.

I have, however, little doubt, but that the same sagacity, which enabled those two extraordinary men to discover their true object, and the peculiar excellence of that branch of art which they cultivated, would have been equally effectual in discovering the principles of the higher style; if they had investigated those principles with the same eager industry, which they exerted in their own department. As Gainsborough never attempted the heroic style, so neither did he destroy the character and uniformity of his own style, by the idle affectation of introducing mythological learning in any of his pictures. Of this boyish folly we see instances enough, even in the works of great painters. When the Dutch School attempt this poetry of our art in their landscapes, their performances are beneath criticism; they become only an object of laughter. This practice is hardly excusable, even in Claude Lorrain, who had shown more discretion if he had never meddled with such subjects.

Our late ingenious Academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake, in a very admirable picture of a storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures are introduced in the fore-ground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning; had not the painter injudiciously (as I think) rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the sky, with his bent bow, and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe.

To manage a subject of this kind, a peculiar style of art is required; and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that, too, in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation. This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a

mind thrown back two thousand years, and, as it were, naturalized in antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it. In the picture alluded to, the first idea that presents itself is that of wonder, at seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which the Apollo is placed; for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him; they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of a human figure; and they do not possess in any respect that romantic character which is appropriated to such an object, and which alone can harmonize with poetical stories.

It appears to me, that such conduct is no less absurd, than if a plain man, giving a relation of a real distress, occasioned by an inundation accompanied with thunder and lightening, should, instead of simply relating the event, take it into his head, in order to give a grace to his narration, to talk of Jupiter Pluvius, or Jupiter and his thunderbolts, or any other figurative idea; an intermixture which, though in poetry, with its proper preparations and accompaniments, it might be managed with effect, yet, in the instance before us, would counteract the purpose of the narrator, and instead of being interesting, would be only ridiculous.

The Dutch and Flemish style of landscape, not even excepting those of Rubens, is unfit for poetical subjects; but to explain in what this ineptitude consists, or to point out all the circumstances that give nobleness, grandeur, and the poetic character, to style, in landscape, would require a long discourse of itself; and the end would be then perhaps but imperfectly attained. The painter who is ambitious of this perilous excellence, must catch his inspiration from those who have cultivated with success the poetry, as it may be called, of the art; and they are few indeed.

I cannot quit this subject without mentioning two examples which occur to me at present, in which the poetical style of landscape may be seen happily executed; the one is Jacob's Dream by Salvator Rosa, and the other the Return of the Ark from captivity, by Sebastian Bourdon*. With whatever dignity those histories are presented to us in the language of Scripture, this style of painting possesses the same power of inspiring sentiments of grandeur and sublimity, and is able to communicate them to subjects which appear by no means adapted to receive them. A ladder against the sky has no very promising appearance of possessing a capacity to excite any heroic ideas; and the Ark, in the hands of a second-rate master, would have little more effect than a common waggon on the highway; yet those subjects are so poetically treated throughout, the parts have such a correspondence with each other, and the whole and every part of the scene is so visionary, that it is impossible to look at them, without feeling, in some measure, the enthusiasm which seems to have inspired the painters.

By continual contemplation of such works, a sense of the higher excellencies of art will by degrees dawn on the imagination; at every review that sense will become more and more assured, until we come to enjoy a sober certainty of the real existence (if I may so express myself) of those almost ideal beauties; and

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* This fine Picture was in our Author's collection; and was bequeathed by him to Sir George Beaumont, Bart. M.

the artist will then find no difficulty in fixing in his mind the principles by which the impression is produced; which he will feel, and practise, though they are perhaps too delicate and refined, and too peculiar to the imitative art, to be conveyed to the mind by any other means.

To return to Gainsborough: the peculiarity of his manner, or style, or, we may call it, the language in which he expressed his ideas, has been considered by many as his greatest defect. But without altogether wishing to enter into the discussion—whether this peculiarity was a defect or not, intermixed, as it was, with great beauties, of some of which it was probably the cause—it becomes a proper subject of criticism and enquiry to a painter.

A novelty and peculiarity of manner, as it is often a cause of our approbation, so likewise it is often a ground of censure; as being contrary to the practice of other painters, in whose manner we have been initiated, and in whose favour we have perhaps been prepossessed from our infancy; for, fond as we are of novelty, we are, upon the whole, creatures of habit. However, it is certain, that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner and the power it possesses of exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, I think may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed, that his pictures, at the Exhibition, should be seen near as well as at a distance.

The slightness which we see in his best works, cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high finishing or smoothness, without such attention. His *handling, the manner of leaving the colours*, or, in other words, the methods he used for producing the effect, had very much the appearance of the work of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the art; but still, like a man of strong intuitive perception of what was required, he found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose.

It is no disgrace to the genius of Gainsborough, to compare him to such men as we sometimes meet with, whose natural eloquence appears even in speaking a language which they can scarce be said to understand; and who, without knowing the appropriate expression of almost any one idea, contrive to communicate the lively and forcible impressions of an energetic mind.

I think some apology may reasonably be made for his manner, without violating truth, or running any risk of poisoning the minds of the younger students, by propagating false criticism, for the sake of raising the character of a favourite artist. It must be allowed, that this hatching manner of Gainsborough did very much contribute to the lightness of effect which is so eminent a beauty in his pictures, as, on the contrary, much smoothness, and uniting the colours, is apt to produce heaviness. Every artist must have remarked, how often that lightness

of hand which was in his dead-colour, or first painting, escaped in the finishing, when he had determined the parts with more precision: and another loss he often experiences, which is of greater consequence; whilst he is employed in the detail, the effect of the whole together is either forgotten or neglected. The likeness of a portrait, as I have formerly observed, consists more in preserving the general effect of the countenance, than in the most minute finishing of the features, or any of the particular parts. Now Gainsborough's portraits were often little more, in regard to finishing, or determining the form of the features, than what generally attends a dead-colour; but as he was always attentive to the general effect, or whole together, I have often imagined that this unfinished manner contributed even to that striking resemblance for which his portraits are so remarkable. Though this opinion may be considered as fanciful, yet I think a plausible reason may be given why such a mode of painting should have such an effect. It is presupposed that in this undetermined manner there is the general effect; enough to remind the spectator of the original; the imagination supplies the rest, and perhaps more satisfactorily to himself, if not more exactly, than the artist, with all his care, could possibly have done. At the same time it must be acknowledged there is one evil attending this mode, that if the portrait were seen, previous to any knowledge of the original, different persons would form different ideas, and all would be disappointed at not finding the original correspond with their own conceptions; under the great latitude which indistinctness gives to the imagination to assume almost what character or form it pleases.

Every artist has some favourite part on which he fixes his attention, and which he pursues with such eagerness, that it absorbs every other consideration; and he often falls into the opposite error of that which he would avoid, which is always ready to receive him. Now Gainsborough having truly a painter's eye for colouring, cultivated those effects of the art which proceed from colours; and sometimes appears to be indifferent to or to neglect other excellencies. Whatever defects are acknowledged, let him still experience from us the same candour that we so freely give upon similar occasions to the ancient masters; let us not encourage that fastidious disposition, which is discontented with every thing short of perfection, and unreasonably require, as we sometimes do, a union of excellencies, not perhaps quite compatible with each other. We may, on this ground, say even of the divine Raffaelle, that he might have finished his picture as highly and as correctly as was his custom, without heaviness of manner; and that Poussin might have preserved all his precision without hardness or dryness.

To shew the difficulty of uniting solidity with lightness of manner, we may produce a picture of Rubens in the Church of St. Judule, at Brussels, as an example; the subject is, *Christ's charge to Peter;* which, as it is the highest and smoothest-finished picture I remember to have seen of that master, so it is by far the heaviest; and if I had found it in any other place, I should have suspected it to be a copy; for painters know very well, that it is principally by this air of facility, or the want of it, that originals are distinguished from copies. A lightness of effect, produced by colour, and that produced by facility of handling, are generally united; a copy may preserve something of the one, it is true, but hardly ever of the other; a connoisseur therefore finds it often necessary to look carefully

into the picture before he determines on its originality. Gainsborough possessed this quality of lightness of manner and effect, I think, to an unexampled degree of excellence; but it must be acknowledged, at the same time, that the sacrifice which he made to this ornament of our art, was too great; it was, in reality, preferring the lesser excellencies to the greater.

To conclude. However we may apologize for the deficiencies of Gainsborough, (I mean particularly his want of precision and finishing,) who so ingeniously contrived to cover his defects by his beauties, and who cultivated that department of art where such defects are more easily excused, you are to remember, that no apology can be made for this deficiency, in that style which this academy teaches, and which ought to be the object of your pursuit. It will be necessary for you, in the first place, never to lose sight of the great rules and principles of the art, as they are collected from the full body of the best general practice, and the most constant and uniform experience; this must be the ground-work of all your studies: afterwards you may profit, as in this case I wish you to profit, by the peculiar experience and personal talents of artists living and dead; you may derive lights, and catch hints, from their practice, but the moment you turn them into models, you fall infinitely below them; you may be corrupted by excellencies, not so much belonging to art as personal and appropriated to the artist; and become bad copies of good painters, instead of exellent imitators of the great universal truth of things.

DISCOURSE XV.

DELIVERED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES, DECEMBER 10, 1790.

The President takes leave of the Academy.—A Review of the Discourses.—The Study of the Works of Michael Angelo recommended.

Gentlemen,

The intimate connection which I have had with the Royal Academy ever since its establishment, the social duties in which we have all mutually engaged for so many years, make any profession of attachment to this Institution, on my part, altogether superfluous; the influence of habit alone in such a connection would naturally have produced it.

Among men united in the same body, and engaged in the same pursuit, along with permanent friendship occasional differences will arise. In these disputes men are naturally too favourable to themselves, and think perhaps too hardly of their antagonists. But composed and constituted as we are, those little contentions will be lost to others, and they ought certainly to be lost amongst ourselves, in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements: every controversy ought to be, and I am persuaded, will be, sunk in our zeal for the perfection of our common Art.

In parting with the Academy, I shall remember with pride, affection, and gratitude, the support with which I have almost uniformly been honoured from the commencement of our intercourse. I shall leave you, Gentlemen, with unaffected cordial wishes for your future concord, and with a well-founded hope, that in that concord, the auspicious and not obscure origin of our Academy may be forgotten in the splendour of your succeeding prospects.

My age, and my infirmities still more than my age, make it probable that this will be the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you from this place. Excluded as I am, *spatiis iniquis*, from indulging my imagination with a distant and forward perspective of life, I may be excused if I turn my eyes back on the way which I have passed.

We may assume to ourselves, I should hope, the credit of having endeavoured, at least, to fill with propriety that middle station which we hold in the general connection of things. Our predecessors have laboured for our advantage, we labour for our successors; and though we have done no more in this mutual intercourse and reciprocation of benefits, than has been effected by other societies

formed in this nation for the advancement of useful and ornamental knowledge, yet there is one circumstance which appears to give *us* a higher claim than the credit of merely doing our duty. What I at present allude to, is the honour of having been, some of us, the first contrivers, and all of us the promoters and supporters, of the Annual Exhibition. This scheme could only have originated from Artists already in possession of the favour of the public; as it would not have been so much in the power of others to have excited curiosity. It must be remembered, that for the sake of bringing forward into notice concealed merit, they incurred the risk of producing rivals to themselves; they voluntarily entered the lists, and ran the race a second time for the prize which they had already won.

When we take a review of the several departments of the Institution, I think we may safely congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in having hitherto seen the chairs of our Professors filled with men of distinguished abilities, and who have so well acquitted themselves of their duty in their several departments. I look upon it to be of importance, that none of them should be left unfilled: a neglect to provide for qualified persons, is to produce a neglect of qualifications.

In this honourable rank of Professors, I have not presumed to class myself; though in the Discourses which I have had the honour of delivering from this place, while in one respect I may be considered as a volunteer, in another view it seems as if I was involuntarily pressed into the service. If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the President on the delivery of those prizes; and the President for his own credit would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the Art, when we crowned merit in the Artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts.

I am truly sensible how unequal I have been to the expression of my own ideas. To develope the latent excellencies, and draw out the interior principles of our art, requires more skill and practice in writing than is likely to be possessed by a man perpetually occupied in the use of the pencil and the pallet. It is for that reason, perhaps, that the sister art has had the advantage of better criticism. Poets are naturally writers of prose. They may be said to be practising only an inferior department of their own art, when they are explaining and expatiating upon its most refined principles. But still such difficulties ought not to deter artists who are not prevented by other engagements, from putting their thoughts in order as well as they can, and from giving to the public the result of their experience. The knowledge which an artist has of his subject will more than compensate for any want of elegance in the manner of treating it, or even of perspicuity, which is still more essential; and I am convinced, that one short essay, written by a Painter, will contribute more to advance the theory of our art than a thousand volumes such as we sometimes see; the purpose of which appears to be rather to display the refinement of the Author's own conceptions of impossible practice, than to convey useful knowledge or instruction

of any kind whatever. An artist knows what is, and what is not, within the province of his art to perform; and is not likely to be for ever teazing the poor Student with the beauties of mixed passions, or to perplex him with an imaginary union of excellencies incompatible with each other.

To this work, however, I could not be said to come totally unprovided with materials. I had seen much, and I had thought much upon what I had seen; I had something of an habit of investigation, and a disposition to reduce all that I observed and felt in my own mind, to method and system; but never having seen what I myself knew, distinctly placed before me on paper, I knew nothing correctly. To put those ideas into something like order was, to my inexperience, no easy task. The composition, the *ponere totum* even of a single Discourse, as well as of a single statue, was the most difficult part, as perhaps it is of every other art, and most requires the hand of a master.

For the manner, whatever deficiency there was, I might reasonably expect indulgence; but I thought it indispensably necessary well to consider the opinions which were to be given out from this place, and under the sanction of a Royal Academy; I therefore examined not only my own opinions, but likewise the opinions of others. I found, in the course of this research, many precepts and rules established in our art, which did not seem to me altogether reconcileable with each other, yet each seemed in itself to have the same claim of being supported by truth and nature; and this claim, irreconcileable as they may be thought, they do in reality alike possess.

To clear away those difficulties, and reconcile those contrary opinions, it became necessary to distinguish the greater truth, as it may be called, from the lesser truth; the larger and more liberal idea of nature from the more narrow and confined; that which addresses itself to the imagination, from that which is solely addressed to the eye. In consequence of this discrimination, the different branches of our art, to which those different truths were referred, were perceived to make so wide a separation, and put on so new an appearance, that they seemed scarcely to have proceeded from the same general stock. The different rules and regulations, which presided over each department of art, followed of course: every mode of excellence, from the grand style of the Roman and Florentine Schools down to the lowest rank of still life, had its due weight and value,—fitted some class or other; and nothing was thrown away. By this disposition of our art into classes, that perplexity and confusion, which I apprehend every Artist has at some time experienced from the variety of styles, and the variety of excellence with which he is surrounded, is, I should hope, in some measure removed, and the Student better enabled to judge for himself, what peculiarly belongs to his own particular pursuit.

In reviewing my Discourses, it is no small satisfaction to be assured that I have, in no part of them, lent my assistance to foster *newly-hatched unfledged* opinions, or endeavoured to support paradoxes, however tempting may have been their novelty; or however ingenious I might, for the minute, fancy them to be; nor shall I, I hope, any where be found to have imposed on the minds of young Students declamation for argument, a smooth period for a sound precept. I have pursued a plain and *honest method;* I have taken up the art simply as I found it exemplified in the practice of the most approved Painters. That appro-

bation which the world has uniformly given, I have endeavoured to justify by such proofs as questions of this kind will admit; by the analogy which Painting holds with the sister Arts, and consequently by the common congeniality which they all bear to our nature. And though in what has been done no new discovery is pretended, I may still flatter myself, that from the discoveries which others have made by their own intuitive good sense and native rectitude of judgment, I have succeeded in establishing the rules and principles of our Art on a more firm and lasting foundation than that on which they had formerly been placed.

Without wishing to divert the Student from the practice of his Art to speculative theory, to make him a mere connoisseur instead of a Painter, I cannot but remark, that he will certainly find an account in considering once for all, on what ground the fabric of our art is built. Uncertain, confused, or erroneous opinions, are not only detrimental to an Artist in their immediate operation, but may possibly have very serious consequences; affect his conduct, and give a peculiar character (as it may be called) to his taste, and to his pursuits, through his whole life.

I was acquainted at Rome, in the early part of my life, with a Student of the French Academy, who appeared to me to possess all the qualities requisite to make a great Artist, if he had suffered his taste and feelings, and I may add even his prejudices, to have fair play. He saw and felt the excellencies of the great works of Art with which we were surrounded, but lamented that there was not to be found that Nature which is so admirable in the inferior schools; and he supposed with Felibien, Du Piles, and other Theorists, that such an union of different excellencies would be the perfection of Art. He was not aware, that the narrow idea of Nature, of which he lamented the absence in the works of those great artists, would have destroyed the grandeur of the general ideas which he admired, and which was indeed the cause of his admiration. My opinions being then confused and unsettled, I was in danger of being borne down by this kind of plausible reasoning, though I remember I then had a dawning of suspicion that it was not sound doctrine; and, at the same time, I was unwilling obstinately to refuse assent to what I was unable to confute.

That the young Artist may not be seduced from the right path, by following what, at first view, he may think the light of reason, and which is indeed reason in part, but not in the whole, has been much the object of these Discourses.

I have taken every opportunity of recommending a rational method of study, as of the last importance. The great, I may say the sole, use of an Academy is, to put, and for some time to keep, Students in that course; that too much indulgence may not be given to peculiarity, and that a young man may not be taught to believe, that what is generally good for others is not good for him.

I have strongly inculcated in my former Discourses, as I do in this my last, the wisdom and necessity of previously obtaining the appropriated instruments of the Art, in a first correct design, and a plain manly colouring, before any thing more is attempted. But by this I would not wish to cramp and fetter the mind, or discourage those who follow (as most of us may at one time have followed) the suggestion of a strong inclination: something must be conceded to great and irresistible impulses: perhaps every Student must not be strictly bound to general methods, if they strongly thwart the peculiar turn of his own mind. I must

confess, that it is not absolutely of much consequence, whether he proceeds in the general method of seeking first to acquire mechanical accuracy, before he attempts poetical flights, provided he diligently studies to attain the full perfection of the style he pursues; whether, like Parmegiano, he endeavours at grace and grandeur of manner before he has learned correctness of drawing, if like him he feels his own wants, and will labour, as that eminent Artist did, to supply those wants; whether he starts from the East or from the West, if he relaxes in no exertion to arrive ultimately at the same goal. The first public work of Parmegiano is the St. Eustachius, in the Church of St. Petronius in Bologna, and was done when he was a boy; and one of the last of his works is the Moses breaking the tables in Parma. In the former there is certainly something of grandeur in the outline, or in the conception of the figure, which discovers the dawnings of future greatness: of a young mind impregnated with the sublimity of Michael Angelo, whose style he here attempts to imitate, though he could not then draw the human figure with any common degree of correctness. But this same Parmegiano, when in his more mature age he painted the Moses, had so completely supplied his first defects, that we are here at a loss which to admire most, the correctness of drawing, or the grandeur of the conception. As a confirmation of its great excellence, and of the impression which it leaves on the minds of elegant spectators, I may observe, that our great Lyric Poet, when he conceived his sublime idea of the indignant Welch Bard, acknowledged, that though many years had intervened, he had warmed his imagination with the remembrance of this noble figure of Parmegiano.

When we consider that Michael Angelo was the great archetype to whom Parmegiano was indebted for that grandeur which we find in his works, and from whom all his contemporaries and successors have derived whatever they have possessed of the dignified and the majestic; that he was the bright luminary from whom Painting has borrowed a new lustre; that under his hands it assumed a new appearance, and is become another and superior art; I may be excused if I take this opportunity, as I have hitherto taken every occasion, to turn your attention to this exalted Founder and Father of Modern Art, of which he was not only the inventor, but which, by the divine energy of his own mind, he carried at once to its highest point of possible perfection.

The sudden maturity to which Michael Angelo brought our Art, and the comparative feebleness of his followers and imitators, might perhaps be reasonably, at least plausibly explained, if we had time for such an examination. At present I shall only observe, that the subordinate parts of our Art, and perhaps of other Arts, expand themselves by a slow and progressive growth; but those which depend on a native vigour of imagination generally burst forth at once in fulness of beauty. Of this Homer probably, and Shakspeare more assuredly, are signal examples. Michael Angelo possessed the poetical part of our art in a most eminent degree: and the same daring spirit, which urged him first to explore the unknown regions of the imagination, delighted with the novelty, and animated by the success of his discoveries, could not have failed to stimulate and impel him forward in his career beyond those limits, which his followers, destitute of the same incentives, had not strength to pass.

To distinguish between correctness of drawing, and that part which respects

the imagination, we may say the one approaches to the mechanical (which, in its way, too, may make just pretensions to genius) and the other to the poetical. To encourage a solid and vigorous course of study, it may not be amiss to suggest, that perhaps a confidence in the mechanic produces a boldness in the poetic. He that is sure of the goodness of his ship and tackle, puts out fearlessly from the shore; and he who knows that his hand can execute whatever his fancy can suggest, sports with more freedom in embodying the visionary forms of his own creation. I will not say Michael Angelo was eminently poetical, only because he was greatly mechanical; but I am sure that mechanic excellence invigorated and emboldened his mind to carry painting into the regions of poetry, and to emulate that art in its most adventurous flights. Michael Angelo equally possessed both qualifications. Yet of mechanic excellence there were certainly great examples to be found in Ancient Sculpture, and particularly in the fragment known by the name of the Torso of Michael Angelo; but of that grandeur of character, air, and attitude, which he threw into all his figures, and which so well corresponds with the grandeur of his outline, there was no example; it could therefore proceed only from the most poetical and sublime imagination.

It is impossible not to express some surprise, that the race of Painters who preceded Michael Angelo, men of acknowledged great abilities, should never have thought of transferring a little of that grandeur of outline which they could not but see and admire in Ancient Sculpture, into their own works; but they appear to have considered Sculpture as the later Schools of Artists look at the inventions of Michael Angelo,—as something to be admired, but with which they have nothing to do: *quod super nos, nihil ad nos.* The Artists of that age, even Raffaelle himself, seemed to be going on very contentedly in the dry manner of Pietro Perugino; and if Michael Angelo had never appeared, the Art might still have continued in the same style.

Beside Rome and Florence, where the grandeur of this style was first displayed, it was on this foundation that the Caracci built the truly great Academical Bolognian School, of which the first stone was laid by Pellegrino Tibaldi. He first introduced this style amongst them; and many instances might be given in which he appears to have possessed, as by inheritance, the true, genuine, noble, and elevated mind of Michael Angelo. Though we cannot venture to speak of him with the same fondness as his countrymen, and call him, as the Caracci did, *Nostro Michael Angelo riformato*, yet he has a right to be considered amongst the first and greatest of his followers: there are certainly many drawings and inventions of his of which Michael Angelo himself might not disdain to be supposed the author, or that they should be, as in fact they often are, mistaken for his. I will mention one particular instance, because it is in a book which is in every young Artist's hands,—Bishop's Ancient Statues. He there has introduced a print, representing Polyphemus, from a drawing of Tibaldi, and has inscribed it with the name of Michael Angelo, to whom he has also in the same book attributed a Sybil of Raffaelle. Both these figures, it is true, are professedly in Michael Angelo's style and spirit, and even worthy of his hand. But we know that the former is painted in the *Institute a Bologna* by Tibaldi, and the other in the *Pace* by Raffaelle.

The Caracci, it is acknowledged, adopted the mechanical part with sufficient

success. But the divine part which addresses itself to the imagination, as possessed by Michael Angelo or Tibaldi, was beyond their grasp: they formed, however, a most respectable school, a style more on the level, and calculated to please a greater number; and if excellence of this kind is to be valued according to the number, rather than the weight and quality of admirers, it would assume even an higher rank in Art. The same, in some sort, may be said of Tintoret, Paolo Veronese, and others of the Venetian Painters. They certainly much advanced the dignity of their style by adding to their fascinating powers of colouring something of the strength of Michael Angelo; at the same time it may still be a doubt, how far their ornamental elegance would be an advantageous addition to his grandeur. But if there is any manner of painting which may be said to unite kindly with his style, it is that of Titian. His handling, the manner in which his colours are left on the canvass, appears to proceed (as far as that goes) from a congenial mind, equally disdainful of vulgar criticism.

Michael Angelo's strength thus qualified, and made more palatable to the general taste, reminds me of an observation which I heard a learned critic * make, when it was incidentally remarked, that our translation of Homer, however excellent, did not convey the character, nor had the grand air of the original. He replied, that if Pope had not cloathed the naked Majesty of Homer, with the graces and elegancies of modern fashions,—though the real dignity of Homer was degraded by such a dress, his translation would not have met with such a favourable reception, and he must have been contented with fewer readers.

Many of the Flemish Painters, who studied at Rome in that great era of our art, such as Francis Floris, Hemskerk, Michael Coxis, Jerom Cock, and others, returned to their own country with as much of this grandeur as they could carry. But like seeds falling on a soil not prepared or adapted to their nature, the manner of Michael Angelo thrived but little with them; perhaps, however, they contributed to prepare the way for that free, unconstrained, and liberal outline, which was afterwards introduced by Rubens, through the medium of the Venetian Painters.

This grandeur of style has been in different degrees disseminated over all Europe. Some caught it by living at the time, and coming into contact with the original author, whilst others received it at a second hand; and being every where adopted, it has totally changed the whole taste and style of design, if there could be said to be any style before his time. Our art, in consequence, now assumes a rank to which it could never have dared to aspire, if Michael Angelo had not discovered to the world the hidden powers which it possessed. Without his assistance we never could have been convinced that Painting was capable of producing an adequate representation of the persons and actions of the heroes of the Iliad.

I would ask any man qualified to judge of such works, whether he can look with indifference at the personification of the Supreme Being in the centre of the Capella Sestina, or the figures of the Sybils which surround that chapel, to which we may add the statue of Moses; and whether the same sensations are not ex-

* Dr Johnson.

cited by those works, as what he may remember to have felt from the most sublime passages of Homer? I mention those figures more particularly, as they come nearer comparison with his Jupiter, his demigods, and heroes: those Sybils and Prophets being a kind of intermediate beings between men and angels. Though instances may be produced in the works of other Painters, which may justly stand in competition with those I have mentioned, such as the Isaiah, and the vision of Ezekiel, by Raffaelle, the St. Mark of Frate Bartolomeo, and many others; yet these, it must be allowed, are inventions so much in Michael Angelo's manner of thinking, that they may be truly considered as so many rays, which discover manifestly the centre from whence they emanated.

The sublime in Painting, as in Poetry, so overpowers, and takes such a possession of the whole mind, that no room is left for attention to minute criticism. The little elegancies of art in the presence of these great ideas thus greatly expressed, lose all their value, and are, for the instant at least, felt to be unworthy of our notice. The correct judgment, the purity of taste, which characterise Raffaelle, the exquisite grace of Correggio and Parmegiano, all disappear before them.

That Michael Angelo was capricious in his inventions, cannot be denied; and this may make some circumspection necessary in studying his works; for though they appear to become him, an imitation of them is always dangerous, and will prove sometimes ridiculous. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." To me, I confess, his caprice does not lower the estimation of his genius, even though it is sometimes, I acknowledge, carried to the extreme: and however those eccentric excursions are considered, we must at the same time recollect, that those faults, if they are faults, are such as never could occur to a mean and vulgar mind; that they flowed from the same source which produced his greatest beauties, and were therefore such as none but himself was capable of committing: they were the powerful impulses of a mind unused to subjection of any kind, and too high to be controled by cold criticism.

Many see his daring extravagance who can see nothing else. A young Artist finds the works of Michael Angelo so totally different from those of his own master, or of those with whom he is surrounded, that he may be easily persuaded to abandon and neglect studying a style, which appears to him wild, mysterious, and above his comprehension, and which he therefore feels no disposition to admire; a good disposition, which he concludes that he should naturally have, if the style deserved it. It is necessary therefore that Students should be prepared for the disappointment which they may experience at their first setting out; and they must be cautioned, that probably they will not, at first sight, approve.

It must be remembered, that this great style itself is artificial in the highest degree, it presupposes, in the spectator, a cultivated and prepared artificial state of mind. It is an absurdity therefore to suppose that we are born with this taste, though we are with the seeds of it, which, by the heat and kindly influence of his genius, may be ripened in us.

A late Philosopher and Critic * has observed, speaking of taste, that *we are*

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* James Harris, Esq. R.

on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us—our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them. The same learned writer recommends to us *even to feign a relish, till we find a relish come; and feel, that what began in fiction, terminates in reality.* If there be in our Art any thing of that agreement or compact, such as I apprehend there is in music, with which the Critic is necessarily required previously to be acquainted, in order to form a correct judgment: the comparison with this art will illustrate what I have said on these points, and tend to shew the probability, we may say the certainty, that men are not born with a relish for those arts in their most refined state, which, as they cannot understand, they cannot be impressed with their effects. This great style of Michael Angelo is as far removed from the simple representation of the common objects of nature, as the most refined Italian music is from the inartificial notes of nature, from whence they both profess to originate. But without such a supposed compact, we may be very confident that the highest state of refinement in either of those arts will not be relished without a long and industrious attention.

In pursuing this great Art, it must be acknowledged that we labour under greater difficulties than those who were born in the age of its discovery, and whose minds from their infancy were habituated to this style; who learnt it as language, as their mother tongue. They had no mean taste to unlearn; they needed no persuasive discourse to allure them to a favourable reception of it, no abstruse investigation of its principles to convince them of the great latent truths on which it is founded. We are constrained, in these latter days, to have recourse to a sort of Grammar and Dictionary, as the only means of recovering a dead language. It was by them learned by rote, and perhaps better learned that way than by precept.

This style of Michael Angelo, which I have compared to language, and which may, poetically speaking, be called the language of the Gods, now no longer exists, as it did in the fifteenth century; yet, with the aid of diligence, we may in a great measure supply the deficiency which I mentioned,—of not having his works so perpetually before our eyes,—by having recourse to casts from his models and designs in Sculpture; to drawings or even copies of those drawings; to prints, which, however ill executed, still convey something by which this taste may be formed, and a relish may be fixed and established in our minds for this grand style of invention. Some examples of this kind we have in the Academy, and I sincerely wish there were more, that the younger Students might in their first nourishment imbibe this taste; whilst others, though settled in the practice of the common-place style of Painters, might infuse, by this means, a grandeur into their works.

I shall now make some remarks on the course which I think most proper to be pursued in such a study. I wish you not to go so much to the derivative streams, as to the fountainhead; though the copies are not to be neglected, because they may give you hints in what manner you may copy, and how the genius of one man may be made to fit the peculiar manner of another.

To recover this lost taste, I would recommend young Artists to study the works of Michael Angelo, as he himself did the works of the ancient Sculptors; he began when a child, a copy of a mutilated Satyr's head, and finished in his model what was wanting in the original. In the same manner, the first exercise

that I would recommend to the young artist when he attempts invention, is to select every figure, if possible, from the inventions of Michael Angelo. If such borrowed figures will not bend to his purpose, and he is constrained to make a change to supply a figure himself, that figure will necessarily be in the same style with the rest; and his taste will by this means be naturally initiated, and nursed in the lap of grandeur. He will sooner perceive what constitutes this grand style by one practical trial than by a thousand speculations, and he will in some sort procure to himself that advantage which in these later ages has been denied him: the advantage of having the greatest of Artists for his master and instructor.

The next lesson should be, to change the purpose of the figures without changing the attitude, as Tintoret has done with the Sampson of Michael Angelo. Instead of the figure which Sampson bestrides, he has placed an eagle under him; and instead of the jaw-bone, thunder and lightning in his right hand; and thus it becomes a Jupiter. Titian, in the same manner, has taken the figure which represents God dividing the light from the darkness in the vault of the Capella Sestina, and has introduced it in the famous battle of Cadore, so much celebrated by Vasari; and extraordinary as it may seem, it is here converted to a general falling from his horse. A real judge who should look at this picture, would immediately pronounce the attitude of that figure to be in a greater style than any other figure of the composition. These two instances may be sufficient, though many more might be given in their works, as well as in those of other great Artists.

When the Student has been habituated to this grand conception of the Art, when the relish for this style is established, makes a part of himself, and is woven into his mind, he will, by this time, have got a power of selecting from whatever occurs in nature that is grand, and corresponds with that taste which he has now acquired; and will pass over whatever is common-place and insipid. He may then bring to the mart such works of his own proper invention as may enrich and increase the general stock of invention in our Art.

I am confident of the truth and propriety of the advice which I have recommended; at the same time I am aware, how much by this advice I have laid myself open to the sarcasms of those critics who imagine our Art to be a matter of inspiration. But I should be sorry it should appear even to myself that I wanted that courage which I have recommended to the students in another way: equal courage perhaps is required in the adviser and the advised; they both must equally dare and bid defiance to narrow criticism and vulgar opinion.

That the Art has been in a gradual state of decline, from the age of Michael Angelo to the present, must be acknowledged; and we may reasonably impute this declension to the same cause to which the ancient Critics and Philosophers have imputed the corruption of eloquence. Indeed the same causes are likely at all times and in all ages to produce the same effects: indolence,—not taking the same pains as our great predecessors took,—desiring to find a shorter way,—are the general imputed causes. The words of Petronius* are very remarkable.

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* Pictura quoque non alium exitum fecit, postquam Ægyptiorum audacia tam magnæ artis compendiariam invenit. R.

After opposing the natural chaste beauty of the eloquence of former ages to the strained inflated style then in fashion, "neither," says he, "has the art of Paint-
"ing had a better fate after the boldness of the Egyptians had found out a com-
"pendious way to execute so great an art.

By *compendious*, I understand him to mean a mode of Painting, such as has infected the style of the later Painters of Italy and France; common-place, without thought, and with as little trouble, working as by a receipt; in contra-distinction to that style for which even a relish cannot be acquired without care and long attention, and most certainly the power of executing cannot be obtained without the most laborious application.

I have endeavoured to stimulate the ambition of Artists to tread in this great path of glory, and, as well as I can, have pointed out the track which leads to it, and have at the same time told them the price at which it may be obtained. It is an ancient saying, that labour is the price which the Gods have set upon every thing valuable.

The great Artist who has been so much the subject of the present Discourse, was distinguished even from his infancy for his indefatigable diligence; and this was continued through his whole life, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed himself, did not labour from necessity, more than he did from choice. Indeed, from all the circumstances related of his life, he appears not to have had the least conception that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration. I have no doubt that he would have thought it no disgrace, that it should be said of him, as he himself said of Raffaelle, that he did not possess his art from nature, but by long study*. He was conscious that the great excellence to which he arrived was gained by dint of labour, and was unwilling to have it thought that any transcendent skill, however natural its effects might seem, could be purchased at a cheaper price than he had paid for it. This seems to have been the true drift of his observation. We cannot suppose it made with any intention of depreciating the genius of Raffaelle, of whom he always spoke, as Condivi says, with the greatest respect: though they were rivals, no such illiberality existed between them; and Raffaelle on his part entertained the greatest veneration for Michael Angelo, as appears from the speech which is recorded of him, that he congratulated himself, and thanked God that he was born in the same age with that painter.

If the high esteem and veneration in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel

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* *Che Raffaelle non ebbe quest' arte da natura, ma per lungo studio.* R.

myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man.

I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO*.

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* Unfortunately for mankind, these *were* the last words pronounced by this great Painter from the Academical chair. He died about fourteen months after this Discourse was delivered. M.

END OF THE DISCOURSES.

THREE LETTERS

TO

THE IDLER.

THE IDLER.

NUMBER 76.—*Saturday, September* 29, 1759.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I was much pleased with your ridicule of those shallow critics, whose judgment, though often right as far as it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties; and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extensive works. But there is another kind of critic still worse, who judges by narrow rules, and those too often false, and which, though they should be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way towards the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part, I profess myself an Idler, and love to give my judgment, such as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking; and I am of opinion, that if a man has not those perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules; which may enable him to talk more learnedly, but not to distinguish more acutely. Another reason which has lessened my affection for the study of criticism is, that critics, so far as I have observed, debar themselves from receiving any pleasure from the polite arts, at the same time that they profess and admire them: for these rules being always uppermost, give them such a propensity to criticise, that instead of giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their frigid minds are employed in examining whether the performance be according to the rules of art.

To those who are resolved to be critics in spite of nature, and at the same time have no great disposition to much reading and study, I would recommend to assume the character of connoisseur, which may be purchased at a much cheaper rate than that of a critic in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of Painters, with their general characters, and a few rules of the Academy, which they may pick up among the Painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable connoissuer.

With a Gentleman of this cast, I visited last week the Cartoons at Hampton Court; he was just returned from Italy, a connoisseur, of course, and of course his mouth full of nothing but the grace of Raffaelle, the purity of Domenichino, the learning of Poussin, the air of Guido, the greatness of taste of the Carraccis, and the sublimity and grand Contorno of Michael Angelo; with all the rest of the cant of criticism, which he emitted with that volubility which generally those orators have who annex no ideas to their words.

As we were passing through the rooms, in our way to the Gallery, I made him observe a whole length of Charles the First, by Vandyck, as a perfect representation of the character as well as the figure of the man: he agreed it was very fine, but it wanted spirit and contrast, and had not the flowing line, without which a figure could not possibly be graceful. When we entered the Gallery, I thought I could perceive him recollecting his rules by which he was to criticise Raffaelle. I shall pass over his observation of the boats being too little, and other criticisms of that kind, till we arrived at *St Paul Preaching*. "This, (says he,) is esteemed the most excellent of all the Cartoons: what nobleness, what dignity there is in that figure of St Paul! and yet what an addition to that nobleness could Raffaelle have given, had the art of contrast been known in his time; but above all, the flowing line, which constitutes grace and beauty. You would not then have seen an upright figure standing equally on both legs, and both hands stretched forward in the same direction, and his drapery, to all appearence, without the least art of disposition." The following Picture is the *Charge to Peter*. "Here, (says he,) are twelve upright figures; what a pity it is that Raffaelle was not acquainted with the pyramidal principle! he would then have contrived the figures in the middle to have been on higher ground, or the figures at the extremities stooping or lying; which would not only have formed the group into the shape of a pyramid, but likewise contrasted the standing figures. Indeed, added he, I have often lamented that so great a genius as Raffaelle had not lived in this enlightened age, since the art has been reduced to principles, and had his education in one of the modern Academies; what glorious works might we then have expected from his divine pencil!"

I shall trouble yon no longer with my friend's observations, which, I suppose, you are now able to continue by yourself. It is curious to observe, that at the same time that great admiration is pretended for a name of fixed reputation, objections are raised against those very qualities by which that great name was acquired.

These critics are continually lamenting that Raffaelle had not the colouring and harmony of Rubens, or the light and shadow of Rembrandt, without considering how much the gay harmony of the former, and affectation of the latter, would take from the dignity of Raffaelle; and yet Rubens had great harmony, and Rembrandt understood light and shadow; but what may be an excellence in a lower class of painting, becomes a blemish in a higher; as the quick, spritely turn, which is the life and beauty of epigrammatic compositions, would but ill suit with the majesty of heroic poetry.

To conclude, I would not be thought to infer from any thing that has been said, that rules are absolutely unnecessary, but to censure scrupulosity, a servile attention to minute exactness, which is sometimes inconsistent with higher excellence, and is lost in the blaze of expanded genius.

I do not know whether you will think painting a general subject. By inserting this letter, perhaps you will incur the censure a man would deserve, whose business being to entertain a whole room, should turn his back on the company, and talk to a particular person.

I am, Sir, &c.

NUMBER 79. *Saturday, October* 20, 1759.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

YOUR acceptance of a former letter on Painting, gives me encouragement to offer a few more sketches on the same subject.

Amongst the Painters and the writers on Painting, there is one maxim universally admitted, and continually inculcated. *Imitate Nature,* is the invariable rule; but I know none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be understood; the consequence of which is, that every one takes it in the most obvious sense,—that objects are represented naturally, when they have such relief that they seem real. It may appear strange, perhaps, to hear this sense of the rule disputed; but it must be considered, that if the excellency of a Painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, Painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art, and sister to Poetry; this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best; for the Painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part; and what pretence has the art to claim kindred with Poetry, but by its power over the imagination? To this power the Painter of genius directs his aim; in this sense he studies Nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural, in the confined sense of the word.

The grand style of Painting requires this minute attention to be carefully avoided, and must be kept as separate from it as the style of Poetry from that of History. Poetical ornaments destroy that air of truth and plainness which ought to characterise History; but the very being of Poetry consists in departing from this plain narration, and adopting every ornament that will warm the imagination. To desire to see the excellencies of each style united, to mingle the Dutch with the Italian School, is to join contrarieties which cannot subsist together, and which destroy the efficacy of each other. The Italian attends only to the invariable, the great, and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal Nature; the Dutch, on the contrary, to literal truth and a minute exactness in the detail, as I may say, of Nature modified by accident. The attention to these petty peculiarities is the very cause of this naturalness so much admired in the Dutch pictures, which, if we suppose it to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, that ought to give place to a beauty of a superior kind, since one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.

If my opinion were asked concerning the works of Michael Angelo, whether they would receive any advantage from possessing this mechanical merit, I should not scruple to say, they would lose, in a great measure, the effect which they now have on every mind susceptible of great and noble ideas. His works may be

said to be all genius and soul; and why should they be loaded with heavy matter, which can only counteract his purpose by retarding the progress of the imagination?

If this opinion should be thought one of the wild extravagancies of enthusiasm, I shall only say, that those who censure it are not conversant in the works of the great Masters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthusiasm that the arts of Painting and Poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an indulgence, as well as too great a restraint of imagination; and if the one produces incoherent monsters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeless insipidity. An intimate knowledge of the passions, and good sense, but not common sense, must at last determine its limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reason, that Michael Angelo sometimes transgressed those limits; and I think I have seen figures by him, of which it was very difficult to determine whether they were in the highest degree sublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults may be said to be the ebulition of Genius; but at least he had this merit, that he never was insipid; and whatever passion his works may excite, they will always escape contempt.

What I have had under consideration is the sublimest style, particularly that of Michael Angelo, the Homer of Painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalness, which of the lowest kind is the chief merit; but in Painting, as in Poetry, the highest style has the least of common nature.

One may safely recommend a little more enthusiasm to the modern Painters; too much is certainly not the vice of the present age. The Italians seem to have been continually declining in this respect from the time of Michael Angelo to that of Carlo Maratti, and from thence to the very pathos of insipidity to which they are now sunk; so that there is no need of remarking, that where I mentioned the Italian Painters in opposition to the Dutch, I mean not the moderns, but the heads of the old Roman and Bolognian Schools: nor did I mean to include, in my idea of an Italian Painter, the Venetian School, which may be said to be the Dutch part of the Italian Genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the Painters,—that however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themselves very much upon it; and to the Connoisseurs, that when they see a cat or a fiddle painted so finely, that, as the phrase is, *it looks as if you could take it up*, they would not for that reason immediately compare the Painter to Raffaelle and Michael Angelo.

Number 82. *Saturday, November* 10, 1759.

TO THE IDLER.

Sir,

Discoursing in my last letter on the different practice of the Italian and Dutch Painters, I observed that "the Italian Painter attends only to the invariable, the great, and general ideas, which are fixed and inherent in universal nature."

I was led into the subject of this letter by endeavouring to fix the original cause of this conduct of the Italian Masters. If it can be proved that by this choice they selected the most beautiful part of the creation, it will shew how much their principles are founded on reason, and, at the same time, discover the origin of our ideas of beauty.

I suppose it will be easily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has seen only one of that species; this is as conclusive in regard to the human figure; so that if a man, born blind, were to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman were brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give the preference, having seen only those two. To distinguish beauty, then, implies the having seen many individuals of that species. If it is asked, how is more skill acquired by the observation of greater numbers? I answer, that, in consequence of having seen many, the power is acquired, even without seeking after it, of distinguishing between accidental blemishes and excrescences which are continually varying the surface of Nature's works, and the invariable general form which Nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend in her productions.

Thus amongst the blades of grass or leaves of the same tree, though no two can be found exactly alike, the general form is invariable: A Naturalist, before he chose one as a sample, would examine many; since if he took the first that occurred, it might have, by accident or otherwise, such a form as that it would scarce be known to belong to that species; he selects as the Painter does, the most beautiful, that is, the most general form of nature.

Every species of the animal as well as the vegetable creation may be said to have a fixed or determined form, towards which Nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in the centre; or it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point: and as they all cross the centre, though only one passes through any other point, so it will be found that perfect beauty is oftner produced by Nature than deformity; I do not mean than deformity in general, but than any one kind of deformity. To instance in a particular part of a feature: the line that forms a ridge of the nose is beautiful

when it is straight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed. As we are then more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions of dress for no other reason than that we are used to them ; so that though habit and custom cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our liking it: and I have no doubt but that if we were more used to deformity than beauty, deformity would then lose the idea now annexed to it, and take that of beauty: as if the whole world should agree, that *yes* and *no* should change their meaning; *yes* would then deny, and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed further in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty respecting different species, or to shew why one species is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him first to prove that one species is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with very good reason, will be readily granted; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgment. He who says a swan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleasure in seeing a swan than a dove, either from the stateliness of its motions, or its being a more rare bird; and he who gives the preference to the dove, does it from some association of ideas of innocence which he always annexes to the dove; but if he pretends to defend the preference he gives to one or the other by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he shall fix on, as a criterion of form, he will be continually contradicting himself, and find at last that the great Mother of Nature will not be subjected to such narrow rules. Among the various reasons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the most general, I believe, is habit and custom; custom makes, in a certain sense, white black, and black white; it is custom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the Ethiopians, and they, for the same reason, prefer their own colour to ours. I suppose no body will doubt, if one of their Painters were to paint the Goddess of Beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not: for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea ! We, indeed, say, that the form and colour of the European is preferable to that of the Ethiopian: but I know of no other reason we have for it, but that we are more accustomed to it. It is absurd to say, that beauty is possessed of attractive powers, which irresistibly seize the corresponding mind with love and admiration, since that argument is equally conclusive in favour of the white and the black philosophers.

The black and white nations must, in respect of beauty, be considered as of different kinds, at least a different species of the same kind : from one of which to the other, as I observed, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is said to be one of the causes of beauty. That novelty is a very sufficient reason why we should admire, is not denied; but because it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful ? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the same form, on account of its colour, has

nothing to do with the argument which reaches only to form. I have here considered the word Beauty as being properly applied to form alone. There is a necessity of fixing this confined sense, for there can be no argument if the sense of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A rose may as well be said to be beautiful, because it has a fine smell, as a bird because of its colour. When we apply the word Beauty, we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but something valuable on account of its rarity, usefulness, colour, or any other property. A horse is said to be a beautiful animal; but had a horse as few good qualities as a tortoise, I do not imagine that he would then be deemed beautiful.

A fitness to the end proposed, is said to be another cause of beauty; but supposing we were proper judges of what form is the most proper in an animal to constitute strength or swiftness, we always determine concerning its beauty, before we exert our understanding to judge of its fitness.

From what has been said, it may be inferred, that the works of Nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful, and that preference is given from custom or some association of ideas: and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all its various forms.

To conclude, then, by way of corollary: if it has been proved that the Painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of Nature, produce beauty, he must, by regarding minute particularities, and accidental discriminations, deviate from the universal rule, and pollute his canvass with deformity.

A

JOURNEY

TO

FLANDERS AND HOLLAND,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXI.

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At Ostend, where we landed, July 27, 1781, there are no pictures, and even Bruges affords but a scanty entertainment to a Painter; however, there are a few, which, though not of the first rank, may be worth the attention of a traveller who has time to spare.

BRUGES.

In the Cathedral.—The high altar; the Adoration of the Magi, by Segers. This picture is justly considered as one of the best of that painter's works. The part which first obtrudes itself on your attention is one of the kings, who is placed in the front: this figure, notwithstanding its great fame, and its acknowledged

* Our author, accompanied by Philip Metcalfe, Esq. left London on Tuesday, July 24, 1781, went to Margate, and embarked there for Ostend; proceeded from thence to Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Dort, the Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Dusseldorp, Aix-la-chapelle, Liege; returned to Brussels again; from thence to Ostend; landed at Margate, and arrived in London on Sunday, September 16.

To Mr Metcalfe he intended to have dedicated his account of this tour, but he had only written the following introductory paragraphs:

"I send you, put together in as much order as the little time I can spare from my business will permit, the notes that I made abroad on the pictures that we saw together. I present them to you as properly your due; for if I had been accompanied by a person of less taste, or less politeness, they probably would not have been made. The pleasure that a mere *dilettante* derives from seeing the Works of Art, ceases when he has received the full effect of each performance; but the Painter has the means of amusing himself much longer, by investigating the principles on which the Artist wrought. To which ever of your good qualities I am to attribute your long and patient attendance, while I was employed in examining the various works which we saw, it merits my warmest acknowledgments. Nor is it an inconsiderable advantage to see such works in company with one, who has a general rectitude of taste, and is not a professor of the art. We are too apt to forget that the art is not intended solely for the pleasure of professors. The opinions of others are certainly not to be neglected; since by their means the received rules of art may be corrected: at least a species of benefit may be obtained, which we are not likely to derive from the judgment of painters; who being educated in the same manner, are likely to judge from the same principles, are liable to the same prejudices, and may sometimes be governed by the influence of an authority which perhaps has no foundation in nature." M.

excellence in many respects, has one great defect; it appears to have nothing to do with the rest of the composition, and has too much the air of a whole-length portrait. What gives it so much this appearance is, the eyes looking out of the picture; that is, he is looking at the person who looks at the picture. This always has a bad effect, and ought never to be practised in a grave historical composition, however successfully it may be admitted in ludicrous subjects, where no business of any kind, that requires eagerness of attention, is going forward.

The second altar on the right from the door is the nativity, by Otho Venius. Many parts of this picture bring to mind the manner of Rubens, particularly the colouring of the arm of one of the shepherds; but in comparison of Rubens it is but a lame performance, and would not be worth mentioning here, but from its being the work of a man who had the honour to be the master of Rubens.

Otho Venius published two books of Emblems, explained by prints of children: it was from him Rubens imbibed that predilection in favour of emblematical representation, which has afforded so much subject for criticism; particularly his introducing them in the Luxemburgh gallery.

In the sacristy is a picture, painted by John Van Eyck, of the Virgin and Child, with St George and other Saints; one of those figures which is dressed in white, and which undoubtedly was taken from the life, according to the custom of the painters of those times, has great character of nature, and is very minutely finished, though the painter was sixty-six years old when it was done; for the date on it is 1436. This picture claims perhaps more attention from its being painted by a man who has been said to be the first inventor of the art of painting in oil, than from any intrinsic merit in the work itself. However, his claim to this invention, which was first attributed to him by Vasari, and from his authority propagated in the world, has been justly disputed by the learned antiquarian Mr Raspe, who has proved, beyond all contradiction, that this art was invented and practised many ages before Van Eyck was born.

The art is here in its infancy; but still having the appearance of a faithful representation of individual nature it does not fail to please. To a certain degree the painter has accomplished his purpose; which is more than can be said of two heads by Rubens of St Peter and St Paul, in the same sacristy, which are neither a good representation of individual or general nature: however, each of these heads is enshrined in a rich tabernacle of silver, locked up, and shewn only on high festivals. The great reputation which Rubens has so justly acquired, is here extended to pictures slightly painted, and which perhaps he himself would be ashamed to acknowledge as his: they appear to have nothing to recommend them, but a tint of colour and lightness of pencil; a merit which indeed Rubens seldom wanted: they are insipid, without grace, dignity, or character of any kind.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

The Virgin and Christ (Bambino) in marble, said to be of Michael Angelo. It has certainly the air of his school, and is a work of considerable merit; it was a prize taken by a Dutch Corsair going from Civita Vecchia to Genoa.

GHENT.—THE CATHEDRAL.

In this great Church is the St Bavon of Rubens. This picture was formerly

the ornament of the high altar of this cathedral, but was displaced to make room for an ordinary piece of sculpture. When Rubens was thus degraded, one may conclude his fame was then not established: he had not been dead long enough to be canonized, as he may be said to be at present. It is now placed in a chapel behind the great altar. The saint is represented in the upper part of the picture, in armour, kneeling, received by a priest at the door of a church: below is a man who may be supposed to be his steward, giving money to the poor. Two women are standing by, dressed in the fashion of the times when Rubens lived; one of them appears to be pulling off a chain which falls from her neck, as if she intended to follow the example before her. This picture, for composition, colouring, richness of effect, and all those qualities in which Rubens more particularly excelled, claims a rank amongst his greatest and best works. It is engraved by Pilsen.

In a chapel is a work of the brothers Hubert and John Van Eyck, representing the Adoration of the Lamb, a story from the Apocalypse: it contains a great number of figures in a hard manner, but there is great character of truth and nature in the heads; and the landscape is well coloured.

In the third Chapel on the right, is a picture of St Sebastian, by Gerard Honthorst (1663). This picture is mentioned, not for any great excellence that it possesses, but from its being much talked of here: people fancy they see great expression of tenderness in the woman who is drawing the arrows from the saint's body; but she appeared to me perfectly insipid, and totally without expression of any kind: the head of St Sebastian is hard and disagreeable; the body indeed is well drawn, and not ill coloured, and is the only part of the picture that deserves any commendation.

ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

In this church is, or rather was, the celebrated Crucifixion of Vandyck; for it is almost destroyed by cleaning. It is well known by the fine print of Bolswert, and it appears by what remains to have been one of his most capital works.

Vandyck has here introduced a most beautiful horse in an attitude of the utmost grace and dignity. This is the same horse on which he drew Charles the Fifth, which is in the gallery at Florence; the head of the Emperor he copied from Titian.

St John's hand in this picture comes round the Virgin Mary's neck, and falls on the other shoulder. The first impression of Bolswert's plate has this circumstance; but it was afterwards changed, being supposed to be too familiar an attitude.

Christ scourged, by Segers; the arm finely drawn, and the body well coloured, but too large.

St Hubert, a well painted and well composed picture, by Lang Jan.

THE RECOLLETS.

The high altar: a profane allegorical picture by Rubens. Christ with Jupiter's thunder and lightning in his hand denouncing vengeance on a wicked world, represented by a globe lying on the ground with the serpent twined round it: this globe St Francis appears to be covering and defending with his mantle. The

Virgin is holding Christ's hand, and shewing her breasts; implying, as I suppose, the right she has to intercede and have an interest with him whom she suckled. The Christ, which is ill drawn, in an attitude affectedly contrasted, is the most ungracious figure that can be imagined: the best part of the picture is the head of St Francis.

Mary Magdalen expiring, supported by ill drawn angels, by Rubens; the saint herself old and disagreeable.

St Francis receiving the Stimate, likewise by Rubens; a figure without dignity, and more like a beggar: though his dress is mean, he ought surely to be represented with the dignity and simplicity of a Saint. Upon the whole, Rubens would appear to no great advantage at Ghent, if it was not for the picture of St Bavon.

ST NICHOLAS CHURCH.

The great altar, representing some history of this saint, is painted by N. Roose, a painter of no great merit; but this is far superior to any other of his works, which are plentifully dispersed over Flanders. It is of a mellow colour, and has great force and brilliancy: it is illuminated by torch light, but so well managed, as to have nothing of that disagreeable effect which Honthorst, Segers, Schalcken, and others, gave to their pictures, when they represented night-pieces.

St Joseph advertised by an angel, by Rombouts. The angel is an upright figure, and treads the air with great grace; his countenance is likewise beautiful, as is also that of the Virgin.

ALOST ST MARTIN.

St Rock interceding with Christ for the diseased of the plague, by Rubens. The composition is upon the same plan as that of St Bavon at Ghent. The picture is divided into two parts; the Saint and Christ are represented in the upper part, and the effects of the plague in the lower part of the picture. In this piece the grey is rather too predominant, and the figures have not that union with their ground which is generally so admirable in the works of Rubens. I suspect it has been in some picture-cleaner's hands, whom I have often known to darken every part of the ground about the figure, in order to make the flesh look brighter and clearer; by which the general effect is destroyed. There is a print from this picture, by P. Pontius.

BRUSSELS. ST GUDULE.

Christ's charge to Peter with two of the Apostles. The characters heavy, without grace or dignity; the handling on a close examination appears tame even to the suspicion of its being a copy: the colouring is remarkably fresh. The name of Rubens would not stand high in the world, if he had never produced other pictures than such as this. On the same pillar is a Pieta of B. Van Orlay, with six portraits of the family who presented this picture to the church. The old man who appears to be the father, has great nature, but hard, as the whole picture is in a dry gothic style.

UNSHOD CARMELITES.

The high altar; the Assumption, by Rubens. The principal figure, the Virgin, is the worst in the composition, both in regard to the character of the countenance, the drawing of the figure, and even its colour; for she is dressed, not in what is the fixed dress of the Virgin, blue and red, but entirely in a colour between blue and grey, heightened with white; and this, coming on a white glory, gives a deadness to that part of the picture. The Apostles and the two women are in Rubens' best manner; the angels are beautifully coloured, and unite with the sky in perfect harmony; the masses of light and shade are conducted with the greatest judgment, and excepting the upper part where the Virgin is, it is one of Rubens' rich pictures.

Here are about the Church pretty good copies, making in all ten pictures, of that great work of Rubens, the Triumph of the Church. The originals were destroyed by fire, when the Prince's palace was burnt in 1731.

On the left side of the high altar, Christ and St Theresa with two angels; one supports her, and the other presents to her bosom a flaming arrow; neither are very angelical: the head of the saint is finely drawn and painted; the Christ is likewise well drawn for Rubens; but the effect is rather hard, proceeding from its being wrought up too highly: it is smooth as enamel, which takes off that suppleness which appears in his other works: this is certainly not in his best manner, though it seems to have cost him the most trouble.

In the sacristy is a fine portrait by Rubens.

CAPUCHINS.

The high altar by Rubens: Christ dead, lying on the lap of the Virgin; two angels holding the lance; near is a St Francis and St Elizabeth with a handkerchief to her eyes. This was probably one of Rubens' best pictures, but it appears to have suffered much from cleaning; the mezzotints of the flesh of Christ are quite blue, as is the linen: upon the whole it has the appearance of the coloured prints of Le Blond. The drapery of the Magdalen at the feet of Christ is execrable; the angels have been totally repainted. There are prints of this picture both by Pontius and Bolswert.

On the pillar on the right hand near the choir is St Antony of Padua, holding the Christ in his arms, by Vandyck; and on the left hand its companion, St Francis: both those figures have great expression; but they are slightly painted, and certainly not intended for public pictures. Prints of these by Krafft.

ST GERY.

The entombing of Christ, by Koeberger, 1606: an admirable picture in the style of the Roman school. The character elegant, well drawn and coloured; the blue drapery of the Virgin is the only defective part; it is ill folded, and the colour does nor harmonize with the rest. This picture is equal to the best of Domenichino. I was much surprised to find such excellence in a painter of whom I knew little more than seeing a print of his portrait among Vandyck's heads. I have since seen more of his works, but none equal to this; which I would place in the first rank of all the pictures at Brussels.

The fascinating power of Rubens' pencil has prevented this picture from pos-

sessing such reputation as it undoubtedly deserves: simplicity is no match against the splendour of Rubens, at least at first sight; and few stay to consider longer. The best pictures of the Italian school, if they ornamented the churches of Antwerp, would be overpowered by the splendour of Rubens; they certainly ought not to be overpowered by it; but it resembles eloquence, which bears down every thing before it, and often triumphs over superior wisdom and learning.

In the first Chapel on the right hand, is the birth of Christ, by Bernard Van Orlay: it is a chapel belonging to this painter's family, in which they all lie buried. Under this picture is another, in which are portraits of himself and his family; nine figures on their knees, as praying; but these must have been painted by his descendants, who were likewise painters, the date on the picture being 1590: thirty years after Bernard's death. Both pictures are painted in the old dry manner; but there is great truth in the countenance of the portraits, and the nativity shews it came from a good school, that of Raffaelle; there is a simplicity and earnestness in one of the shepherds, which is admirable.

In the second Chapel, a good picture of Christ mocked by the Jews, by M. Coxis.

MR DANOOT'S.

Among the private cabinets at Brussels, that of Mr Danoot, the Banker, claims particular attention. He has appropriated little more than one room of his house for pictures, and has therefore been very attentive in the choice of what he has admitted.

To mention only a few of the most striking:—Two sketches by Rubens; the Rape of the Sabines, and the women endeavouring to prevent the Roman and Sabine soldiers from joining battle: this last has more novelty, and is the most interesting of the two. The women are here placed between the two armies, some hanging on the soldiers' arms, others pressing the horses backward, and others holding up their infants at arms' length, and showing them to the soldiers to excite their compassion. The whole composition is full of animation, to which the air of the horses, thus pressed backwards, does not a little contribute. Both these sketches are admirably composed, and in every respect excellent; few pictures of Rubens, even of his most finished works, give a higher idea of his genius. All the parts are more determined than is usual in sketches. They are what I apprehend he put into the hands of his scholars, from which they advanced and carried on the great picture, which he afterwards retouched and finished.

Another sketch of the same master; the finding of Romulus and Remus.

A Child in a Cradle, with three women, by Rubens; the scene a landscape, the figures somewhat less than life. This picture has not so much force as his works in general, and appears not to have received his last touches.

Rembrandt's portrait, by himself, half length, when he was old, in a very unfinished manner, but admirable for its colour and effect: his pallet and pencils and mahlstick are in his hand, if it may be so called; for it is so slightly touched, that it can scarce be made out to be a hand.

A Woman with a sprig of jessamy in her hand, by Lionardo da Vinci. There is beauty in the countenance, but it is in a hard manner. A small picture by

young Teniers, of Boors shooting at a but or target; in his best manner. His name and the date are on it, which I took down to mark the part of his life when he was in his zenith of perfection: the date is 1645; he was then 35 years old, being born in 1610.

Another picture of old David Teniers, which has a good landscape, but it has not the neat and elegant touch of young David; it seems to have proceeded from a more clumsy workman.

PRINCE DE LIGNE'S.

There is nothing here worth attention, except a whole-length portrait of John Count of Nassau, by Vandyck. The head of this picture is engraved in Vandyck's book of portraits. The character and drawing are admirable; the face seems to have lost a little of its brilliancy: it is much in the manner of Lord Strafford's picture in the possession of the Duke of Grafton.

A Picture of Minerva and Mercury, bridling or taming Pegasus. It appears to be a Vandyck, or a copy after him: as it hangs between two windows, I could not determine which was the case.

A Pieta of Vandyck, in the manner of Rubens; the same as one at Dusseldorp, but not so good; and it is there disputed whether their picture is of Rubens or Vandyck. The Virgin's eyes are disagreeably red; the whole without beauty of any kind, except in regard to its colour.

About half a dozen Luca Giordanos.

MR ORION'S.

A country town pillaged by Soldiers, by D. Ryckaert. It is painted in a colder manner than I expected from the sketch which I have in my possession in colours.

A sketch by Rubens, of three saints on their knees: likewise two admirable sketches of the two ends of the cieling of the Banqueting-house*; the middle part was in Lord Orford's collection, which is now in Russia.

A painter drawing after a plaister-figure of a child; perfect in its kind.

A Nativity, by Jordaens; a capricious composition in the manner of Tintoret.

Many excellent small pictures of Teniers, Van Uden, Asselyn Crabbetje, and others.

He has two Rembrandts; The wrestling of Jacob and the Angel, and a portrait; but neither of them excellent.

My friend remarked, that Mr Orion was almost the only gentleman who shewed his own pictures, that did not pester us by prating about their merit. He certainly has pictures which well deserve to be praised, but he left that part to us.

MECHLIN.—THE CATHEDRAL.

The Last Supper, by Rubens. The Heads of the Apostles and style of dra-

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* These two sketches were afterwards purchased by our author. M.

pery are in Rubens' best manner; but the picture is in bad condition, as it is mildewed: the Christ, the worst head. The principal figure is here, as is generally the case, the worst figure in the composition. Perhaps this is unavoidable: it is here as in poetry: a perfect character makes but an insipid figure; the genius is cramped and confined, and cannot indulge itself in those liberties which give spirit to the character, and of course interest the spectator. It has been observed, that Milton has not succeeded in the speeches which he has given to God the Father, or to Christ, so well as in those which he has put in the mouths of the rebel angels. Under the table is a dog gnawing a bone; a circumstance mean in itself, and certainly unworthy such a subject, however properly it might fill a corner of such a picture as the Marriage at Cana, by Paul Veronese. Beside the impropriety, one does not see how the dog came by his bone, nothing of that kind being on the table; but the word SUPPER was excuse enough for Rubens, who was always glad of an opportunity of introducing animals into his pictures.

There is a print of this picture by Bolswert.

On one side hangs a small picture of Christ washing the Disciples' feet, and on the other a picture of the same size, of Christ entering Jerusalem, likewise by Rubens; they are both well composed, and that appears to be their whole merit.

There is a circumstance belonging to the Altar-piece, which may be worth relating, as it shews Rubens' manner of proceeding in large works. The person who bespoke this picture, a citizen of Mechlin, desired, to avoid the danger of carriage, that it might be painted at Mechlin; to this the painter easily consented, as it was very near his country-seat at Steen. Rubens, having finished his sketch in colours, gave it as usual to one of his scholars, (Van Egmont,) and sent him to Mechlin to dead-colour from it the great picture. The gentleman, seeing this proceeding, complained that he bespoke a picture of the hand of the master not of the scholar, and stopped the pupil in his progress. However, Rubens satisfied him that this was always his method of proceeding, and that this piece would be as completely his work as if he had done the whole from the beginning. The Citizen was satisfied, and Rubens proceeded with the picture, which appeared to me to have no indications of neglect in any part; on the contrary, I think it *has been* one of his best pictures, though those who know this circumstance pretend to see Van Egmont's inferior genius transpire through Rubens' touches.

RECOLLETS.

THE great altar, in the church of the Recollets, is Christ crucified between the two Thieves, by Vandyck. This, perhaps, is the most capital of all his works, in respect to the variety and extensiveness of the design, and the judicious disposition of the whole. In the efforts which the thieves make to disengage themselves from the cross, he has successfully encountered the difficulty of the art; and the expression of grief and resignation in the Virgin is admirable. This picture, upon the whole, may be considered as one of the first pictures in the world, and gives the highest idea of Vandyck's powers: it shews that he had truly a genius for history-painting, if it had not been taken off by portraits. The colouring of this picture is certainly not of the brightest kind, but it seems

as well to correspond with the subject as if it had the freshness of Rubens. St John is a mean character, the only weak part in the picture, unless we add another circumstance, though but a minute one: the hair of the Magdalen, at the feet of Christ, is too silky, and indeed looks more like silk drapery than hair. There is a print of the head of this Magdalen, to which is added a skull.

The altar on the right, by Vandyck; St Bonavent, supported by an angel, whilst another is giving him the Sacrament. The Priest at the altar is without dignity; he is looking over his shoulder, as if he was only satisfying his curiosity to see what they were about: the Saint is likewise poorly imagined, and makes but a despicable figure in comparison of the manner in which the same kind of subject has been treated by Domenichino and Agostino Caracci, in their pictures of the communion of St Jerome. The colouring is not brilliant; a reddish colour being too predominant in the flesh, particularly in the shadows. This, as I have before observed, is the case with many of Vandyck's pictures. A print by Franciscus Vanden Wyngaerde.

THE CHURCH OF ST JOHN.

The great Altar, the Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens; a large and rich composition; but there is a want of force in the Virgin and Child: they appear of a more shadowy substance than the rest of the picture, which has his usual solidity and richness. One of the Kings holds an incense-vase. This circumstance is mentioned to distinguish this picture from the many others which Rubens has painted of this subject. It is engraved by L. Vostermans.

On the inside of one of the doors is the Decollation of St John the Baptist, on the other St John the Evangelist in the cauldron of boiling oil. The figures, which are putting him into the cauldron, want energy, which is not a common defect of Rubens: the character of the head of the Saint is vulgar, which, indeed, in him, is not an uncommon defect. The whole is of a mellow and rich colouring. On the outside of those doors is John baptizing Christ, and St John the Evangelist in the Isle of Patmos, writing the Apocalypse: both of these are in his best manner: the Eagle of St John is remarkably well painted; the baptism is much damaged. Under these are three pannels, on which are the Nativity, the Crucifix, and the Resurrection. Though they are all of Rubens, they have very little merit, except an air of facility of hand. Of the Nativity there is a print by Vostermans, which appears as if engraved after a finished picture. Probably the drawing which the engraver made from the picture was corrected by Rubens: what seems to confirm this, is the print being dedicated by Rubens himself to his friend Petrus Venius "Testem hanc exanimo," &c. Rubens was paid for these eight pictures eighteen hundred Florins of Brabant, about 180 pounds English, as appears by the receipt preserved in the Sacristy; and the whole was begun and finished in eighteen days.

AUGUSTINS.

In the church of the Augustins was the famous picture by Rubens of the Virgin and Christ, St Catharine, St Agnes, Christine Marguerite, and other female Saints; which was sold to Verhalst at Brussels, and bought at his sale

by the Duke of Rutland, in whose possession it now is. A print of this picture by Jode.

ANTWERP.—THE CATHEDRAL.

On entering the great door on the right, is the Last Judgment, said to be by B. Van Orlay, but I suspect it to be by some of his descendants: it is much inferior to what we saw of him at Brussels. On the folding-doors are the seven acts of Mercy; it has no excellence of any kind, to make amends for its extreme hardness of manner.

The altar of the Archers; St Sebastian, by Keoberger. There are good parts in this picture, but it is not equal to his Pieta at Brussels: the boy in half shadow, who holds a bow and arrows, and the priest who holds an image in his hand, the face seen by a reflected light, are the best part of the picture. The body of the Saint is well coloured, and in a broad manner. Two women's heads are introduced very awkwardly in the bottom of the picture.

THE CHAPEL OF ST MICHAEL.

The fall of the Angels by F. Floris, 1554; which has some good parts, but without masses, and dry. On the thigh of one of the figures he has painted a fly for the admiration of the vulgar; there is a foolish story of this fly being painted by J. Matsys, and that it had the honour of deceiving Floris.

THE CHAPEL BELONGING TO THE COMPANY OF ARQUEBUSE.

The famous descent of the Cross: this picture, of all the works of Rubens, is that which has the most reputation. I had consequently conceived the highest idea of its excellence; knowing the print, I had formed in my imagination what such a composition would produce in the hands of such a Painter. I confess I was disappointed. However, this disappointment did not proceed from any deficiency in the picture itself; had it been in the original state in which Rubens left it, it must have appeared very different; but it is mortifying to see to what degree it has suffered by cleaning and mending: that brilliant effect, which it undoubtedly once had, is lost in a mist of varnish, which appears to be chilled or mildewed. The Christ is in many places retouched, so as to be visible at a distance; the St John's head repainted; and other parts, on a close inspection, appear to be chipping off, and ready to fall from the canvass. However, there is enough to be seen to satisfy any connoisseur, that in its perfect state it well deserved all its reputation.

The composition of this picture is said to be borrowed from an Italian print: This print I never saw; but those who have seen it, say, that Rubens has made no deviation from it, except in the attitude of the Magdalen. On the print is written, "Peter Passer invenit; Hieronymus Wirix sculpsit."

The greatest peculiarity of this composition is the contrivance of the white sheet, on which the body of Jesus lies: this circumstance was probably what induced Rubens to adopt the composition. He well knew what effect white linen, opposed to flesh, must have, with his powers of colouring; a circumstance which was not likely to enter into the mind of an Italian painter, who probably would have been afraid of the linen's hurting the colouring of the flesh, and

have kept it down of a low tint. And the truth is, that none but great colourists can venture to paint pure white linen near flesh; but such know the advantage of it: so that possibly what was stolen by Rubens, the possessor knew not how to value; and certainly no person knew so well as Rubens how to use. After all, this may perhaps turn out another *Lauder's* detection of plagiarism. I could wish to see this print, if there is one, to ascertain how far Rubens was indebted to it for his Christ, which I consider as one of the finest figures that ever was invented: it is most correctly drawn, and I apprehend in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it.

Of the three Maries, two of them have more beauty than he generally bestowed on female figures; but no great elegance of character. The St Joseph of Arimathea is the same countenance which he so often introduced in his works; a smooth fat face,—a very unhistorical character.

The principal light is formed by the body of Christ and the white sheet; there is no second light which bears any proportion to the principal: in this respect it has more the manner of Rembrandt's disposition of light than any other of Rubens's works; however, there are many little detached lights distributed at some distance from the great mass, such as the head and shoulders of the Magdalen, the heads of the two Maries, the head of St Joseph, and the back and arm of the figure leaning over the Cross; the whole surrounded with a dark sky, except a little light in the horizon, and above the Cross.

The historical anecdote relating to this picture, says, that it was given in exchange for a piece of ground, on which Rubens built his house; and that the agreement was only for a picture representing their patron, St Christopher, with the Infant Christ on his shoulders. Rubens, who wished to surprise them by his generosity, sent five pictures instead of one: a piece of gallantry on the side of the painter, which was undoubtedly well received by the Arquebusers; since it was so much to their advantage, however expensive to the maker of it.

All those pictures were intended to refer to the name of their patron Christopher.

In the first place, the body of Christ on the Altar is borne by St John, St Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalen, &c.

On one side of the left door, is the Salutation of Mary and Elizabeth. The Virgin here bears Christ before he is born.

On the reverse of the same door is St Christopher himself, bearing the Infant on his shoulders. The picture which corresponds with this on the other side, is the only one which has no reference to the word Christopher. It represents an Hermit with a lantern, to receive Christ when he arrives at the other side of the river. The hermit appears to be looking to the other side; one hand holds the lantern, and the other is very naturally held up to prevent the light from coming upon his eyes. But on the reverse of this door we have another Christopher; the Priest Simeon bearing Christ high in his arms, and looking upwards. This picture, which has not suffered, is admirable indeed, the head of the priest more especially, which nothing can exceed: the expression, drawing, and colouring, are beyond all description, and as fresh as if the piece were just painted.

The colouring of the St Christopher is too red and bricky, and the outline is not flowing. This figure was all that the company of the Arquebusers expected; but Rubens justly thought that such a figure would have made but a poor subject for an Altar.

There is a print of the Descent by Luc Vostermans, of the St Christopher by Remy Eyndhout; of Simeon by P. Pontius: those which have a dedication to Gasp. Hubert are bad impressions, and retouched. The Visitation is engraved by P. de Jode. The Hermit has not been engraved.

On the side of the choir are the monuments of the two celebrated printers of Netherlands, John Baptist Morteus and Martin Plantin; that of the former is ornamented with an admirable picture by Rubens, about half the size of life; Christ coming out of the Sepulchre in great splendour, the soldiers terrified, and tumbling one over the other: the Christ is finely drawn, and of a rich colour. The St John the Baptist on the door is likewise in his best manner; only his left leg is something too large. On the other door is St Barbara; the figure without character, and the colouring without brilliancy. The predominant colour in her dress is purple, which has but a heavy effect.

The monument of Plantin has for its ornament the last Judgment, by Backer, correctly drawn, but without any skill in disposition of light and shadow.

THE CHAPEL OF THE SCHOOL-MASTERS.

Christ among the Doctors, by Francis Franck; called the young Franck. There are some fine heads in this picture; particularly the three men that are looking on one book, are admirable characters: the figures are well drawn, and well grouped; the Christ is but a poor figure.

On a pillar opposite, and not far from the Descent from the Cross, is the Adoration of the Magi. The Virgin and the infant Christ are admirable. It appears to be the work of B. Van Orlay. On the doors on each side are portraits well painted, the woman especially. On one of the pillars is a picture of Rubens, which serves as a monument for the family of Goubau: He and his wife are represented, half-length, at prayers, addressing themselves to the Virgin and Infant Christ: the old man is well painted, the Virgin but indifferently.

CORDWAINERS' CHAPEL.

The martyrdom of St Crepin and Crepinianus, by Ambrose Franck, has some good heads, but in a dry manner.

THE CONFRERES DE D'ARBULETRE.

The martyrdom of St George, by Schut. It is well composed and well drawn, and is one of his best pictures; but the Saint has too much of that character which Painters have fixed for Christ. There is a want of brilliancy from its having too much harmony: to produce force and strength, a stronger opposition of colours is required.

Passing by the Chapels in which are altars by Martin and Simon de Vos, and others, which have nothing worth attention, we come to

THE CHAPEL OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

Where is the famous work of Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith. The middle part is what the Italians call a Pieta; a dead Christ on the knees of the Virgin, accompanied with the usual figures. On the door on one side is the daughter of Herod bringing in St John's head at the banquet; on the other, the Saint in the cauldron. In the Pieta the Christ appears as if starved to death; in which manner it was the custom of the painters of that age always to represent a dead Christ; but there are heads in this picture not exceeded by Raffaelle, and indeed not unlike his manner of painting portraits; hard and minutely finished. The head of Herod, and that of a fat man near the Christ, are excellent. The painter's own portrait is here introduced. In the banquet, the daughter is rather beautiful, but too skinny and lean; she is presenting the head to her mother, who appears to be cutting it with a knife.

THE ALTAR OF THE GARDENERS.

A Nativity, a large composition of Francis Floris, and perhaps the best of his works. It is well composed, drawn, and coloured; the heads are in general finely painted, more especially St Joseph, and a woman in the fore-ground.

A Pieta by Rubens, which serves as a monument of the family of Michielsens, and is fixed on one of the pillars: this is one of his most careful pictures; the characters are of a higher style of beauty than usual, particularly the Mary Magdalen, weeping, with her hand clenched. The colouring of the Christ and the Virgin is of a most beautiful and delicate pearly tint, opposed by the strong high colouring of St Joseph.

I have said in another place that Rubens does not appear to advantage but in large works; this picture may be considered as an exception.

The Virgin and Infant Christ on one of the doors is the same as one at Marlborough House. The Virgin is holding Christ, who stands on a table; the infant appears to be attentively looking at something out of the picture: the vacant stare of a child is very naturally represented; but it is a mean ordinary looking boy, and by no means a proper representation of the Son of God. The only picture of Christ in which Rubens succeeds, is when he represents him dead; as a child, or as a man engaged in any act, there is no divinity; no grace or dignity of character appears.

On the other door is St John, finely coloured; but this character is likewise vulgar.

On the outside of the door are two pictures in black and white; one of a Christ, and the other the Virgin and child; these, as well as the two above mentioned, by Rubens.

THE GREAT ALTAR.

The Assumption of the Virgin. She is surrounded by a choir of angels; below are the Apostles, and a great number of figures. This picture has not so rich an appearance in regard to colour as many other pictures of Rubens; proceeding, I imagine, from there being too much blue in the sky: however, the lower part of the picture has not that defect. It is said to have been painted in sixteen days. The print is by Bolswert.

ST WALBURGE.

The great altar of the choir is the first public work which Rubens executed after he returned from Italy. In the centre is Christ nailed to the cross, with a number of figures exerting themselves in different ways to raise it. One of the figures appears flushed, all the blood rising into his face from his violent efforts; others in intricate attitudes, which at the same time that they shew the great energy with which the business is done, give that opportunity which painters desire, of encountering the difficulties of the art, in foreshortening, and in representing momentary actions. This subject, which was probably of his own choosing, gave him an admirable opportunity of exhibiting his various abilities to his countrymen; and it is certainly one of his best and most animated compositions.

The bustle which is in every part of the picture, makes a fine contrast to the character of resignation in the crucified Saviour. The sway of the body of Christ is extremely well imagined. The taste of the form in the Christ, as well as in the other figures, must be acknowledged to be a little inclinable to the heavy; but it has a noble, free, and flowing outline. The invention of throwing the cross obliquely from one corner of the picture to the other, is finely conceived; something in the manner of Tintoret; it gives a new and uncommon air to his subject, and we may justly add, that it is uncommonly beautiful. The contrast of the body with the legs is admirable, and not overdone.

The doors are a continuation of the subject. That on the right has a group of women and children, who appear to feel the greatest emotion and horror at the sight: the Virgin and St John, who are behind, appear very properly with more resignation. On the other door are the officers on horse-back; attending behind them are the two thieves, whom the executioners are nailing to the cross.

It is difficult to imagine a subject better adapted for a painter to exhibit his art of composition than the present; at least Rubens has had the skill to make it serve, in an eminent degree, for that purpose. In the naked figures of the Christ, and of the executioners, he had ample room to shew his knowledge of the anatomy of the human body in different characters. There are likewise women of different ages, which is always considered as a necessary part of every composition, in order to produce variety; there are, besides, children and horsemen; and to have the whole range of variety, he has even added a dog, which he has introduced in an animated attitude, with his mouth open, as if panting; admirably well painted. His animals are always to be admired: the horses here are perfect in their kind, of a noble character, animated to the highest degree. Rubens, conscious of his powers in painting horses, introduced them in his pictures as often as he could. This part of the work, where the horses are represented, is by far the best in regard to colouring; it has a freshness which the other two pictures want: but those appear to have suffered by the sun. This picture of the horseman is situated on the south-east side, whereas the others, being east and south-east, are more exposed; however, at present there is no longer danger, the fathers having taken the precaution to have a fixed window-blind, which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate.

The central picture, as well as that of the group of women, does not, for whatever reason, stand so high for colour as every other excellence. There is a dryness in the tint; a yellow okery colour predominates over the whole; it has too

much the appearance of a yellow chalk-drawing. I mean only to compare Rubens with himself; they might be thought excellent even in this respect, were they the work of almost any other painter. The flesh, as well as the rest of the picture, seems to want grey tints, which is not a general defect of Rubens; on the contrary, his mezzotints are often too grey.

The blue drapery, about the middle of the figure at the bottom of the Cross, and the grey colour of some armour, are nearly all the cold colours in the picture; which are certainly not enough to qualify so large a space of warm colours. The principal mass of light is on the Christ's body; but in order to enlarge it, and improve its shape, a strong light comes on the shoulder of the figure with a bald head: the form of this shoulder is somewhat defective; it appears too round.

Upon the whole, this picture must be considered as one of Rubens's principal works, and that appearance of heaviness which it has, when seen near, entirely vanishes when the picture is viewed from the body of the church, to which you descend from the choir by twenty stairs.

On the other side of the two doors, which turn round, are likewise two pictures, by Rubens; St Catharine with a sword, and St Eloi with a female Saint and Angels, as usual finely painted; but the figure of St Eloi appears too gigantic.

Of the elevation of the Cross and its appendages, there is a print in three sheets by Withous; of St Eloi by Remoldus Eynhovedts, and of the St Catharine by Bolswert.

In this church, on the left hand of the choir, is another picture by Rubens, of Christ after his resurrection sitting on his sepulchre, trampling on the symbol of death: it is a picture of no force of colouring, which possibly proceeds from its having been much damaged. A print of this by Remoldus Eynhovedts.

THE CHURCH OF THE JACOBINES*.

The great altar, a crucifixion by Vandyck. St Rosaria at the feet of Christ, and St Dominick. A sepulchral lamp, and a flambeau reversed, are here introduced, to shew that Christ is dead: two little angels are represented on each side of the Cross, and a larger angel below. The two little ones look like embryoes, and have a bad effect; and the large angel is not painted with equal success, as many other parts of the picture. The shadows are too red, and the locks of the hair are all painted in a hard and heavy manner. For its defects ample amends is made in the Christ, which is admirably drawn and coloured; and a breadth of light preserved over the body with the greatest skill; at the same time, that all the parts are distinctly marked. The form and character are of a more elegant kind than those we see commonly of Rubens.

The idea of St Rosaria closing her eyes is finely imagined, and gives an uncommon and delicate expression to the figure.

The conduct of the light and shadow of this picture is likewise worth the attention of a Painter. To preserve the principal mass of light, which is made by the body of Christ, of a beautiful shape, the head is kept in half shadow. The

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* Nuns of the order of St Dominick. R.

under garment of St Dominick and the angel make the second mass; and the St Rosaria's head, handkerchief, and arm, the third.

The sketch for this picture is said to be within the convent, but I could not see it. A print by Bolswert.

UNSHOD CARMELITES.

In a recess on the right, on entering the church, is St Anne, and the Virgin with a book in her hand, by Rubens. Behind St Anne is a head of St Joachim; two angels in the air with a crown. This picture is eminently well coloured, especially the angels; the union of their colour with the sky is wonderfully managed. It is remarkable that one of the angels has Psyche's wings, which are like those of a butterfly. This picture is improperly called St Anne teaching the Virgin to read, who is represented about fourteen or fifteen years, too old to begin to learn to read. The white silk drapery of the Virgin is well painted, but not historical; the silk is too particularly distinguished, a fault of which Rubens is often guilty, in his female drapery: but by being of the same colour as the sky it has a soft harmonious effect. The rest of the picture is of a mellow tint. A print by Bolswert.

At an altar on the opposite little nich on the left, Christ relieving souls out of purgatory by the intercession of St Therese. The Christ is a better character, has more beauty and grace, than is usual with Rubens; the outline remarkably undulating, smooth, and flowing. The head of one of the women in purgatory is beautiful, in Rubens's way; the whole has great harmony of colouring and freedom of pencil: it is in his best manner. A print by Bolswert.

The Alter in the choir, by Segers. The subject is the marriage of the Virgin; larger than life. This is one of his best pictures; much in the manner of Rubens.

On the left of the choir is a Pieta, by Rubens. The body of Christ is here supported by St John, instead of the Virgin, who is stooping forward to kiss Christ's cheek, whilst the Magdalen is kissing his hand. Of this picture there is no print, though it well deserves to be engraved. Perhaps the subject is handled too much in the same manner as that in the church of the Capuchins at Brussels.

THE GREAT CARMELITES, OR SHOED CARMELITES.

On the right, as you enter the choir, Christ lying dead on the lap of God the Father, by Rubens: on each side an angel, with the instruments of crucifixion. The Christ is foreshortened with great skill in drawing. Engraved by Bolswert.

CHURCH OF THE FACONS (NUNS.)

In a little chapel the Virgin and Infant Christ, by Vandyck; a priest kneeling; an angel behind directing his attention to the Virgin. The drapery seems to be by another hand. There is nothing in this picture very much to be admired.

ST MICHAEL.

The great altar, the Adoration of the Magi; a large and magnificent composition of near twenty figures, in Ruben's best manner. Such subjects seem to

be more peculiarly adapted to the manner and style of Rubens: his excellence, his superiority, is not seen in small compositions.

One of the kings, who holds a cap in his hand, is loaded with drapery ; his head appears too large, and upon the whole he makes but an ungraceful figure. The head of the ox is remarkably well painted. Engraved by Lommeli.

On the left of the great altar is another picture of Rubens, St Gregory with the Dove, dressed in his sacerdotal robes; behind him is St George in armour, both noble figures; and the female saint, who is likewise in the front of the picture, is, for Rubens, uncommonly beautiful. Behind is St Sebastian, and other saints, and above are angels bearing a picture in a frame, of the Virgin and Child. The print by Remoldus Eynhovedts.

Near this is a monument of Rubens's brother Philip, with an inscription and a portrait in oval, by Rubens.

In this church are many fine portraits inserted in monuments.

St Norbert receiving the Sacrament, by Simon de Vos; in which are introduced a great number of portraits extremely well painted. De Vos was particularly excellent in portraits. There is in the poor-house in this city, his own portrait by himself, in black, leaning on the back of a chair, with a scroll of blue paper in his hand, so highly finished, in the broad manner of Correggio, that nothing can exceed it.

On the right cross is an immense large picture, by Erasmus Quellinus, containing some good heads, and figures not ill drawn, but it is an ill-conducted picture, and in bad condition.

THE MINIMES.

There is nothing curious in the church, but in passing to the cloisters are forty pieces of glass pane, by Diepenbeke, of the life of St Francis, and in an adjoining room a crucifix of Jordaens, admirable for its colouring, and the expression is better than usual, but the drawing of the limbs of Christ is defective.

THE CHURCH OF THE JACOBINS.

The altar of the choir is painted by Rubens, the subject the same as one mentioned before in the church of the Recollects at Ghent, Christ lancing thunder on the world, the Virgin interceding; below are many saints, male and female, bishops and cardinals. Rubens acquired a predilection for allegories from his master, Otho Venius, but it may be doubted whether such fancies in a Christian church are not out of their proper place. St Francis is here, as in the picture at Ghent, the best head. This picture has been much damaged, and St Sebastian in particular has been repainted by some ignorant person, the sky has likewise been badly repaired. God the Father, who is leaning on a globe, has something majestic in the attitude.

A Council composed of saints, popes, cardinals, and bishops, by Rubens, the same subject as Raffaelle's, in the Vatican, called The Dispute of the Sacrament. God the Father is represented alone in the distant sky ; boy angels with labels. Engraved by Snyers. The sky has been ill repainted, and does not harmonize with the rest of the work. The whole picture indeed seems to have suffered, for there is not that brilliancy which might be expected, nor indeed any

extraordinary character of heads, the best is that immediately behind the bishops on the fore-ground. A print by Snyers.

At an altar on the entrance to the choir, Christ carrying the cross, said to be one of the most early pictures of Vandyck. It is, in many parts, like the works of Rubens, particularly the figure with his back towards the spectator, which is well drawn.

The drapery of the Christ being dark, having become so probably by time, is scarcely at all seen, which makes the head look like that taken by St Veronica. This picture is much cracked, particularly the blue drapery of the Virgin, and the naked back of the figure above-mentioned. A print by Alexander Voct.

The altar of the chapel of St Dominic, a black picture by Caravaggio; the Virgin and Christ with St Dominic, and other saints.

About the church are represented the mysteries of St Rosaria, and other subjects painted by various painters; the best of these pictures are those by Rubens and Jordaens. The flagellation of Christ is by Rubens. This picture, though admirably painted, is disagreeable to look at; the black and bloody stripes are marked with too much fidelity, and some the figures are awkwardly scourging with their left hand. A print by Pontius.

The picture of Jordaens is the Crucifixion, with the Virgin, St John, Mary Magdalen, and St Elizabeth; much in the manner of Rubens.

The Adoration of the Shepherds. The light coming from Christ is said to be of Rubens, but there is nothing in the picture by which his manner can be with certainty recognized; there are parts which were certainly not painted by him, particularly the drapery of the Virgin.

St AUGUSTIN.

The Altar of the Choir is by Rubens. From the size of the picture, the great number of figures, and the skill with which the whole is conducted, this picture must be considered as one of the most considerable works of Rubens.

The Virgin and Infant Christ are represented at one distance, seated on high on a sort of pedestal, which has steps ascending to it; behind the Virgin is St Joseph. On the right is St Catharine, receiving the ring from Christ. St Peter and St Paul are in the back-ground, and on the left, on the steps, St John the Baptist, with the Lamb and Angels. Below are St Sebastian, St Augustin, St Laurence, Paul the Hermit, and St George in armour. By way of link to unite the upper and the lower part of the picture, are four female saints half way up the steps. The subject of this picture, if that may be called a subject where no story is represented, has no means of interesting the spectator: its value therefore must arise from another source; from the excellence of art, from the eloquence, as it may be called, of the artist. And in this the painter has shewn the greatest skill, by disposing of more than twenty figures, without composition, and without crowding. The whole appears as much animated, and in motion, as it is possible for a picture to be, where nothing is doing, and the management of the masses of light and shade in this picture is equal to the skill shewn in the disposition of the figures.

There is a similar subject to this painted by Titian, which was in the church of St Nicola de Fiari at Venice, where he has represented the same saints which

are placed all in a line, without any connection with each other, and above is the Virgin and Infant, equally unconnected with the rest of the picture. It is so completely separated, that it has been since made into two distinct pictures; the lower part forming that which is now in the Pope's collection in the capital.

By the disposition, Titian has certainly saved himself a great deal of that trouble of contrivance which composition requires. This artless manner is by many called simplicity, but that simplicity, which proceeds either from ignorance or laziness cannot deserve much commendation. As ignorance cannot be imputed to Titian, we may conclude it was inattention, and indeed he has sufficiently shewn that it did not proceed from ignorance by another picture of the same kind of subject in the church de Frari at Venice, where it is treated in a very different manner. Here the Virgin and child are placed on an altar, instead of a pedestal; St Peter with an open book leaning on the altar, and looking at St George, and another figure, which is kneeling. On the other side is St Francis looking up to Christ, and recommending to his protection a noble Venetian, with four other figures, who are on their knees. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and dignity of these figures. They are drawn in profile, looking straight forward in the most natural manner, without any contrast or affectation of attitude whatever. The figure on the other side is likewise in profile, and kneeling, which, while it gives an air of formality to the picture, adds also to its grandeur and simplicity. This must be acknowledged to be above Rubens, that is, I fear he would have renounced it, had it occurred. Rubens's manner is often too artificial and picturesque for the GRAND STYLE. Titian knew very well that so much formality or regularity, as to give the appearance of being above all the tricks of art, which we call picturesque, is of itself grandeur.

There is a quiet dignity in the composition of Titian, and an animation and bustle in that of Rubens; one is splendid, the other is grand and majestic. These two pictures may be considered among the best works of those great painters, and each characterises its respective author. They may therefore be properly opposed to each other, and compared together. I confess I was so overpowered with the brilliancy of this picture of Rubens, whilst I was before it, and under its fascinating influence, that I thought I had never before seen so great powers exerted in the art. It was not till I was removed from its influence, that I could acknowledge any inferiority in Rubens to any other painter whatever.

The composition of Titian is of that kind which leaves the middle space void, and the figures are ranged round it In this space is the white linen that covers the altar, and it is for the sake of this white linen, I apprehend, that he has made an altar instead of a pedestal, in order to make the linen the principal light, which is about the middle of the picture. The second light is the Virgin, and Christ, and the heads of the figures.

The principal light in the lower part of Rubens's picture, is the body of St Sebastian, that of the upper part is the light in the sky: in this point there is no apparent superiority on either side.

Of both these pictures there are prints; of Titian's picture the print is by Lefebre, and the Rubens is engraved by Snyers, and by Remoldus Eynhovedts; in the first impression of that of Snyers, there are parts of the Virgin, and St Catharine, and the lap of St Augustin, which are unfinished.

One is so much used to anachronisms in church pictures, that it ceases to be an object of criticism. From the frequency of seeing pictures peopled with men who lived in different ages, this impropriety may habitually become less offensive; introducing, however, St John the Baptist, as an elderly man, in the same picture where Christ is still an infant, though it may be said to be a crime of less magnitude, not being so violent a breach of chronology, yet appears to the spectator even more unpardonable, perhaps from his being so often used to see them represented together as children.

The altar on the left hand; St Augustin in ecstacy, by Vandyck. This picture is of great fame, but in some measure disappointed my expectations, at least on just parting from the Rubens, the manner appeared hard and dry. The colouring is of a reddish kind, especially in the shadows, without transparency. The colours must have suffered some change, and are not now as Vandyck left them. This same defect of the red shadows I have observed in many of his pictures. The head of an elderly woman, said to be the saint's mother, is finely drawn, and is the best part of the picture, and the angel sitting on a cloud is the best of that group. The boy with the sceptre is hard, and has no union with the blue sky.

This picture has no effect, from the want of a large mass of light; the two angels make two small masses of equal magnitude.

The St Augustin is dressed in black, though in the print of P. de Jode (according to the usual liberty of these engravers after Rubens and Vandyck) it makes the principal light, and a light is thrown on the other figures in the print, which are quite dark in the picture.

An altar in the right aisle; the martyrdom of St Apollonius by J. Jordaens. There is nothing much to be admired in this picture, except the grey horse foreshortened, biting his knee, which is indeed admirable. Jordaens' horses are little inferior to those of Rubens.

On the sides of the church are hung many pictures of the inferior painters of the Flemish school, the best are two of J. Jordaens, The Last Supper, in which are some excellent heads in the manner of Rubens, and Christ praying in the garden, but the angels here are truly Flemish. There is likewise a crucifixion by Backereel, which has some merit.

In the sacristy is a small crucifix by Vandyck, well drawn especially the head, which is a fine character.

RECOLLETS.

The altar of the choir is the famous crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves, by Rubens. To give animation to this subject, he has chosen the point of time when an executioner is piercing the side of Christ, whilst another with a bar of iron is breaking the limbs of one of the malefactors, who in his convulsive agony, which his body admirably expresses, has torn one of his feet from the tree to which it was nailed. The expression in the action of this figure is wonderful, the attitude of the other is more composed, and he looks at the dying Christ with a countenance perfectly expressive of his penitence. This figure is likewise admirable. The Virgin, St John, and Mary the wife of Cleophas, are standing by with great expression of grief and resignation, whilst the Magdalen, who is at the feet of Christ, and may be supposed to have been kissing his feet, looks at

the horseman with the spear with a countenance of great horror; as the expression carries with it no grimace or contortion of the features, the beauty is not destroyed. This is by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw of Rubens, or, I think of any other painter, the excellence of its colouring is beyond expression. To say that she may be supposed to have been kissing Christ's feet, may be thought too refined a criticism, but Rubens certainly intended to convey that idea, as appears by the disposition of her hands, for they are stretched out towards the executioner, and one of them is before and the other behind the cross, which gives an idea of her hands having been round it, and it must be remembered, that she is generally represented kissing the feet of Christ, it is her place and employment in those subjects. The good Centurion ought not to be forgotten, who is leaning forward, one hand on the other, resting on the mane of his horse, while he looks up to Christ with great earnestness.

The genius of Rubens no where appears to more advantage than here, it is the most carefully finished picture of all his works. The whole is conducted with the most consummate art, the composition is bold and uncommon, with circumstances which no other painter had ever before thought of, such as the breaking of the limbs, and the expression of the Magdalen, to which we may add the disposition of the three crosses, which are placed prospectively in an uncommon picturesque manner, the nearest bears the thief whose limbs are breaking, the next the Christ, whose figure is straighter than ordinary, as a contrast to the others, and the furthermost the penitent thief: this produces a most picturesque effect, but it is what few but such a daring genius as Rubens would have attempted. It is here, and in such compositions, we properly see Rubens, and not in little pictures of Madonnas and Bambinos. It appears that Rubens made some changes in this picture, after Bolswert had engraved his print from it. The horseman who is in the act of piercing the side of Christ, holds the spear, according to the print, in a very tame manner, with the back of the hand over the spear, grasping it with only three fingers, the forefinger straight lying on the spear, whereas in the picture, the back of the hand comes under the spear, and he grasps it with his whole force.

The other defect which is remedied in the picture, is the action of the executioner, who breaks the legs of the criminal; in the print, both his hands are over the bar of iron, which makes a false action; in the picture the whole disposition is altered to the natural manner in which every person holds a weapon, which requires both hands, the right is placed over, and the left under it.

This print was undoubtedly done under the inspection of Rubens himself. It may be worth observing, that the keeping of the masses of light in the print differs much from the picture: this change is not from inattention, but design: a different conduct is required in a composition with colours, from what ought to be followed when it is in black and white only. We have here the authority of this great master of light and shadow, that a print requires more and larger masses of light, than a picture.

In this picture the principal and the strongest light is the body of Christ, which is of a remarkably clear and bright colour; this is strongly opposed by the very brown complexion of the thieves, (perhaps the opposition here is too violent,) who make no great effect as light. The Virgin's outer drapery is dark blue, and the

inner a dark purple, and St John is in dark strong red; no part of these two figures is light in the picture, but the head and hands of the Virgin; but in the print they make the principal mass of light of the whole composition. The engraver has certainly produced a fine effect; and I suspect it is as certain, that if this change had not been made, it would have appeared a black and heavy print.

When Rubens thought it necessary in the print to make a mass of light of the drapery of the Virgin and St John, it was likewise necessary that it should be of a beautiful shape, and be kept compact; it therefore became necessary to darken the whole figure of the Magdalen, which in the picture is at least as light as the body of Christ; her head, linen, arms, hair, and the feet of Christ, make a mass as light as the body of Christ: it appears therefore that some parts are to be darkened, as well as other parts made lighter: this consequently is a science which an engraver ought well to understand, before he can presume to venture on any alteration from the picture which he means to represent.

The same thing may be remarked in many other prints by those engravers, who were employed by Rubens and Vandyck; they always gave more light than they were warranted by the picture: a circumstance which may merit the attention of engravers.

I have dwelt longer on this picture than any other, as it appears to me to deserve extraordinary attention: it is certainly one of the first pictures in the world, for composition, colouring, and what was not to be expected of Rubens, correctness of drawing.

On one side of the great altar is a small crucifix, painted likewise by Rubens, which is admirable. A print by H. Sneyers.

In the same choir is another crucifixion by F. Floris, with a great number of figures, many of them portraits, in which there is great nature, especially in the women.

The altar of St Francis, painted by Rubens. The Saint is receiving the communion, accompanied with many of his order, he is nearly naked, without dignity, and appears more like a lazar than a Saint. Though there are good heads in this picture, yet the principal figure being so disgustful, it does not deserve much commendation. A print by Hendrick Sneyers.

The Virgin kneeling on a reversed crescent, crowned by God the Father and Christ, over her is the dove, below is a group of angels. There is nothing here to be admired, but what relates to colouring, the splendour of the light indeed, that is behind those three figures, is very striking. A print by Paulus Pontius.

A Pieta by Vandyck, with St John and two angels. This has been one of his most chaste pictures, but the colouring is gone. The expression of the Virgin is admirable, at least equal to that of Annibale Caracci, in the Duke of Orlean's collection: it conveys an idea that she is petitioning with an earnest agony of grief. St John is shewing or directing the attention of an angel to Christ, the other angel is hiding his face.

The Virgin's drapery and the sky, being exactly of the same colour, has a bad effect; the linen is remarkably well folded.

Behind the great altar is the chapel of the family of the Burgo-master Rockox, the altar of which is St Thomas's incredulity, by Rubens. The head of the

Christ is rather a good character, but the body and arms are heavy, it has been much damaged. On the inside of the two folding doors are portraits of the Burgo-master and his wife, half-lengths: his is a fine portrait, the ear is remarkably well painted, and the anatomy of the forehead is well understood. Her portrait has no merit but that of colour. Vandyck likewise has painted a portrait of Rockox, a print of which is in his book of heads of eminent men. It should seem that he was a great patron of the arts: he gave to this church the picture of the great altar, which has been already mentioned.

Here is a whole length of Alexander Scaglia which appears to be of Vandyck. It is at too great a distance to determine with certainty in regard to its originality. I have seen a print of this picture.

CAPUCHINS.

On entering on the right hand is an altar by W. Koeberger; angels supporting a dead Christ. It has merit, but not equal to his picture at Brussels: the outline is not enough undulating or flowing.

The apparition of the Virgin to St Francis by Rubens. St Francis is on his knees receiving the Infant Christ from his mother: angels above, and another figure behind. The Virgin and Christ are in a wretched hard manner, and the characters are vulgar: there is indeed nothing excellent in this picture but the head of St Francis, and that is exquisite. The entire picture is engraved by Zoutman. There is a print of the head of St Francis alone by Cor. Vischer.

In the following chapel is an altar by Backereel; the apparition of the Virgin appearing to St Felix and another Friar. This is a successful imitation of Vandyck; the head of the Friar is excellent.

The great altar is the same subject as that of the Recollets; Christ between the two thieves: this is likewise by Rubens.

On each side hang two whole-lengths of St Peter and St Paul, not much to be admired on any account; they have not even harmony of colouring. St Peter's yellow drapery does not unite sufficiently with its ground, which is of a cold colour; and that of St Paul, which is purple, unites too much with its ground, which is a blue sky: this gives a heavy appearance in the picture. Whenever one sees a picture of Rubens that wants union, it may be justly suspected that it has been in the hand of some picture-cleaner, by whom it has been retouched. These two figures are engraved in one print, by Rem. Eynhovedts.

ANNUNCIATION NUNS.

St Justus, with two other figures, who appear astonished at seeing him with his head in his hands. Of this untoward subject Rubens has made an admirable picture, correctly drawn, and coloured in a more chaste manner than usual. The surprise of the two men is admirably expressed. The union between the figures and the ground is in the highest perfection. Some horsemen are seen at a distance in very spirited attitudes. Every part of this picture is touched in such a style that it may be considered as a pattern for imitation. Engraved by J. Witdonck.

An altar; St Francis in ecstacy, by Segers. The head and attitude of the Saint are well imagined; he is turning his head, as if he had been looking up to heaven; but the eyes are closed.

Another altar;—two angels, bearing a linen cloth, on which is the face of Christ, called Veronica; a good imitation of Vandyck, by Langen Jan.

THE CHURCH OF BEQUINAGE.

The great altar; a Pieta, by Vandyck. The Christ is not, as usual, supported on the Virgin's knees; Mary Magdalen is kissing his hand: St John behind as if bringing in a garment. The Virgin's head is admirable for drawing and expression. The figure of Christ is likewise finely drawn, every part carefully determined, but the colouring of this figure, and indeed of the picture in general, is a little too cold; there is likewise something defective in one of the hands of the Virgin. I have the study which Vandyck made for the Christ. There are too prints, by Pontius and Sneyers.

A Crucifixion by J. Jordaens; one of his best coloured pictures. The head of the Christ is lost in the shade, which perhaps was not ill-judged, unless he could have succeeded better in the St John and the Magdalen, which are abominable characters.

The Ascension by Ruckhorst, *alias* Langen Jan; extremely well coloured, in the manner of Vandyck.

THE CHURCH OF ST JAMES.

On the first pillar on the right as you enter the great door, is the Resurrection, by Van Balen, in the style of Rubens; it is his best work: above are the portraits of himself and his wife.

A Pieta by C. Schut, well drawn and coloured, something in the manner of Rubens.

Behind the choir is the chapel of the family of Rubens. The subject of the altar is the Virgin and infant Christ, St Jerome, St George, Mary Magdalen, and other Saints, male and female. Under the character of St George, it is supposed, is Rubens' own portrait; and Mary Magdalen and the Saint near her, are said to be the portraits of his two wives. For effect of colours this yields to none of Rubens' works, and the characters have more beauty than is common with him.

To a painter who wishes to become a colourist, or learn the art of producing a brilliant effect, this picture is as well worth the studying as any in Antwerp; it is as bright as if the sun shone on it. There are two prints of this picture, one by P. Pontius, and the other by Rem. Eynhovedts; the last has more of the effect of the picture.

The Last Judgment, by Van Heemsen. It has no effect from the figures not being disposed in groups, and from the light being equally dispersed over the picture. On the doors are portraits; on one side the father with four sons, on the other the mother with ten daughters, and a tall figure with a sword, probably St Catharine. The old woman looks pleased, and is a very natural countenance; all of them are handsome and admirably drawn: but the manner is very dry, like that of Holbein. The old Gothic school succeeds much better in

portraits than history; the reason is plain; imitating exactly what we see in nature, makes but a poor historical picture, but an admirable portrait.

THE ACADEMY OF PAINTERS.

We found here an Holy Family by Rubens, which is far from being one of his best pictures; it is that in which there is a parrot on the pedestal of a pillar, biting vine tendrils. By what accident this picture came here I never heard: it is scarce worthy to be considered as a pattern for imitation, though it must be acknowledged to be as well as many others of Rubens, which are dispersed about the world; its merit consists solely in being well coloured. It is not by such pictures Rubens acquired his reputation.—A print by Bolswert.

Here is a good portrait of a priest, by Vandyck, and the portraits of Francis Floris, and Quintin Matsys, by themselves. There are likewise some ordinary pictures of Otho Venius, Jordaens, Schut, and other less considerable painters: the Academy therefore is scarce worth seeing for any excellency in works of art. Here is shewn Rubens's chair with his name on it.

The Cabinets make but a very inconsiderable figure in Antwerp, in comparison of what is to be found in the churches. Those of M. Peters and M. Dasch are two of the most considerable.

THE CABINET OF M. PETERS.

A Roman Charity by Rubens, in his very best manner: the woman who is suckling her father is one of his most beautiful heads, and it has likewise great expression.

The inside of a stable by Rubens, in which he has introduced the Prodigal Son feeding with hogs: the whole has too much of a monotony; there wants variety of colours.

The unbelieving Priest, and another figure, attending at the altar, by Rubens: it is about half-life; of great harmony of colouring.

A Chancellor of Brabant, and another half-length, by Rubens.

Three whole-lengths, by Vandyck.

A half-length portrait, by Vandyck, of a lady gathering flowers: she is turning her back, and looking over her shoulder, with a very genteel air.

St John preaching in the wilderness, by Mola.

THE CABINET OF M. DASCH.

At Mr Dasch's is an admirable picture of Rubens; the story of Seleucus and Stratonice. The languishing air of the son, who is lying on a bed, is eminently beautiful: the whole is well composed.

A woman with a black veil, and a gentleman, by Rubens; both fine portraits, especially the woman.

Two Rembrandts, but not in his best style.

Opposite to the Rubens, is a Jupiter and Antiope, by Vandyck, (his first manner,) in perfect preservation. I think it impossible for colours to exceed this picture in brilliancy.

CABINET OF M. VAN HAVEREN.

M. Van Haveren has an admirable portrait by Rubens, known by the name of Chapeau de Paile, from her having on her head a hat and feather, airily put on; it has a wonderful transparency of colour, as if seen in the open air: it is upon the whole a very striking portrait but her breasts are as ill drawn as they are finely coloured.

Its companion, though equally well painted, from not having the same advantage of dress receives no attention.

MR STEVENS'S CABINET.

We must not forget a fine portrait of a gentleman by Rubens, which we saw at the house of Mr Stevens. And at the house of

M. LE CHANOINE VAN PARYS,

a portrait of Helena Forman, (Kitcat,) by Rubens; it is beautifully coloured, but a painter would say tamely painted, from the long continued lines of the eyes and mouth: this however appears only on a close inspection; for at a distance it seems perfectly well drawn, and an animated countenance; the hands are across, or rather one over the other, finely coloured and drawn; the ends of the fingers a little too thick for a fine hand: she is dressed in black with slashed sleeves.

THE CABINET OF M. DIRXENS.

Judas betraying Christ, by Vandyck: it is in his first manner, but not equal to others which I have seen of that age; the colouring is disagreeable from being too red.

AT MADAM BOSCHAERTS,

The Rape of the Sabines, by Rubens, is finely coloured and well composed. This picture is to be sold, if any body chooses to give for it 22,000 guilders, about two thousand two hundred pounds.

Taking leave of Flanders, we bade adieu at the same time to History Painting. Pictures are no longer the ornament of churches, and perhaps for that reason no longer the ornament of private houses. We naturally acquire a taste for what we have frequently before our eyes. No great historical picture is put up, which excites the curiosity of the town to see, and tempts the opulent to procure as an ornament to his own house: nothing of this kind being seen, historical paintings are not thought of, and go out of fashion; and the genius of the country, which, if room were given it, would expand itself, is exercised in small curious high-finished cabinet pictures.

It is a circumstance to be regretted, by painters at least, that the protestant countries have thought proper to exclude pictures from their churches: how far this circumstance may be the cause that no protestant country has ever produced a history-painter, may be worthy of consideration.

When we separated from the Church of Rome, many customs, indifferent in themselves, were considered as wrong, for no other reason, perhaps, but because they were adopted by the Communion from which we separated. Among the excesses which this sentiment produced, may be reckoned the impolitic exclusion of all ornaments from our churches. The violence and acrimony with which the separation was made, being now at an end, it is high time to assume that reason, of which our zeal seemed to have bereaved us. Why religion should not appear pleasing and amiable in its appendages, why the house of God should not appear as well ornamented and as costly as any private house made for man, no good reason I believe can be assigned. The truth is acknowledged, in regard to the external building, in Protestant as well as in Roman Catholic countries: churches are always the most magnificent edifices in every city: and why the inside should not correspond with its exterior, in this and every other Protestant country, it would be difficult for Protestants to state any reasonable cause.

Many other causes have been assigned, why history has never flourished in this country; but with such a reason at hand we need not look farther. Let there be buyers, who are the true Mæcenases, and we shall soon see sellers, vying with each other in the variety and excellence of their works. To those who think that wherever genius is, it must, like fire, blaze out, this argument is not addressed; but those who consider it not as a gift, but a power acquired by long labour and study, should reflect that no man is likely to undergo the fatigue required to carry any art to any degree of excellence, to which after he has done, the world is likely to pay no attention.

Sculpture languishes for the same reason, being, not with us, made subservient to our religion, as it is with the Roman Catholics. Almost the only demand for considerable works of sculpture arises from the monuments erected to eminent men. It is to be regretted that this circumstance does not produce such an advantage to the art as it might do, if, instead of Westminster-Abbey, the custom were once begun of having monuments to departed worth erected in St Paul's Cathedral. Westminster-Abbey is already full; and if the House of Commons should vote another monument at the public expense, there is no place, no proper place certainly, in the Abbey, in which it can be placed. Those which have been lately erected, are so stuck up in odd holes and corners, that it begins to appear truly ridiculous: the principal places have been long occupied, and the difficulty of finding a new nook or corner every year increases. While this Gothic structure is encumbered and overloaded with ornaments which have no agreement or correspondence with the taste and style of the building, St Paul's looks forlorn and desolate, or at least destitute of ornaments suited to the magnificence of the fabric. There are places designed by Sir Christopher Wren for monuments, which might become a noble ornament to the building, if properly adapted to their situations. Some parts might contain busts, some single figures, some groups of figures, some bas-reliefs, and some tablets with inscriptions only, according to the expense intended by him who should cause the monument to be erected. All this might be done under the direction of the Royal Academy, who

should determine the size of the figures, and where they should be placed, so as to be ornamental to the building.*

THE HAGUE.

Passing by Dort, Rotterdam, and Delft, where we saw no pictures, we proceeded to the Hague. The principal collection here is in the gallery of the Prince of Orange, in which are many excellent pictures, principally of the Dutch School.

GALLERY OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Here are many of the best works of Wouvermans, whose pictures are well worthy the attention and close examination of a Painter. One of the most remarkable of them is known by the name of THE HAY-CART; another in which there is a coach and horses, is equally excellent. There are three pictures hanging close together in his three different manners: his middle manner is by much the best; the first and last have not that liquid softness which characterises his best works. Beside his great skill in colouring, his horses are correctly drawn, very spirited, a beautiful form, and always in unison with their ground. Upon the whole, he is one of the few painters, whose excellence in his way is such as leaves nothing to be wished for.

A study of a Susanna, for the picture by Rembrandt, which is in my possession: it is nearly the same action, except that she is here sitting. This is the third study I have seen for this figure. I have one myself, and the third was in the possession of the late Mr Blackwood. In the drawing which he made for this picture, which I have, she is likewise sitting; in the picture she is on her legs, but leaning forward. It appears very extraordinary that Rembrandt should have taken so much pains, and have made at last so very ugly and ill-favoured a figure; but his attention was principally directed to the colouring and effect, in which it must be acknowledged he has attained the highest degree of excellence.

A picture of Dutch gallantry, by Mieris; a man pinching the ear of a dog which lies on his mistress's lap.

A boy blowing bubbles.

Two Vandeveldes.

Two portraits, Kitcat size, by Rubens, of his two wives; both fine portraits, but Eleanor Forman is by far the most beautiful, and the best coloured.

A portrait by Vandyck of Simon the painter. This is one of the very few pictures that can be seen of Vandyck, which is in perfect preservation: and on

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* Our author considered the plan which he has here sketched, as likely to be extremely beneficial to the Arts, and was so desirous that it should be carried into execution, that after it had been determined to erect a monument to Dr Johnson in Westminster-Abbey, and a place had been assigned for that purpose, he exerted all his influence with his friends, to induce them to relinquish the scheme proposed, and to consent that the monument of that excellent man should be erected in St Paul's; where it has since been placed—In conformity with these sentiments our author was buried in that cathedral; in which, I trust, Monuments to him, and to his illustrious friend, Mr Burke, will ere long be erected. M.

examining it closely it appeared to me a perfect pattern of portrait-painting: every part is distinctly marked, but with the lightest hand, and without destroying the breadth of light: the colouring is perfectly true to nature, though it has not the brilliant effect of sun-shine, such as is seen in Rubens's wife: it is nature seen by common day-light.

A portrait of a young man by Rembrandt, dressed in a black cap and feathers, the upper part of the face over-shadowed: for colouring and force nothing can exceed it.

A portrait by Holbein; admirable for its truth and precision, and extremely well coloured. The blue flat ground which is behind the head, gives a general effect of dryness to the picture: had the ground been varied, and made to harmonise more with the figure, this portrait might have stood in competition with the works of the best portrait-painters. On it is written,—"Henry Chessman, 1533."

A whole-length portrait of Charles the First, about a foot long, dressed in black, the crown and globe lying on the table, tolerably well painted by Henry Pott, a name I am unacquainted with:—the date on it 1632.*

The flight into Egypt, by Vanderwerf; one of his best: the back-ground is much cracked, an accident not unfrequent in his pictures.

A conversation by Terburg, a woman sitting on the ground leaning her elbow on a man's knee, and resting her head on her hand.

A kitchen by Teniers.

Two Ostades.

A landscape by Rubens; light and airy. It is engraved among the set of prints of Rubens's landscapes; it is that where two men are sawing the trunk of a tree.

The Virgin and Christ, by Vandyck, coloured in the manner of Rubens; so much so, as to appear at first sight to be of his hand; but the character of the child shews it to be Vandyck's.

Venus asleep on the bank of a canal, her reflection seen in the water; a satyr drawing off the drapery; two Cupids: she is lying with her back upwards.

Cattle, finely painted by Potter, remarkable for the strong reflection of one of them in the water:—dated 1648.

Two pictures of flowers and fruits with animals by Brueghel: one serves for a border to a bad portrait; the other to a picture of Rothenamer: the frames are much better than the pictures.

The inside of Delft church, by Hoogest, in which is represented the tomb of William Prince of Orange; it is painted in the manner of Dewit, but I think better:—dated 1651.

Fruit by De Heem; done with the utmost perfection.

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* Henry Pott, according to Descamps, was of Harlem, and drew portraits of the King and Queen of England, and of the principal nobility; but at what time is not specified. Lord Orford, (ANECD. OF PAINT. iii. 293, 8vo.) suggests that he probably drew Charles II. in his exile; but the date here given shews that he was in England in the early part of his father's reign.

A portrait of a lady, with a feather in her hand, by Vandyck; of which there is a print.

A woman with a candle, by Gerard Dow: engraved by Captain Baillie.

A woman writing, looking up, and speaking to another person; by Metzu.

Here are many of Jan Steen, excellently well painted, but I think they have less character and expression than is usual in his pictures.

There are some large pictures which take up too much room in this small gallery, more than their merit gives them any claim to; among which is a very large picture of Adam and Eve, said to be of Andrea Sacchi, which has been so much repaired, that no judgment can be formed who is the author.

A large hunting by Snyders, well painted, but it occupies too much space. His works, from the subjects, their size, and we may add, from their being so common, seem to be better suited to a hall or ante-room, than any other place.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

In the house in the Wood, about a mile out of town, we saw no pictures except those in the hall, which is painted on every side; and every recess and corner has some allegorical story, by Jordaens, Van Tulden, Lievens, or Honthorst. The different hands that have been here employed, make variety it is true; but it is VARIETY OF WRETCHEDNESS. A triumphal entry, by Jordaens, is the best, and this is but a confused business; the only part which deserves any commendation is, the four horses of the chariot, which are well painted: it is remarkable that the fore leg of each of the horses is raised, which gives them the formality of trained soldiers.

GREFFIER FAGEL.

CHARLES the First, the same as that in the gallery of the Prince: to this is added the Queen, and a child sitting on a table; the child is admirable.

A man driving cattle.

A girl receiving a letter from an old woman.

A woman asleep, a man putting aside her handkerchief; another laughing.

A family, by Brower.

A chymist, by Teniers.

A portrait of a lady, by Vandyck.

The Greffier has likewise a large and choice collection of drawings, many of which were bought in England, as appears from the marks of Sir Peter Lely and Richardson; and those are in general much superior to what he purchased from Baron Stosck.

THE CABINET OF M. VAN HECHEREN.

Two pictures by Ostade.

A Berghem.

Two of I. Steen.

A Vanderheyden.

A Wouvermans.

Birds small, mushrooms and weeds.

Flowers by Huysum, Mignon, and De Heem; the last the best.

A skirmish, where there is a mill on fire; admirable.

A Vanderwerf.

A Metzu.

A sketch of Rubens; Christ carrying the Cross.

A Bega, and a Polemburg.

A figure in white satin, by Terburg.

A Landscape, by Paul Potter; the animals admirably painted, the trees too much like wire.

A Du Jardin.

AMSTERDAM.—THE STADTHOUSE.

The best picture of this house is painted by Vander Helst. It represents a company of trained bands, about thirty figures, whole-length; among which the Spanish Ambassador is introduced shaking hands with one of the principal figures. This is perhaps the first picture, of portraits, in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait, than any other I have seen: they are correctly drawn, both head and figures, and well coloured; and have a great variety of action, characters and countenances, and those so lively and truly expressing what they are about, that the spectator has nothing to wish for. Of this picture I had before heard great commendations; but it as far exceeded my expectation, as that of Rembrandt fell below it. So far indeed am I from thinking that this last picture deserves its great reputation, that it was with difficulty I could persuade myself that it was painted by Rembrandt: it seemed to me to have more of the yellow manner of Boll. The name of Rembrandt, however, is certainly upon it, with the date, 1642. It appears to have been much damaged, but what remains seems to be painted in a poor manner. There are here many more large pictures of the same kind, with thirty or forty heads in each; they are as old as the time of Holbein, in his manner, and many of them nearly as well painted. I wished to learn the names of the artists, as they are doubtless the works of painters well known in the history of the art; but I could get no information.

A Freize over one of the doors in chiaro oscuro, by De Witt, is not only one of the best deceptions I have seen, but the boys are well drawn; the cieling and side of the room in colours are likewise by him, but a poor performance. The academy of painting is a part of this immense building: in it are two admirable pictures, composed entirely of portraits, one by Rembrandt, and the other by Bartholomew Vander Helst. That of Rembrandt contains six men dressed in black; one of them who has a book before him, appears to have been reading a lecture; the top of the table not seen. The heads are finely painted, but not superior to those of his neighbour. The subject of Vander Helst is the society of archers bestowing a premium: they appear to be investing some person with an order. The date on this is 1657 ; on the Rembrandt 1661.

THE WHARF OFFICE.

At the office of the Commissary of the Wharfs is one of Vandervelde's most capital pictures: it is about twelve feet long; a view of the Port of Amsterdam, with an infinite quantity of shipping.

SURGEONS' HALL.

The Professor Tulpius dissecting a corpse which lies on the table, by Rembrandt. To avoid making it an object disagreeable to look at, the figure is but just cut at the wrist. There are seven other portraits coloured like nature itself, fresh and highly finished. One of the figures behind has a paper in his hand, on which are written the names of the rest: Rembrandt has also added his own name, with the date, 1672. The dead body is perfectly well drawn, (a little fore-shortened,) and seems to have been just washed. Nothing can be more truly the colour of dead flesh. The legs and feet, which are nearest the eye, are in shadow: the principal light, which is on the body, is by that means preserved of a compact form. All these figures are dressed in black.

Above stairs is another Rembrandt, of the same kind of subject; Professor Deeman standing by a dead body, which is so much fore-shortened, that the hands and the feet almost touch each other: the dead man lies on his back with his feet towards the spectator. There is something sublime in the character of the head, which reminds one of Michael Angelo; the whole is finely painted, the colouring much like Titian.

THE CABINET OF MR HOPE.

Two swans, ducks, and peacocks; admirable.

Merry making, two of the figures dancing.

A dead swan, and dead hare; perfect every way: beyond Hondekoeter.

An excellent Vanderheyden.

A Du Jardin; like Potter, but better than that which hangs below it.

Two little beautiful Vanderveldes.

A Rothenamer.

Three figures, very natural; by Ostade.

A woman asleep; a figure tickling her nose; a man lighting his pipe; a lantern, and a woman with a candle, behind.

The Virgin in the clouds surrounded with angels, by Vandyck.

Cattle and a shepherd, by Albert Cuyp, the best I ever saw of him; and the figure is likewise better than usual: but the employment which he has given the shepherd in his solitude is not very poetical: it must, however, be allowed to be truth and nature; he is catching fleas or something worse.

A Vandervelde.

A Terburg. A lady playing on a guitar, dressed as usual in a white satin petticoat, and a red gown edged with ermine.

A Wouvermans.—A Gabriel Metzu.—A Berghem.—A Metzu.

Dead game, small, by P Gyzsen; highly finished, and well coloured.

A Wouvermans, the best I ever saw. A gentleman and lady on horseback; he has an umbrella in his hand, and he is talking to another horseman who has his hat off: a man before them playing on a bagpipe, followed by a man and a woman dancing: behind at a distance, other figures dancing to another musician, who stands elevated against a great tree.

A Landscape by Adrian Vandervelde; very fine.

A view of a church by Vander Heyden, his best; two black friars going up steps. Notwithstanding this picture is finished as usual very minutely, he has

not forgot to preserve at the same time a great breadth of light. His pictures have very much the effect of nature, seen in a camera obscura.

The inside of the great church at Antwerp, by Peter Neess.

A Landscape by Adrian Vandervelde; the outside of a garden: the highest and most successfully finished picture that perhaps there is in the world, of this painter; it is beautifully coloured, and has vast force. The cattle are finely drawn, and in very difficult attitudes.

A view of Campo Vaccino, by Linglebach.

The death of Cleopatra, by Lairesse. Her figure is well drawn, and in an attitude of great grace; but the style is degraded by the naturalness of the white satin, which is thrown over her. A woman lies dead at the feet of the bed. This picture is as highly finished as a Vanderwerf, but in a much better style, excepting the drapery, which is not equal to Vanderwerf. Vanderwerf painted what may be truly called drapery; this of Lairesse is not drapery, it is white satin.

A dead stag, by Weeninx.

An oyster-feast by J. Steen, in which is introduced an excellent figure of old Mieris, standing with his hands behind him.

A woman reading a letter; the milk-woman who brought it, is in the meantime drawing a curtain a little on one side, in order to see the picture under it, which appears to be a sea-view.

A large and capital picture of Backhuysen.

Three pictures of Vanderwerf; a Magdalene, Lot and his daughters, Christ and St Thomas. The drapery of St Thomas is excellent; the folds long continued unite with each other, and are varied with great art.

A woman at a window with a hare in her hand; bright colouring, and well drawn; a dead cock, cabbage, and carrots, lying before her. The name of Gerard Dow is written on the lantern which hangs on one side. The space under the window is filled with the bas-relief of boys with a goat, which he so often painted, after Fiamingo. This part is at least equally well painted with the figure.

An old man by Mieris, with a glass of wine and shrimps on the table: a woman behind, scoring the reckoning; a fiddle lying in the window.

Christ asleep in the storm, by Rembrandt. In this picture there is a great effect of light, but it is carried to a degree of affectation.

The assumption of the Virgin, by Vandyck; a faint picture, at least it appears so in comparison of those contiguous: it unluckily hangs near a Rembrandt. She is surrounded by little angels; one of them is peeping archly at you under a bundle of drapery, with which he has covered himself: this comicalness is a little out of its place. There is a print by Vosterman.

THE CABINET OF M. GART.

This house is full of pictures, from the parlour to the upper story. We begin at the top.

Two fine pictures of Terburg; the white satin remarkably well painted. He seldom omitted to introduce a piece of white satin in his pictures. As I reprobated the white satin in the picture of the death of Cleopatra by Lairesse, and make no objection here, it must be remembered that the subject of Lairesse's

picture is heroic, and he has treated it in the true historical style, in every respect, except in his white satin, but in such pictures as Terburg painted, the individuality and naturalness of the representation makes a considerable part of the merit.

Dead swans by Weeninx, as fine as possible. I suppose we did not see less than twenty picture of dead swans by this painter.

A harvest, by Wouvermans.

A Canal by Vanderheyden, highly finished and finely coloured.

Snick and See, by Jan Steen.

A butcher's shop, an ox hanging up, opened, by Rembrandt; a woman looking over a hatch, so richly coloured, that it makes all the rest of the pictures seem dry.

The pillaging of a village by Turks, a soldier driving off the cattle; well composed and finely coloured.

A trumpeter at a window, by G. Dow; his face in shadow; his hand receives the principal light; admirably drawn and coloured.

St Peter and St Paul curing the lame man, by Eeckhout. Some parts of this picture are so exactly like Rembrandt, that a connoisseur might without disgrace at first sight mistake it for his.

An old woman with a large book before her, looking up at a bird in a cage, by Metzu, one of the best of this master.

Travellers resting on the road, their galled horses grazing by them, a Wouvermans.

Two Hondekoeters.

A conversation of portraits, by Vanderhelst.

Cattle, by Adrian Vandervelde.

Bacchanalians, by Jordaens.

Drinking and Gaming, by J. Steen, a large composition of about twenty figures, well drawn and coloured, one of the women who has thrown her leg over a bagpipe-player, has a great degree of beauty.

Two Teniers, guard-rooms.

A Paul Potter.

Another Jan Steen.

Still-life, by Van de Hende, a wonderful instance of patience in finishing, particularly a globe, on which is seen the map of Europe.

Flowers, by V. Huysum.

A Bamboccio.

An admirable portrait by Rubens.

A portrait, by Frank Hals.

A portrait, by Rembrandt.

THE CABINET OF MR LE BRUN.

Dead hare, &c., by Weeninx.

Tobias taking leave of his father, his mother with a spinning wheel.

A fresh gale, by Everdingen, like Backhuysen, but the light mellower.

A woman pouring milk from one vessel to another, by D. Vandermeere.

Cattle, by Vander Does, admirable, with great facility.

A nativity, by Polemberg.

A Linglebach, a Vanderheyden, and a Crabache.

A group of ships, by Vandervelde, a calm, admirable.

Flower pieces, by Rachael Roos.

A view of a country house, by Berkheyden, a little harder than Vanderheyden.

St John writing the Apocalypse, two boy angels, the Virgin in the clouds. It is a rare instance to see an Italian picture here.

Portraits of Terburg and his wife, small whole-lengths.

A woman with a child sucking, a boy beating a drum; behind, figures drinking; over a door is written—SALUS PATRIÆ, with Jan Steen's name in gold letters. There is great force in this picture.

The pillaging of a village, by Wouvermans.

Inside of a room, with a woman and child. Its companion, a woman sweeping.

THE account which has now been given of the Dutch pictures is, I confess, more barren of entertainment, than I expected. One would wish to be able to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense, succeeds but ill, when applied to another.

A market-woman with a hare in her hand, a man blowing a trumpet, or a boy blowing bubbles, a view of the inside or the outside of a church, are the subjects of some of their most valuable pictures; but there is still entertainment, even in such pictures, however uninteresting their subjects, there is some pleasure in the contemplation of the truth of the imitation. But to a painter they afford likewise instruction in his profession; here he may learn the art of colouring and composition, a skilful management of light and shade, and indeed all the mechanical parts of the art, as well as in any other school whatever. The same skill which is practised by Rubens and Titian in their large works, is here exhibited, though on a smaller scale. Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge.

We must be contented to make up our idea of perfection from the excellencies which are dispersed over the world. A poetical imagination, expression, character, or even correctness of drawing, are seldom united with that power of colouring, which would set off those excellencies to the best advantage, and in this, perhaps, no school ever excelled the Dutch. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain.

The most considerable of the Dutch school are, Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Metzu, and Terburg, these excel in small conversations. For landscapes and cattle, Wouvermans, P. Potter, Berghem, and Ruysdael; and for buildings, Vanderheyden. For sea-views, W. Vander-

velde, jun. and Backhuysen. For dead game, Weeninx and Hondekoeter. For flowers, De Heem, Vanhuysum, Rachael Roos, and Brueghel. These make the bulk of the Dutch school.

I consider those painters as belonging to this school, who painted only small conversations, landscapes, &c. Though some of those were born in Flanders, their works are principally found in Holland; and to separate them from the Flemish School, which generally painted figures as large as life, it appears to me more reasonable to class them with the Dutch painters, and to distinguish those two schools rather by their style and manner, than by the place where the artist happened to be born.

Rembrandt may be considered as belonging to both or either, as he painted both large and small pictures.

The works of David Teniers, jun. are worthy the closest attention of a painter, who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled; there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness, which is difficult to execute.

Jan Steen has a strong manly style of painting, which might become even the design of Raffaelle, and he has shewn the greatest skill in composition, and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures.

The landscapes of Ruysdael have not only great force, but have a freshness which is seen in scarce any other painter. What excellence in colouring and handling is to be found in the dead game of Weeninx.

A clearness and brilliancy of colouring may be learned by examining the flower-pieces of De Heem, Huysum, and Mignon, and a short time employed in painting flowers would make no improper part of a painter's study. Rubens's pictures strongly remind one of a nosegay of flowers, where all the colours are bright, clear, and transparent.

I have only to add, that in this account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention. It is not to be supposed that those are the whole of the Cabinets described, perhaps in a collection of near a hundred pictures, not ten are set down; their being mentioned at all, therefore, though no epithet may be added, implies excellence.

I have been more particular in the account of Mr Hope's Cabinet, not only because it is acknowledged to be the first in Amsterdam, but because I had an opportunity (by the particular attention and civility of its possessors) of seeing it oftener, and considering it more at my leisure, than any other collection.

DUSSELDORP GALLERY.

This gallery is under the care of Mr Lamburt Kraye, who likewise is the director of the Academy.

The easy access which you have to this collection of pictures, seeing it as often, and staying in it as long as you please, without appearing to incommode any body, cannot but be very pleasing to strangers, and very advantageous to the students in painting, who seem to have the same indulgence, for we found many

copying in the gallery, and others in a large room above stairs, which is allotted for that purpose. I could not help expressing to Mr Kraye the pleasure I felt, not only at the great conveniency with which I saw the gallery, but likewise at the great indulgence granted to the students. He said it was the Elector's wish to afford the most perfect accommodation to those who visit the collection, but in regard to the students, he took some credit to himself in procuring for them that advantage. When he first asked the Elector's leave for students to copy the pictures in the gallery, the Prince refused, and the reason he assigned was, that those copies afterwards would be sold for originals, and thus, by multiplying, depreciate the value of the collection. Mr Kraye answered, that those who could make such copies were not persons who spent their time in copying at all, but made originals of their own invention; that the young students were not likely to make such copies as would pass for originals with any but the ignorant, and that the mistakes of the ignorant were not worth attention; he added, that as his Highness wished to produce artists in his own country, the refusing such advantages to young students would be as unwise, as if a patron of learning, who wished to produce scholars, should refuse them the use of a library. The Elector acquiesced, and desired him to do whatever he thought would contribute to advance the art.

FIRST ROOM.

The first picture which strikes the eye on entering the gallery, is a Merry-making of Jordaens, which is by far the best picture I ever saw of his hand. There is a glow of colours throughout, and vast force, every head and every part perfectly well drawn; vulgar tumultuous merriment was never better expressed, few pictures of Rubens are superior. There is a little grey about the women's dress, the rest are all warm colours, and strong shades.

Four whole-length pictures by Vandyck, all dressed in black, three men and one woman. They are all fine portraits, in his high-finished manner.

Christ with a cross, receiving the four penitents, Mary Magdalen, Peter, David, and the penitent thief. This picture does no great honour to Vandyck; the head of the Magdalen is badly drawn, and David is but a poor character, he looks as much like a thief, as the thief here represented, the naked arm of Christ is badly drawn, the outline quick and short, not flowing; the only excellence which this picture possesses is the general effect, proceeding from the harmony of colouring.

Here is an immense picture of Gaspar de Crayer, mentioned not on account of its excellence in my own opinion, but from its being in such high estimation in this country, and it is certainly one of his largest works. Though it cannot be said to be defective in drawing or colouring, yet it is far from being a striking picture. There is no union between his figures and the ground, the outline is every where seen, which takes away the softness and richness of effect, the men are insipid characters, and the women want beauty. The composition is something on the plan of the great picture of Rubens in the St Augustins at Antwerp, that is, the subject is of the same kind, but there is a great difference indeed in their degree of merit. The dead and cold effect of this picture, as well as many others of modern masters in this gallery, sets off those of Rubens to great ad-

vantage. It would be a profitable study for a young painter to look from those pictures to Rubens, and compare them again and again, till he has investigated and fixed in his mind the cause and principles of such brilliant effects in one instance, and of failure (when there is failure) in the other.

Dead game, boar and stag-hunting, by Snyders, De Vos, Fytt, and Weeninx, the Weeninx is the most remarkably excellent.

"Take up thy bed and walk," by Vandyck, in the manner of Rubens. This picture appears to be painted about the time when he did that of the four penitents, it has the same defects and the same beauties. A print by Pontius.

Soldiers playing at Moro ; a duplicate of one in the gallery of the Duke of Rutland.

A pieta, by Vandyck, in the manner of Rubens. Mr Kraye is of opinion, that it is painted by Rubens, this difference of opinion among connoisseurs shews sufficiently how much the first manner of Vandyck was like that of Rubens. He is almost the only instance of a successful imitation, however, he afterwards had a manner of his own.

St John is blubbering in a very ungracious manner. The attitude of the Christ would be admirable, if the head had not so squalid an appearance. The whole figure of Christ is equally light, which, with the help of the white linen on the Virgin's knee, makes a large mass of light, her head and the head of Mary Magdalen make the lesser lights. St John's drapery, which is a light red, makes the light lose itself by degrees in the ground.

SECOND ROOM.

In the next room are three admirable pictures by Vandyck, St Sebastian, Susanna, and a Pieta. The first two were done when he was very young, highly coloured, in the same manner as the Jupiter and Antiope at Mr Dasch's at Antwerp, a picture on the same subject in the possession of Lord Coventry, his own portrait at the Duke of Grafton's, and the portrait of Rubens in my possession, he never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring, it kills every thing near it. Behind are figures on horseback, touched with great spirit. This is Vandyck's first manner, when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the sun in the room; in his pictures afterwards he represented the effects of common day-light, both were equally true to nature, but his first manner carries a superiority with it, and seizes our attention, whilst the pictures painted in his latter manner run a risk of being overlooked.

The Pieta is also finely coloured, (though not of that splendid kind,) correctly drawn, and finished with the utmost care and precision.

There are likewise three other pictures of Vandyck in this room, one of them is the Virgin and Child, and St John, the Virgin looking down on the St John, who is presenting his label to Christ. The two others are small pictures ; the assumption of St Rosalia, and the Virgin presenting St Rosalia to the Trinity ; both very indifferent performances.

Two whole-length portraits of ladies. Of that in black the colours are flown; her face is whiter than her linen.

A girl sleeping on the ground, by Amoroso; simple, and natural.

But the picture which is most valued here, and which gives name to the room

is the Gerard Dow; a Mountebank haranguing from his stage to figures of different ages, but I cannot add—of different characters, for there is in truth no character in the picture. It is very highly finished, but has nothing interesting in it. Gerard Dow himself is looking from a window with his palette and pencils in his hand. The heads have no character, nor are any circumstances of humour introduced. The only incident is a very dirty one, which every one must wish had been omitted, that of a woman clouting a child. The rest of the figures are standing round, without invention or novelty of any kind. This is supposed to be the largest composition that he ever made, his other works being little more than single figures, and it plainly appears that this was too much for him,—more than he knew how to manage. Even the accessories in the back-ground are ill managed and disproportioned; a stump of a tree is too small, and the weeds are too large, and both are introduced with as much formality as if they were principal objects. Upon the whole the single figure of the woman holding a hare in Mr Hope's collection, is worth more than this large picture, in which perhaps there is ten times the quantity of work.

THIRD ROOM.

NOLI ME TANGERE, of Barocci. The figures have not much grace; the Magdalen looks as if she was scratching her head, it is, however, finely coloured. There is a print of this picture.

A holy family, of Raffaelle, Christ and St John attending to each other, the Virgin sitting on the ground looking at Elizabeth, St Joseph behind with both hands on his staff, which all together make a very regular pyramid. The Virgin is beautiful, as are likewise the children, indeed the whole is to be admired, but the colouring has a disagreeable yellow cast, it is in his first manner.

An immense picture of the Ascension of the Virgin, by Carlo Cignani, heavy and in no point excellent; a proper companion for the large picture of Gaspar de Crayer.

Susanna and the two Elders, by Domenichino. She is sitting at a fountain, the two Elders are behind a balustrade; her head is fine, as are those of the old men, but it is, upon the whole, but a poor barren composition. There is as much expression in the Susanna as perhaps can be given, preserving at the same time beauty, but the colour is inclinable to chalk, at least it appears so after looking at the warm splendid colours of Rubens, his full and rich composition makes this look cold and scanty. She is awkwardly placed by herself in the corner of the picture, which appears too large for the subject, the canvas not being sufficiently filled.

Here are many Luca Giordanos, which are composed in a picturesque manner, and some very ordinary pictures of Paolo Veronese.

At the further end are two picturesque compositions of Luca Giordano, the feeding of the Multitude, and the Elevation of the Cross, where he has disposed of a vast mob of people with great skill, in Tintoret's manner, and if they had his, or rather Paul Veronese's colouring, these would be considered as very extraordinary pictures, but there is here a want of briskness and brilliancy of colour, a kind of clay colour seems to predominate in his pictures. When one looks at

Luca Giordano, and sees a work well composed, well drawn, and with good keeping, one wonders how he has missed being a great name.

A crucifixion of Tintoret, with a great number of figures, but ill composed, and full of small spots of light; parts of this picture, however, are not ill painted.

A fine portrait of Vesalius the Anatomist when young, by Tintoret. He has a skirrous bone in his left hand, the other holds a compass, he looks at the spectator with a most penetrating eye. It is apparently the same countenance as the engraved portrait prefixed to his works, but much younger.

Christ putting in the Sepulchre, by Annibal Caracci. This appears to have been one of his best works, it is finely drawn and composed, and the Christ is in graceful attitudes.

Under this picture is an ECCE HOMO, a head only, said to be of Correggio, but apparently of Domenico Feti. It should seem by this mistake that there is a resemblance in the manner of Domenico Feti to that of Correggio; what there is, which is very little, lies in the colouring; there is something of a transparent and pearly tint of colour in this head, but the character is much inferior to Correggio; it is in heads or small parts of pictures, only, that perhaps some resemblance may be discovered; in the larger works of Domenico Feti nobody can be deceived.

A Carlo Dolci; Madonna and Bambino with a lily. This is one of his best works, the expression of the Virgin is very beautiful; the Christ, which is a little figure at length, though not excellent, is still better than his children generally are.

Two portraits dressed in rags, like beggars, by Luca Giordano, in imitation of Spagnolet's manner, well painted. They are said to be his own and his father's picture. I have seen a portrait by Caravaggio, painted by himself, in the same style, it is difficult to find out the wit or humour of this conceit of being drawn in the character of beggars.

A holy-family by Camillo Procaccini, his best, finely coloured, the Christ's head admirable.

St Jerome, said to be by Paul Veronese, but certainly by Giacomo Bassan.

FOURTH ROOM.

THE most distinguished pictures in this room are the Vanderwerfs, which are twenty-four in number. Three of them are as large as life, a Magdalen, whole-length, and two portraits. The Magdalen was painted as a companion to the St John of Raffaelle, but it was not thought even by his friends and admirers that he had succeeded, however, he certainly has spared no pains, it is as smooth and as highly finished as his small pictures, but his defects are here magnified, and consequently more apparent. His pictures, whether great or small, certainly afford but little pleasure. Of their want of effect it is worth a painter's while to enquire into the cause. One of the principal causes appears to me, his having entertained an opinion that the light of a picture ought to be thrown solely on the figures, and little or none on the ground or sky. This gives great coldness to the effect, and is so contrary to nature and the practice of those painters with whose works he was surrounded, that we cannot help wondering how he fell into this mistake.

His naked figures appear to be of a much harder substance than flesh, though his outline is far from cutting, or the light not united with the shade, which are the most common causes of hardness; but it appears to me that, in the present instance, the hardness of manner proceeds from the softness and union being too general; the light being everywhere equally lost in the ground or its shadow, for this is not expressing the true effect of flesh, the light of which is sometimes losing itself in the ground, and sometimes distinctly seen, according to the rising or sinking of the muscles: an attention to these variations is what gives the effect of suppleness, which is one of the characteristics of a good manner of colouring.

There is in nature a certain proportion of bluntness and sharpness: in the medium between those two extremes, the true and perfect art of imitating consists. If the sharp predominate, it gives a dry manner; if the blunt predominate, it makes a manner equally removed from nature; it gives what painters call woolliness and heaviness, or that kind of hardness which is found in those pictures of Vanderwerf.

In describing Vanderwerf's manner, were I to say that all the parts everywhere melt into each other, it might naturally be supposed that the effect would be a high degree of softness, but it is notoriously the contrary, and I think for the reason that has been given, his flesh has the appearance of ivory, or plaister, or some other hard substance. What contributes likewise to give this hardness, is a want of transparency in this colouring, from his admitting little or no reflections of light. He has also the defect which is often found in Rembrandt; that of making his light only a single spot. However, to do him justice, his figures and his heads are generally well drawn, and his drapery is excellent; perhaps there are in his pictures as perfect examples of drapery as are to be found in any other painter's works whatever.

There are likewise in this room eight Rembrandts; the chief merit of which consists in his peculiarity of manner,—of admitting but little light, and giving to that little a wonderful brilliancy. The colouring of Christ in the Elevation of the Cross, cannot be exceeded; it is exactly the tint of Vandyck's Susanna in the other room; but whether the ground of this picture has been repainted, or the white horse, which was certainly intended to make the mass of light broader, has lost its brightness, at present the Christ makes a disagreeable string of light.

In reality here are too many Rembrandts brought together: his peculiarity does not come amiss, when mixed with the performances of other artists of more regular manners; the variety then may contribute to relieve the mind, fatigued with regularity.

The same may be said of the Vanderwerfs: they also are too numerous. These pictures, however, tire the spectator for reasons totally opposite to each other; the Rembrandts have too much salt, and the Vanderwerfs too much water, on neither of which we can live. These Rembrandts are now engraving by ———. The storm at Mr Hope's seems to belong to this set.

A portrait of a Gentleman by Titian, a Kitcat: one hand a-kembo, the hand itself not seen, only a bit of the ruffle; the other, the left, rests on what appears to be his sword; he is looking off. This portrait has a very pleasing countenance, but is not painted with much facility, nor is it at all mannered, the sha-

dows are of no colour; the drapery being black, and the ground being very near as dark as it, prevents the arm a-kembo from having a bad effect. It is no small part of our art to know what to bring forward in the light, and what to throw into shade.

The portraits of Flink and his Wife, said to be of Rembrandt, but I think, from the yellow bad taste of colouring, that they are rather by Flink himself.

The rest of the pictures in this room are but ordinary, if we except a picture by Jordaens, of the Satyr blowing hot and cold, which is equally well painted with the feast above mentioned. He ought never to have attempted higher subjects than satyrs, or animals, or men little above beasts; for he had no idea of grace or dignity of character; he makes therefore a wretched figure in grand subjects. He certainly, however, understood very well the mechanical part of the art; his works are generally well coloured, and executed with great freedom of hand.

Over the door, the tribute money, by Pietro Genöese: the characters as usual, wretched; particularly St Peter. It is wonderful by what fatality this painter finds his way into great collections: he has no merit in drawing or colouring, that is by any means sufficient to compensate for the meanness and vulgarity of his ideas.

A Susanna and the two Elders, the same as the Duke of Devonshire's; this likewise appears original.

A Virgin and child, and St Joseph, by Pietro da Cortona, painted in guazzo; the child is of a red brick colour, and the whole wants harmony.

The Assumption of the Virgin, said to be by Guido, but it is undoubtedly a copy. It has that regularity of composition, which is frequent with Guido; two large angels and two little angels on each side, and two cherubims, regularly placed in the middle, under the Virgin's feet. This formality is certainly a defect in Guido, however it might become other painters who have adopted a style of more dignity.

The upper part of three sides of this room are surrounded with a continued picture in chiaro-oscuro, as large as life, said to be by Polydore; but it is in the wretched taste of Goltzius.

FIFTH ROOM.

The fifth room is furnished almost entirely with the works of Rubens. On the right hand, Silenus with satyrs; one of Rubens' highest coloured pictures, but not superior to that on the same subject at Blenheim. The composition of this varies in many points; the naked Bacchante is here omitted, and there is an addition of a female satyr lying with her children drunk on the ground.

The companion is, Diogenes with a lantern, looking for an honest man, among a multitude of insipid half length figures: this is not in Rubens' best manner of painting.

The nativity, with many angels; admirably composed: the nearest shepherd is particularly well drawn and coloured. One of the angels, who has her arms crossed on her breast, with curled hair, like the Antinous, seems to be copied from Parmigiano: it is much out of Rubens' common manner.

Boys by Rubens, playing with or carrying a festoon of fruit, painted by Snyders; some of the boys the same as those in the banquetting-house: it is one

of Rubens' best pictures both for colouring and drawing; it is indeed soft and rich as flesh itself.

Though the flowers are painted with all that beauty of colour which is in nature, yet Rubens has preserved such brightness and clearness in his flesh, though in contact with those flowers, as perhaps no other painter could have done. This picture is now engraving by Mr Schimdz, who is an excellent artist, and there is no doubt of the prints being well done; but more than half its merit must be lost for want of Rubens' colour, though some of the boys, particularly that lying on the ground, are extremely well drawn.

We now come to the last four pictures of Rubens which are in this gallery, and which make a considerable part of it. Two of these represent the Last Judgment, and the other two the expulsion of the rebel angels.

The largest of these four is the Last Judgment, which almost fills the end of the gallery. There is nothing very interesting in this picture: perhaps there is too great a quantity of flesh to have an agreeable effect. Three naked women, and a naked man, join together to make the great mass of light of the picture. One of the women, who is looking out of the picture, has for that reason the appearance of a portrait, and is said to be one of Rubens' wives; and a figure rising out of a grave, in the foreground, is said to be his own portrait; but certainly neither of these suppositions is well founded.

The next large picture is, Michael combating the Fallen Angels. Michael is but an ungraceful figure: his red mantle has but a heavy appearance ; it seems as if it were only laid in flat, to be afterwards finished. The picture has certainly suffered by cleaning: there wants upon the whole a solidity of effect.

The next is called the small Last Judgment. As in the large picture the blessed are the most conspicuous: here the damned make in a manner the subject of the composition: the blessed are faintly represented at a distance in the upper part of the picture, near Christ and the Virgin Mary. This picture is far superior to the large one on the same subject in every respect.

But there is another picture of the Fallen Angels, of the same size as this, which even exceeds it. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the powers of Rubens, without having seen this picture: he seems here to have given a loose to the most capricious imagination in the attitudes and invention of his fallen angels, who are tumbling one over the other, "*with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition.*"

If we consider the fruitfulness of invention which is discovered in this work, or the skill which is shewn in composing such an infinite number of figures, or the art of the distribution of the light and shadow, the freedom of hand, the facility with which it seems to be performed, and what is still more extraordinary, the correctness and admirable taste of drawing of figures fore-shortened, in attitudes the most difficult to execute, we must pronounce this picture to be one of the greatest efforts of genius that ever the art has produced.

RUBENS' ROOM.

Here are three large pictures; Laban reconciled to his brother, the Ascension of the Virgin and the Cloven Tongues, (both fine compositions,) and St Lawrence, the same as the print; the colouring of the latter appears raw.

The Battle of the Amazons, (not much larger than the print,) painted in varnish. The woman who lies dead at the bottom, with her head downwards, is beautifully coloured, in the manner of the women in the picture of fallen angels; and though not of a correct form, has a grand free open outline. This appears to be painted at the same time of his life that he painted the fall of the angels, which is in his best manner: it is a pity that the date is not known. Its companion is Sampson and Dalila.

A small picture of the fall of St Paul, much in the same style as his own picture. The horse of St Paul is in a remarkable fine attitude, and there is great spirit and bustle through the whole picture. Tameness or insipidity is not the character of Rubens: in whatever he employs his figures, they do their business with great energy.

A Madonna and Bambino, by Rubens, with flowers by Brueghel, and eleven boy angels surrounding the garland, who are beautifully coloured, equally brilliant with the flowers.

A landscape with a double rainbow quite across the picture, very slight: the varnish seems to be off this picture likewise.

A finished small picture of the St Christopher, the same as on the door of the descent from the Cross at Antwerp.

Rubens and his Wife, when he was a young man, for his portrait here appears not above two or three and twenty: his wife is very handsome, and has an agreeable countenance. She is by much the best part of the picture, which is rather in a hard manner. The linen is grey: he was at this period afraid of white.

Over the door is a portrait of a lady, whole-length, with her hand on a dog's head; a gentleman behind: a boy (her son) by her side, with a hawk, and a dwarf behind the dog. This is called Lord and Lady Arundel, but certainly does not contain their portraits. The arms on the curtain have a lion and unicorn for supporters, and the Garter as a label under.

On the right side is Castor and Pollux, with two horses carrying away two women: it is a fine piece of colouring, but the composition too artful.

Its companion is, Fame crowning Mars: the Fame is too red, as well as the rest of the picture.

Seneca dying, copied from the statue: it is much to be suspected that this picture was not painted by Rubens. The companion to this is, the four repentant sinners coming to Christ.

The Battle of Senacherib is the companion to the fall of St Paul. In this picture there is a great repose of shadow in large masses; the figures and horses are full of animation.

About ten portraits by Rubens: the best are, De Ney, a priest, with a skull in his hand, and Dr Van Tulden in black, holding in his hand a book shut.

Rubens's Wife, a head; the same as that at Marlborough house.

Philip the Fourth of Spain, and his Queen.

On one of the window-shutters, (if they may be so called,) which open inwardly, on purpose to hang small pictures on them, and turn back like doors, so as to place the pictures on them, in any light, is a portrait, (three quarters,) by Vandyck; dressed in black, looking off, with part of his right hand appearing, which holds his cloak. It is as finely drawn as that which we saw at the Prince

of Orange's gallery, in as perfect preservation, and of a brighter tint: more like the colouring of Rubens: it is finished, like enamel; the nose and eyes remarkably finely drawn. Mr Kraye told me that there was a print of this portrait by Sandrart, and that he was a worker in silver.

An ECCE HOMO on another window, by Johannes de Hemissen, dated 1544: not mentioned for its excellence, but because we see many pictures of his, and particularly his children, which are attributed in every collection to Lionardo da Vinci.

COLOGNE.

ST PETER crucified with his head downwards, by Rubens; painted a little time before his death. The body and head of the Saint are the only good parts in the picture, which is finely coloured, (broad light and shade,) and well drawn; but the figure bends too suddenly from the thighs, which are ill drawn, or rather in a bad taste of drawing; as is likewise his arm, which has a short interrupted outline. The action of the malefactors has not that energy which he usually gave to his figures. Rubens, in his letter to Geldorp, expresses his own approbation of this picture, which he says was the best he ever painted: he likewise expresses his content and happiness in the subject, as being picturesque: this is likewise natural to such a mind as that of Rubens, who was perhaps too much looking about him for the picturesque, or something uncommon. A man with his head downwards is certainly a more extraordinary object than in its natural place. Many parts of this picture are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting that Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars.

This picture is of great fame, I suppose from the letter of Rubens, where he says, it was or would be his best work. We went from Dusseldorp to Cologne on purpose to see it; but it by no means recompensed us for our journey. From Cologne we made an excursion to Bernsburgh, a hunting-seat of the Elector Palatine, which we found very different from what we had been taught to expect. The three rooms painted by Weeninx, however excellent in their kind, are not better, nor even so good as what we had seen before of his hand, in the gallery of Dusseldorp. His figures as large as life, which he is fond of introducing, are very indifferent, if not bad. His dead game certainly cannot be too much admired; but a sample is enough: here is too much of it. His portraits are such as no one would hang up in his house, if they were not accompanied with his birds and animals.

The Frescos on the walls and ceiling are by Belluci Pellegrino, and other late painters, not worth a minute's attention. We saw a picture of the Slaughter of the Innocents, by old Brueghel, the same as one I had seen before in some part of Holland; and I have another myself. This painter was totally ignorant of all the mechanical art of making a picture; but there is here a great quantity of thinking, a representation of variety of distress, enough for twenty modern pictures. In this respect he is like Donne, as distinguished from the modern versifiers, who, carrying no weight of thought, easily fall into that false gallop of verses which Shakspeare ridicules in "As you like it."

There is the same difference between the old portraits of Albert Durer or

Holbein, and those of the modern painters: the moderns have certainly the advantage in facility, but there is a truth in the old painters, though expressed in a hard manner, that gives them a superiority.

At Cologne, in the possession of one of the family of Jabac, is the famous picture by Le Brun, containing the portrait of Jabac, his wife, and four children*. It is much superior to what I could conceive Le Brun capable of doing in the Portrait style. She is sitting on his left hand, with four children about her, and a greyhound, equally correct and well painted with the rest. Jabac himself is much in shadow, except the face. Le Brun is represented by his picture on a canvas which is placed on an easel: before him lie prints, drawings, port-crayons, and a large gold bust of Alexander. The portraits are equal to the best of Vandyck; but there is a heaviness in the effect of the picture, which Vandyck never had, and this is its only defect.

AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,

in the church of the Capuchins, is the Adorations of the Shepherds, by Rubens: it appears to be much damaged, but it never was a very striking picture.—There is a print of it by——. A Shepherdess, not a very poetical one, is making an offering of an hen's egg to the Virgin, having already given three eggs, which lie by the infant Christ, who is sucking the Virgin: neither of them take any notice of the shepherdess: if the Virgin may be said to be looking at any thing, it is at the egg in the woman's hand. A shepherd with his hand to his hat, as if going to pull it off, appears to be well painted; and the ox is admirably well done.

St Francis receiving the *stimata*, seems likewise to be by Rubens, but is not much to be admired.

LIEGE.

In the great church is the Ascension of the Virgin, by Lairesse. Parts of this picture are well painted, but it has no effect upon the whole, from the want of large masses. His manner is not open, and appears too restrained for large pictures. The same defect is observable in pictures of Poussin, where the figures are as large as life, and in those of Vanderwerf. We are creatures of habit, and a painter cannot change his habits suddenly; he cannot, like the fallen angels of Milton, increase or diminish at pleasure.

LOUVAIN.

Aux Dames Blanches—The Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens: a slight performance. The Virgin holds the Infant but awkwardly, appearing to pinch the thigh. This picture is said to have been painted in eight days, and he was paid for it 800 florins; about £80 English. A print by Lauvers. The Virgin and Christ, and the principal of the Magi, are much the same as in my sketch, except that he kneels instead of standing.

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* This picture is now (1797) in the collection of Mr Hope, late of Amsterdam. M.

In the church of St Pierre are some pictures of the old masters; one said to be of Quintin Matsys; another about the same age, representing some Saint, who appears to refuse a mitre, which is placed before him; a composition of near an hundred figures, many in good attitudes, natural and well invented. It is much more entertaining to look at the works of these old masters, than slight common-place pictures of many modern painters.

CHARACTER OF RUBENS.

The works of men of genius alone, where great faults are united with great beauties, afford proper matter for criticism. Genius is always eccentric, bold, and daring; which, at the same time that it commands attention, is sure to provoke criticism. It is the regular, cold, and timid composer, who escapes censure, and deserves no praise.

The elevated situation on which Rubens stands in the esteem of the world is alone a sufficient reason for some examination of his pretensions.

His fame is extended over a great part of the Continent, without a rival; and it may be justly said that he has enriched his country, not in a figurative sense only, by the great examples of art which he left, but by what some would think a more solid advantage, the wealth arising from the concourse of strangers whom his works continually invite to Antwerp, which would otherwise have little to reward the visit of a connoisseur.

To the city of Dusseldorp he has been an equal benefactor. The gallery of that city is considered as containing one of the greatest collections of pictures in the world; but if the works of Rubens were taken from it, I will venture to assert, that this great repository would be reduced to at least half its value.

To extend his glory still further, he gives to Paris one of its most striking features, the Luxembourg Gallery*: and if to these we add the many towns,

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* This was written before France had been disgraced, and plundered, and desolated, by the unparalleled atrocities of those sanguinary and ferocious savages, who for seven years past have deluged that country with blood; while they have waged war against every principle that binds man to man, against all the arts and all the elegancies of life; against beauty, virtue, law, social order, true liberty, religion, and even humanity itself. The collection of the Luxembourg Gallery, representing Henry the Fourth, Mary of Medicis, and their children, with all the splendour of royalty, has without doubt long since fallen a sacrifice to their barbarous rage, and shared the same fate with the fine statue of that monarch, which formerly stood on the Pont Neuf, and which has been battered to pieces.—The other great collection of pictures, however, of which Paris formerly boasted, that of the Palais Royal, has not suffered among the numerous works of art which have been destroyed; having been fortunately saved from their merciless fangs by the necessities and precaution of the owner, the detestable author and fomenter of their iniquities; who, happily for the world, though most cruelly, basely, and unjustly, so far as regards the perpetrators of the act, was some time since worried and mangled by those hell-hounds which he let loose against mankind.—Previously to his being murdered by his fellow-regicides, the Duke of Orleans contrived to dispose of the whole of his great collection, which was sent to England. The Flemish part of it was sold in London in the year 1793, and the pictures of the Italian school are safely preserved in the same metropolis. M.

churches, and private cabinets, where a single picture of Rubens confers eminence, we cannot hesitate to place him in the first rank of illustrious painters.

Though I still entertain the same general opinion both in regard to his excellencies and his defects, yet having now seen his greatest compositions, where he has more means of displaying those parts of his art in which he particularly excelled, my estimation of his genius is of course raised. It is only in large compositions that his powers seem to have room to expand themselves. They really increase in proportion to the size of the canvas on which they are to be displayed. His superiority is not seen in easel pictures, nor even in detached parts of his greater works; which are seldom eminently beautiful. It does not lie in an attitude, or in any peculiar expression, but in the general effect, in the genius which pervades and illuminates the whole.

I remember to have observed in a picture of Diatreci, which I saw in a private cabinet at Brussels, the contrary effect. In that performance there appeared to be a total absence of this pervading genius; though every individual figure was correctly drawn, and to the action of each as careful an attention was paid, as if it were a set Academy figure. Here seemed to be nothing left to chance: all the nymphs (the subject was the Bath of Diana) were what the ladies call in attitudes: yet, without being able to censure it for incorrectness or any other defect, I thought it one of the coldest and most insipid pictures I ever beheld.

The works of Rubens have that peculiar property always attendant on genius, to attract attention, and enforce admiration in spite of all their faults. It is owing to this fascinating power that the performances of those painters with which he is surrounded, though they have perhaps fewer defects, yet appears spiritless, tame, and insipid; such as the altar-pieces of Crayer, Schut, Segers, Huysum, Tyssens, Van Balen, and the rest. They are done by men whose hands, and indeed all their faculties, appear to have been cramped and confined: and it is evident that every thing they did was the effect of great labour and pains. The productions of Rubens, on the contrary, seem to flow with a freedom and prodigality, as if they cost him nothing; and to the general animation of the composition there is always a correspondent spirit in the execution of the work. The striking brilliancy of his colours, and their lively opposition to each other, the flowing liberty and freedom of his outline, the animated pencil with which every object is touched, all contribute to awaken and keep alive the attention of the spectator; awaken in him, in some measure, correspondent sensations, and make him feel a degree of that enthusiasm with which the painter was carried away. To this we may add the complete uniformity in all the parts of the work, so that the whole seems to be conducted, and grow out of one mind; every thing is of a piece, and fits its place. Even his taste of drawing and of form appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition, than if he had adopted any other manner, though that manner, simply considered, might be better: it is here as in personal attractions; there is frequently found a certain agreement and correspondence in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.

Rubens appears to have had that confidence in himself, which it is necessary for every artist to assume, when he has finished his studies, and may venture in some measure to throw aside the fetters of authority; to consider the rules as

subject to his control, and not himself subject to the rules; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations, and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art. After Rubens had made up his manner, he never looked out of himself for assistance: there is consequently very little in his works, that appears to be taken form other masters. If he has borrowed any thing, he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work, that the theft is not discoverable.

Beside the excellency of Rubens in these general powers, he possessed the true art of imitating. He saw the objects of nature with a painter's eye; he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished; and as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility that is astonishing: and let me add, this facility is to a painter, when he closely examines a picture, a source of great pleasure. How far this excellence may be perceived or felt by those who are not painters, I know not: to them certainly it is not enough that objects be truly represented; they must likewise be represented with grace; which means here, that the work is done with facility, and without effort. Rubens was, perhaps, the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art, the best workman with his tools, that ever exercised a pencil.

This part of the art, though it does not hold a rank with the powers of invention, of giving character and expression, has yet in it what may be called genius. It is certainly something that cannot be taught by words, though it may be learned by frequent examination of those pictures which possess this excellence. It is felt by very few Painters: and it is as rare at this time among the living Painters as any of the higher excellencies of the art.

This power, which Rubens possessed in the highest degree, enabled him to represent whatever he undertook better than any other painter. His animals, particularly lions and horses, are so admirable, that it may be said they were never properly represented but by him. His portraits rank with the best works of the Painters who have made that branch of the art the sole business of their lives; and of those he has left a great variety of specimens. The same may be said of his landscapes; and though Claude Lorrain finished more minutely, as becomes a Professor in any particular branch, yet there is such an airiness and facility in the landscapes of Rubens, that a Painter would as soon wish to be the author of them, as those of Claude, or any other artist whatever.

The pictures of Rubens have this effect on the spectator, that he feels himself in no wise disposed to pick out and dwell on his defects. The criticisms which are made on him are indeed often unreasonable. His style ought no more to be blamed for not having the sublimity of Michael Angelo, than Ovid should be censured because he is not like Virgil.

However, it must be acknowledged that he wanted many excellencies, which would have perfectly united with his style. Among those we may reckon beauty in his female characters: sometimes indeed they make approaches to it; they are healthy and comely women, but seldom, if ever, possess any degree of elegance: the same may be said of his young men and children: his old men have that sort of dignity which a bushy beard will confer; but he never possessed a poetical conception of character. In his representations of the highest characters in the

christian or the fabulous world, instead of something above humanity, which might fill the idea which is conceived of such beings, the spectator finds little more than mere mortals, such as he meets with every day.

The incorrectness of Rubens in regard to his outline oftener proceeds from haste and carelessness, than from inability: there are in his great works, to which he seems to have paid more particular attention, naked figures as eminent for their drawing as for their colouring. He appears to have entertained a great abhorrence of the meagre dry manner of his predecessors, the old German and Flemish Painters; to avoid which, he kept his outline large and flowing: this, carried to an extreme, produced that heaviness which is so frequently found in his figures. Another defect of this great Painter is his inattention to the foldings of his drapery, especially that of his women: it is scarcely ever cast with any choice or skill.

Carlo Maratti and Rubens are in this respect in opposite extremes; one discovers too much art in the disposition of drapery, and the other too little. Rubens' drapery, besides, is not properly historical; the quality of the stuff of which it is composed, is too accurately distinguished, resembling the manner of Paul Veronese. This drapery is less offensive in Rubens than it would be in many other painters, as it partly contributes to that richness which is the peculiar character of his style, which we do not pretend to set forth as of the most simple and sublime kind.

The difference of the manner of Rubens, from that of any other painter before him, is in nothing more distinguishable than in his colouring, which is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists. The effect of his pictures may be not improperly compared to clusters of flowers; all his colours appear as clear and as beautiful: at the same time he has avoided that tawdry effect which one would expect such gay colours to produce ; in this respect resembling Barocci more than any other painter. What was said of an ancient painter, may be applied to those two artists,—that their figures look as if they fed upon roses.

It would be a curious and a profitable study for a painter to examine the difference and the cause of that difference of effect in the works of Correggio and Rubens, both excellent in different ways. The preference probably would be given according to the different habits of the connoisseur: those who had received their first impressions from the works of Rubens would censure Correggio as heavy; and the admirers of Correggio would say Rubens wanted solidity of effect. There is lightness, airiness, and facility in Rubens, his advocates will urge, and comparatively a laborious heaviness in Correggio; whose admirers will complain of Rubens' manner being careless and unfinished, whilst the works of Correggio are wrought to the highest degree of delicacy: and what may be advanced in favour of Correggio's breadth of light will by his censurers be called affected and pedantic. It must be observed that we are speaking solely of the manner, the effect of the picture; and we may conclude, according to the custom in pastoral poetry, by bestowing on each of these illustrious painters a garland, without attributing superiority to either.

To conclude; I will venture to repeat in favour of Rubens, what I have before said in regard to the Dutch school,—that those who cannot see the extraordinary merit of this great painter, either have a narrow conception of the variety of art, or are led away by the affectation of approving nothing but what comes from the Italian school.

THE

ART OF PAINTING,

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

WITH ANNOTATIONS

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

EPISTLE

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

When *Dryden*, worn with sickness, bow'd with years,
Was doom'd (my friend, let pity warm thy tears,)
The galling pang of penury to feel,
For ill-placed loyalty, and courtly zeal,
To see that laurel which his brows o'erspread,
Transplanted droop on *Shadwell's* barren head,
The Bard oppress'd, yet not subdued by fate,
For very bread descended to translate:
And he, whose fancy, copious as his phrase,
Could light at will expression's brightest blaze,
On Fresnoy's lay employ'd his studious hour;
But niggard there of that melodious power,
His pen in haste the hireling task to close
Transform'd the studied strain to careless prose,
Which, fondly lending faith to French pretence,
Mistook its meaning, or obscur'd its sense.

Yet still he pleas'd, for *Dryden* still must please,
Whether with artless elegance and ease
He glides in prose, or from its tinkling chime,
By varied pauses, purifies his rhyme,
And mounts on Maro's plumes, and soars his heights sublime.

This artless elegance, this native fire
Provok'd his tuneful heir * to strike the lyre,
Who, proud his numbers with that prose to join,
Wove an illustrious wreath for friendship's shrine.

How oft, on that fair shrine when Poets bind
The flowers of song, does partial passion blind
Their judgment's eye! How oft does truth disclaim
The deed, and scorn to call it genuine fame!

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* Mr Pope, in his Epistle to Jervas, has these lines:

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art with Dryden's native fire.

How did she here, when Jervas was the theme,
Waft thro' the ivory gate the Poet's dream!
How view, indignant, error's base alloy
The sterling lustre of his praise destroy.
Which now, if praise like his my Muse could coin,
Current through ages, she would stamp for thine!

Let friendship, as she caus'd, excuse the deed;
With thee, and such as thee, she must succeed.

But what, if fashion tempted Pope astray?
The witch has spells, and Jervas knew a day
When mode-struck Belles and Beaux were proud to come
And buy of him a thousand years of bloom.*

Ev'n then I deem it but a venal crime:
Perish alone that selfish sordid rhyme,
Which flatters lawless sway, or tinsel pride;
Let black Oblivion plunge it in her tide.

From fate like this my truth-supported lays,
Ev'n if aspiring to thy pencil's praise,
Would flow secure: but humbler aims are mine;
Know, when to thee I consecrate the line,
'Tis but to thank thy genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day:
Those candid strictures, those reflections new,
Refin'd by taste, yet still as nature true,
Which, blended here with his instructive strains,
Shall bid thy art inherit new domains;
Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule
And guide (what thou hast form'd) a British School.

And, O, if aught thy Poet can pretend
Beyond his favourite wish to call thee friend,
Be it that here his tuneful toil has drest
The Muse of Fresnoy in a modern vest;
And, with that skill his fancy could bestow,
Taught the close folds to take an easier flow;
Be it, that here thy partial smile approv'd
The pains he lavish'd on the art he lov'd.

W. MASON.

Oct. 10, 1782.

* Alluding to another couplet in the same Epistle:

Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours *for a thousand years.*

PREFACE.

The poem of M. du Fresnoy, when considered as a treatise on Painting, may unquestionably claim the merit of giving the leading principles of the art with more precision, conciseness, and accuracy, than any work of the kind that has either preceded or followed it; yet as it was published about the middle of the seventeenth century, many of the precepts it contains have been so frequently repeated by later writers, that they have lost the air of novelty, and will, consequently, now be held common; some of them too may, perhaps, not be so generally true as to claim the authority of absolute rules: Yet the reader of taste will always be pleased to see a Frenchman holding out to his countrymen the study of nature, and the chaste models of antiquity, when (if we except Le Seur and Nicolo Poussin, who were Fresnoy's contemporaries) so few painters of that nation have regarded either of these archetypes. The modern artist also will be proud to emulate that simplicity of style, which this work has for more than a century recommended; and which, having only very lately got the better of fluttering drapery and theatrical attitude, is become one of the principal tests of picturesque excellence.

But if the text may have lost somewhat of its original merit, the notes of M. du Piles, which have hitherto accompanied it, have lost much more. Indeed it may be doubted whether they ever had merit in any considerable degree. Certain it is that they contain such a parade of common place quotation, with so small a degree of illustrative science, that I have thought proper to expel them from this edition, in order to make room for their betters.

As to the poetical powers of my author, I do not suppose that these alone would ever have given him a place in the numerous libraries which he now holds; and I have, therefore, often wondered that M. de Voltaire, when he gave an account of the authors who appeared in the age of Louis XIV. should dismiss Fresnoy, with saying, in his decisive manner, that "his poem has succeeded with such persons as could bear to read Latin verse," not of the Augustan age.* This is the criticism of a mere poet. Nobody, I should suppose, ever read Fresnoy to admire, or even criticise his versification, but either to be instructed by him as a painter, or improved as a Virtuoso.

* Du Frenoi (Charles) né à Paris 1611, peintre & poete. Son poeme de la peinture a reussi aupres de ceux qui peuvent lire d'autres vers Latins que ceux du siecle d'Auguste.

It was this latter motive only, I confess, that led me to attempt the following translation, which was begun in very early youth, with a double view of implanting in my own memory the principles of a favourite art, and of acquiring a habit of versification, for which purpose the close and condensed style of the original seemed peculiarly calculated, especially when considered as a sort of school exercise. However, the task proved so difficult, that when I had gone through a part of it I remitted of my diligence, and proceeded at such separate intervals, that I had passed many posterior productions through the press before this was brought to any conclusion in manuscript; and after it was so, it lay long neglected, and would certainly have never been made public, had not Sir Joshua Reynolds requested a sight of it, and made an obliging offer of illustrating it by a series of his own notes. This prompted me to revise it with all possible accuracy; and as I had preserved the strictures which my late excellent friend Mr Gray had made many years before on the version, as it then stood, I attended to each of them in their order with that deference which every criticism of his must demand. Besides this, as much more time was now elapsed since I had perused the copy, my own eye was become more open to its defects. I found the rule which my author had given to his painter full as useful to a writer:

(Ast ubi consilium deerit sapientis amici,
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermissa labori.)

And I may say, with truth, that having become from this circumstance, as impartial, if not as fastidious, to my own work, as any other critic could possibly have been, I hardly left a single line in it without giving it, what I thought, an emendation. It is not, therefore, as a juvenile work that I now present it to the public, but as one which I have improved to the utmost of my mature abilities, in order to make it more worthy of its Annotator.

In the preceding epistle I have obviated, I hope, every suspicion of arrogance in attempting this work after Mr Dryden. The single consideration that his version was in prose were in itself sufficient; because, as Mr Pope has justly observed, verse and even rhyme is the best mode of conveying preceptive truths, "as in this way they are more shortly expressed and more easily retained *." Still less need I make an apology for undertaking it after Mr Wills, who in the year 1754, published a translation of it in metre without rhyme †.

This gentleman, a painter by profession, assumed for his motto,

Tractant fabrilia fabri;

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* See his advertisement before his Essay on Man.

† I call it so rather than blank verse, because it was devoid of all harmony of

but however adroit he might be in handling the tools of his own art, candour must own that the tools of a Poet and a translator were beyond his management: attempting also a task absolutely impossible, that of expressing the sense of his author in an equal number of lines, he produced a version, which (if it was ever read through by any person except myself) is now totally forgotten. Nevertheless I must do him the justice to own, that he understood the original text; that he detected some errors in Mr Dryden's translation, which had escaped Mr Jervas (assisted, as it is said, by his friend Mr Pope) in that corrected edition which Mr Graham inscribed to the Earl of Burlington: and that I have myself sometimes profited by his labours. It is also from his edition that I reprint the following Life of the Author, which was drawn up from Felibien and other Biographers by the late Dr. Birch, who, with his usual industry, has collected all they have said on Fresnoy's subject.

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numbers. The beginning, which I shall here insert, is a sufficient proof of the truth of this assertion :—

As painting, poesy, so similar
To poesy be painting : emulous
Alike, each to her sister doth refer,
Alternate change the office and the name ;
Mute verse is this, that speaking picture call'd.

From this little specimen the reader will easily form a judgment of the whole.

THE

LIFE

OF

MONS. DU FRESNOY.

Charles Alphonse du Fresnoy was born at Paris in the year 1611. His father, who was an eminent apothecary in that city, intending him for the profession of physic, gave him as good an education as possible. During the first year, which he spent at the college, he made a very considerable progress in his studies : but as soon as he was raised to the higher classes, and began to contract a taste of poetry, his genius for it opened itself, and he carried all the prizes in it, which were proposed to excite the emulation of his fellow-students. His inclination for it was heightened by exercise; and his earliest performances showed that he was capable of becoming one of the greatest poets of his age, if his love of painting, which equally possessed him, had not divided his time and application. At last he laid aside all thoughts of the study of physic, and declared absolutely for that of painting, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, who, by all kinds of severity, endeavoured to divert him from pursuing his passion for that art, the profession of which they unjustly considered in a very contemptible light. But the strength of his inclination defeating all the measures taken to suppress it, he took the first opportunity of cultivating his favourite study.

He was nineteen or twenty years of age when he began to learn to design under Francis Perier; and having spent two years in the school of that painter, and of Simon Voüet, he thought proper to take a journey into Italy, where he arrived in the end of 1633, or the beginning of 1634.

As he had, during his studies, applied himself very much to that of geometry, he began, upon his coming to Rome, to paint landscapes, buildings, and ancient ruins. But, for the first two years of his residence in that city, he had the utmost difficulty to support himself, being abandoned by his parents, who resented his having rejected their advice in the choice of his profession ; and the little stock of money which he had provided before he left France, proving scarce sufficient for the expences of his journey to Italy. Being destitute, therefore, of friends and acquaintance at Rome, he was reduced to such distress, that his chief subsistence for the greatest part of that time was bread and a small quantity of cheese. But he diverted the sense of uneasy circumstances by an intense and indefatigable application to painting, till the arrival of the celebrated Peter Mignard, who had been the companion of his studies under Voüet, set him more at ease. They immediately engaged in the strictest friendship, living together in the same house, and being commonly known at Rome by the name of the INSEPARABLES ; they were employed by the Cardinal of Lyons in copying all the best pieces in the Farnese Palace. But their principal study was the works of Raffaelle and other great masters, and the antiques; and they were constant in their attendance every evening at the Academy, in designing after models. Mignard had superior talents in practice; but Du Fresnoy was a greater master of the rules, history, and theory of his profession. They communicated to each other their remarks and sentiments ; Du Fresnoy furnishing his friend with noble and excellent ideas, and the latter instructing the former to paint with greater expedition and ease.

Poetry shared with Painting the time and thoughts of Du Fresnoy, who, as he penetrated into the secrets of the latter art, wrote down his observations ; and having at last acquired a full knowledge of the subject, formed a design of writing a Poem upon it, which he did not finish till many years afterwards, when he had consulted the best writers, and examined with the utmost care the most admired pictures in Italy.

While he resided there he painted several pictures, particularly the Ruins of the Campo Vaccino, with the City of Rome in the figure of a woman ; a young woman of Athens going to see the monument of a lover ; Æneas carrying his father to his tomb ; Mars finding Lavinia sleeping on the banks of the Tyber descending from his chariot, and lifting up the veil which covered her, which is one of his best pieces : the birth of Venus, and that of Cupid. He had a peculiar esteem for the works of Titian, several of which he copied, imitating that excellent Painter in his colouring, as he did Caracci in his design.

About the year 1653, he went with Mignard to Venice*, and travelled

* This is the account of Mons. Felibien, *Entretiens sur les vies et sur les ouvrages des plus excellens peintres*, tom. 11. edit. *Lond.* 1705, p. 333. But the

throughout Lombardy; and during his stay in that city painted a Venus for Signor Mark Paruta, a noble Venetian, and a Madonna, a half-length. These pictures showed that he had not studied those of Titian without success. Here the two friends separated, Mignard returning to Rome, and Du Fresnoy to France. He had read his poem to the best painters in all places through which he passed, and particularly to Albano and Guercino, then at Bologna; and he consulted several men famous for their skill in polite literature.

He arrived at Paris in 1656, where he lodged with Mons. Potel, Greffier of the Council, in the street Beautreillis, where he painted a small room; afterwards a picture for the Altar of the church of St Margaret in the suburb St Antoine. Mons. Bordier, Intendant of the Finances, who was then finishing his house of Rinci, now Livry, having seen this picture, was so highly pleased with it, that he took Du Fresnoy to that house, which is but two leagues from Paris, to paint the Salon. In the ceiling was represented the burning of Troy; Venus is standing by Paris, who makes her remark how the fire consumes that great city; in the front is the God of the River, which runs by it, and other deities; this is one of his best performances, both for disposition and colouring. He afterwards painted a considerable number of pictures for the cabinets of the curious, particularly an altar-piece for the church of Lagni, representing the Assumption of the Virgin and the twelve Apostles, all as large as life. At the Hotel d'Erval (now d'Armenonville) he painted several pictures, and among them a ceiling of a room with four beautiful landscapes, the figures of which were by Mignard. As he understood architecture very well, he drew for Mons. de Vilargelé all the designs of a house which that gentleman built four leagues from Avignon; as likewise those for the Hotel de Lyonne, and for that of the Grand Prior de Souvré. The high altar of the Filles-Dieu, in the street of St Denis, was also designed by him.

Though he had finished his poem before he had left Italy, and communicated it, as has been already mentioned, to the best judges of that country, yet, after his return to France, he continued still to revise it, with a view to treat more at length of some things, which did not seem to him sufficiently explained. This employment took up no small part of his time, and was the reason of his not having finished so many pictures as he might otherwise have done. And though he was desirous to see his work in print, he thought it improper to publish it without a French translation, which he deferred undertaking from time to time, out of diffidence of his own skill in his native language, which he had in

late author of *Abrege de les vies des plus fameux peintres*, part. 11. p. 284, edit. Par. 1745, in 4to, says, that Fresnoy went to Venice without Mignard; and that the latter, being importuned by the letters of the former, made a visit to him in that city.

some measure lost by his long residence in Italy. Mons. de Piles was therefore at last induced, at his desire, and by the merit of the Poem, to translate it into French, his version being revised by Du Fresnoy himself: and the latter had begun a commentary upon it, when he was seized with a palsy, and after languishing four or five months under it, died at the house of one of his brothers at Villiers-le-bel, four leagues from Paris, in 1665, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in the parish-church there. He had quitted his lodgings at Mons. Potel's, upon Mignard's return to Paris in 1658, and the two friends lived together from that time till the death of Du Fresnoy.

His poem was not published till three years after his death, when it was printed at Paris in duodecimo, with the French version and remarks of Mons. de Piles, and has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity.

THE

ART OF PAINTING,

WITH THE

ORIGINAL TEXT SUBJOINED.

THE ART OF PAINTING.

True poetry the Painter's power displays;
True Painting emulates the Poet's lays;
The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid silent Poetry the canvas warm,
The tuneful page with speaking picture charm.
What to the ear sublimer rapture brings,
That strain alone the Genuine Poet sings;
That form alone where glows peculiar grace,
The genuine Painter condescends to trace:
No sordid theme will verse or paint admit,
Unworthy colours, if unworthy wit.
From you, blest Pair! Religion deigns to claim
Her sacred honours; at her awful name
High o'er the stars you take your soaring flight,
And rove the regions of supernal light;
Attend to lays that flow, from tongues divine,
Undazzled gaze where charms seraphic shine;
Trace beauty's beam to its eternal spring,
And pure to man the fire celestial bring.

DE ARTE GRAPHICA.

Ut Pictura Poesis erit; similisque Poesi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem,
Alternantque vices et nomina; muta Poesis
Dicitur hæc, Pictura loquens solet illa vocari.
Quod fuit auditu gratum cecinere Poetæ;
Quod pulchrum aspectu Pictores pingere curant:
Quæque Poetarum numeris indigna fuére,
Non eadem Pictorum operam studiumque merentur:
Ambæ quippe sacros ad religionis honores
Sidereos superant ignes, aulamque tonantis
Ingressæ, Divûm aspectu, alloquioque fruuntur;
Oraque magna Deûm, et dicta observata reportant,
Cœlestemque suorum operum mortalibus ignem.

Then round this globe on joint pursuit ye stray,
Time's ample annals studiously survey;
And from the eddies of Oblivion's stream
Propitious snatch each memorable theme.
Thus to each form, in heaven, and earth, and sea,
That wins with grace, or awes with dignity,
To each exalted deed, which dares to claim
The glorious meed of an immortal fame,
That meed ye grant. Hence, to remotest age,
The Hero's soul darts from the Poet's page,
Hence from the canvas still, with wonted state,
He lives, he breathes, he braves the frown of Fate,
Such powers, such praises, heaven-born Pair belong
To magic colouring, and creative song.
But here I pause, nor ask Pieria's train,
Nor Phœbus self to elevate the strain;
Vain is the flow'ry verse, when reasoning sage
And sober precept fill the studied page;
Enough if there the fluent numbers please,
With native clearness, and instructive ease.
Nor shall my rules the Artist's hand confine,
Whom practice gives to strike the free design;
Or banish fancy from her fairy plains,
Or fetter Genius in didactic chains:

Inde per hunc Orbem studiis coëuntibus errant,
Carpentes quæ digna sui, revolutaque lustrant
Tempora, quærendis consortibus argumentis.
Denique quæcunque in cœlo, terrâque, marique
Longius in tempus durare, ut pulchra merentur,
Nobilitate suâ, claroque insignia casu,
Dives et ampla manet Pictores atque Poetas
Materies; inde alta sonant per sæcula mundo
Nomina, magnanimis Heroibus inde superstes
Gloria, perpetuoque operum miracula restant:
Tantus inest divis honor artibus atque potestas.
Non mihi Pieridum chorus hic, nec Apollo vocandus,
Majus ut eloquium numeris, aut gratia fandi
Dogmaticis illustret opus rationibus horrens:
Cum nitidâ tantum et facili digesta loquelâ,
Ornari præcepta negent, contenta doceri.
Nec mihi mens animusve fuit constringere nodos
Artificum manibus, quos tantùm dirigit usus;
Indolis ut vigor inde potens obstrictus hebescat,
Normarum numero immani, Geniumque moretur:

No, 'tis their liberal purpose to convey
That scientific skill which wins its way
On docile nature and transmits to youth,
Talents to reach, and taste to relish truth;
While inborn Genius from their aid receives
Each supplemental art that practice gives.
(a) 'Tis Painting's first chief business to explore,
What lovelier forms in Nature's boundless store
Are best to art and ancient taste allied,
For ancient taste those forms has best applied.
Till this be learn'd, how all things disagree!
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!
The fool to native ignorance confin'd,
No beauty beaming on his clouded mind;
Untaught to relish, yet too proud to learn,
He scorns the grace his dulness can't discern.
Hence reason to caprice resigns the stage,
And hence that maxim of the ancient Sage,
"Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curst,
"Bad painters and bad poets are the worst."
When first the orient rays of beauty move
The conscious soul, they light the lamp of love;
Love wakes those warm desires that prompt our chace,
To follow and to fix each flying grace;
But earth-born graces sparingly impart
The symmetry supreme of perfect art:

Sed rerum ut pollens ars cognitione, gradatim
Naturæ sese insinuet, verique capace
Transeat in Genium; Geniusque usu induat artem.
(b) Præcipua imprimis artisque potissima pars est,
Nosse quid in rebus natura creârit ad artem
Pulchrius, idque modum juxta, mentemque vetustam;
Quâ sine barbaries cæca et temararia pulchrum
Negligit, insultans ignotæ audacior arti,
Ut curare nequit, quæ non modo noverit esse;
Illud apud veteres fuit unde notabile dictum,
"Nil Pictore malo securius atque Poetâ."
Cognita amas, et amata cupis, sequerisque cupita;
Passibus assequeris tandem quæ fervidus urges:
Illa tamen quœ pulchra decent; non omnia casus
Qualiacumque dabunt, etiamve simillima veris:

(a) I. Of the Beautiful. (b) I. De Pulchro.

For tho' our causal glance may sometimes meet
With charms that strike the soul, and seem complete,
Yet if those charms too closely we define,
Content to copy nature line for line,
Our end is lost. Not such the Master's care,
Curious he culls the perfect from the fair;
Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realm he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies;
With nimble step pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along.
(*c*) Yet some there are who indiscreetly stray,
Where purblind practice only points the way;
Who every theoretic truth disdain,
And blunder on mechanically vain.
Some too there are, within whose languid breasts
A lifeless heap of embryo knowledge rests,
When nor the pencil feels their drowzy art,
Nor the skill'd hand explains the meaning heart.
In chains of sloth such talents droop confin'd:
'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.
Hear then the Muse; tho' perfect beauty towers
Above the reach of her descriptive powers,
Yet will she strive some leading rules to draw
From sovereign Nature's universal law;
Stretch her wide view o'er ancient Art's domain,
Again establish reason's legal reign,

Nam quamcumque modo servili haud sufficit ipsam
Naturam exprimere ad vivum: sed ut arbiter artis,
Seliget ex illâ tantùm pulcherrima Pictor;
Quodque minus pulchrum, aut mendosum, corriget ipse
Marte suo, formæ Veneres captando fugaces.
(*d*) Utque manus grandi nil nomine practica dignum
Assequitur, primum arcanæ quam deficit artis
Lumen, et in præceps abitura ut cæca vagatur;
Sic nihil ars operâ manuum privata supremum
Exequitur, sed languet iners uti vincta lacertos;
Dispositumque typum non linguâ pinxit Apelles.
Ergo licet totâ normam haud possimus in arte
Ponere, (cum nequeant quæ sunt pulcherrima dici,)
Nitimur hæc paucis, scrutati summa magistræ
Dogmata Naturæ, artisque exemplaria prima
Altius intuiti; sic mens habilisque faculta

(*c*) II. Of Theory and Practice. (*d*) II. De Speculatione et Praxi.

Genius again correct with science sage,
And curb luxuriant fancy's headlong rage.
"Right ever reigns its stated bounds between,
"And taste, like morals, loves the golden mean."
(*e*) Some lofty theme let judgment first supply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majesty;
For fancy copious, free to every charm
That lines can circumscribe or colours warm;
Still happier, if that artful theme dispense
A poignant moral and instructive sense,
(*f*) Then let the virgin canvas smooth expand,
To claim the sketch and tempt the Artist's hand:
Then, bold INVENTION, all the powers diffuse,
Of all thy sisters thou the noblest Muse:
Thee every art, thee every grace inspires,
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brightest fires.
(*g*) Choose such judicious force of shade and light
As suits the theme, and satisfies the sight;
Weigh part with part, and with prophetic eye
The future power of all thy tints descry;
And those, those only on the canvas place,
Whose hues are social, whose effect is grace.

Indolis excoliter, Geniumque Scientia complet;
Luxuriansque in monstra furor compescitur Arte.
"*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,*
"*Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*"
(*h*) His positis, erit optandum thema, nobile, pulchrum,
Quodque venustatum, circa formam atque colorem,
Sponte capax, amplam emeritæ mox præbeat Arti
Materiam, retegens aliquid salis et documenti.
(*i*) Tandem opus aggredior; primoque occurrit in albo
Disponenda typi, concepta potente Minervâ,
Machina, quæ nostris INVENTIO dicitur oris
Illa quidem priús ingenuis instructa sororum
Artibus Aonidum, et Phœbi sublimior æstu.
(*k*) Quærendasque inter posituras, luminis, umbræ,
Atque futurorum jam præsentire colorum
Par erit harmoniam, captando ab utrisque venustum.

(*e*) III. Of the Subject.
(*f*) Invention the first part of painting.
(*g*) IV. Disposition or economy of the whole.
(*h*) III. De Argumento.
(*i*) Inventio prima Picturæ pars.
(*k*) IV. Dispositio, sive operis totius œconomia.

(*l*) Vivid and faithful to the historic page,
Express the customs, manners, forms, and age;
(*m*) Nor paint conspicuous on the foremost plain
Whate'er is false, impertinent, or vain;
But like the Tragic Muse, thy lustre throw,
Where the chief action claims its warmest glow.
This rare, this arduous task no rules can teach,
No skill'd preceptor point, no practice reach;
'Tis taste, 'tis genius, 'tis the heav'nly ray
Prometheus ravish'd from the car of day.
In Egypt first the infant art appear'd,
Rude and unform'd; but when to Greece she steer'd
Her prosperous course, fair Fancy met the Maid.
Wit, Reason, Judgment, lent their powerful aid;
Till all complete the gradual wonder shone,
And vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone.
'Twas there the Goddess fix'd her blest abodes,
There reign'd in Corinth, Athens, Sicyon, Rhodes,
Her various vot'ries various talents crown'd:

(*n*) Sit thematis genuina ac viva expressio juxta
Textum antiquornm, propriis cum tempore formis.
(*o*) Nec quod inane, nihil facit ad rem, sive videtur
Improprium, miniméque urgens, potiora tenebit
Ornamenta operis; Tragicæ sed lege sororis,
Summa ubi res agitur, vis summa requiritur Artis.
Ista labore gravi, studio, monitisque magistri
Ardua pars nequit addisci: rarissima namque,
Ni priùs æthereo rapuit quod ab axe Prometheus
Sit jubar infusum menti cum flamine vitæ.
Mortali haud cuivis divina hæc munera dantur;
Non uti Dædaleam *licet omnibus ire Corinthum.*
Ægypto informis quondam pictura reperta
Græcorum studiis, et mentis acumine crevit;
Egregiis tandem illustrata et adulta magistris,
Naturam visa est miro superare labore.
Quos inter, Graphidos Gymnasia prima fuêre
Portus Athenarum, Sicyon, Rhodes, atque Corinthus,
Disparia inter se modicum ratione laboris;

(*l*) V. The Subject to be treated faithfully.
(*m*) VI. Every foreign ornament to be rejected.
(*n*) V. Fidelitas Argumenti.
(*o*) VI. Inane rejiciendum.

Yet each alike her inspiration own'd:
Witness those marble miracles of grace,
Those tests of symmetry where still we trace
All art's perfection: With reluctant gaze
To these the genius of succeeding days
Looks dazzled up, and, as the glories spread,
Hides in his mantle his diminish'd head.
(*p*) Learn then from Greece, ye youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each just POSITION draw;
Skilful to range each large unequal part,
With varied motion and contrasted art:
Full in the front the nobler limbs to place,
And poise each figure on its central base,
But chief from her that flowing outline take.
Which floats, in wavy windings, like the snake,
Or lambent flame; which, ample, broad, and long,
Reliev'd not swell'd, at once both light and strong,
Glides thro' the graceful whole. Her art divine
Cuts not, in parts minute, the tame design.
But by a few bold strokes, distinct and free,
Calls forth the charms of perfect symmetry.
True to anatomy, more true to grace;
She bids each muscle know its native place:
Bids small from great in just gradation rise,

Ut patet ex veterum Statuis, formæ atque decoris
Archetypis; queis posterior nil protulit ætas
Condignum, et non inferius longè, arte modoque.
(*q*) Horum igitur vera ad normam positura legetur:
Grandia, inæqualis, formosaque partibus amplis
Anteriora dabit membra, in contraria motu
Diverso, variata, suo libratage centro;
Membrorumque sinus ignis flammantis ad instar,
Serpenti undantes flexu; sed lævi, plana,
Magnaque signa, quasi sine tubere subdita tactu,
Ex longo deducta fluant, non secta minutim.
Insertisque toris sint nota ligamina, juxta
Compagem anatomes, et membrificatio Græco.
Deformana modo, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Qualis, apud veteres; totoque Eurythmia partes
Componat; genitumque suo generante sequenti

(*p*) VII. Design or Position, the second part of Painting.

(*q*) VII. Graphis seu Positura secunda Picturæ pars.

And, at one visual point, approach the eyes,
Yet deem not, youths, that perspective can give
Those charms complete by which your works shall live ;
What tho' her rules may to your hand impart
A quick mechanic substitute for art,
Yet formal, geometric shapes she draws;
Hence the true Genius scorns her rigid laws ;
By Nature taught he strikes th' unerring lines,
Consults his eye, and as he sees designs.
(*r*) Man's changeful race, the sport of chance and time,
Varies no less in aspect than in clime;
Mark well the difference, and let each be seen
Of various age, complexion, hair, and mien.
(*s*) Yet to each separate form adapt with care
Such limbs, such robes, such attitude and air,
As best befit the head, and best combine
To make one whole, one uniform design:
(*t*) Learn action from the dumb ; the dumb shall teach
How happiest to supply the want of speech.
(*u*) Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy peace should meet the sight,

Sit minus, et puncto videantur cuncta sub uno,
Regula certa licet nequeat prospectica dici,
Aut complimentum graphidos ; sed in arte juvanem,
Et modus accelerans operandi : at corpora falso
Sub visu in multis referens, mendosa labascit:
Nam Geometralem nunquam sunt corpora juxtà
Mensuram depicta oculis, sed qualia visa.
(*r*) Non eadem formæ species, non omnibus ætas
Æqualis, similesque color, crinesque figuris :
Nam, variis velut orta plagis, gens dispare vultu est.
(*w*) Singula membra, suo capiti conformia, fiant
Unum idemque simul corpus cum vestibus ipsis :
(*x*) Mutorumque silens positura imitabiter actus,
(*y*) Prima figurarum : seu princeps dramatis, ultrò
Prosiliat media in tabula, sub lumine primo

(*r*) VIII. Variety in the Figures.
(*s*) IX. Conformity of the Limbs and Drapery to the Head.
(*t*) X. Action of the Mutes to be imitated.
u) XI. The principal Figure.

(*v*) VIII. Varietas in Figuris.
(*w*) IX. Figura sit una membris et vestibus.
(*x*) X. Mutorum actiones imitandæ.
(*y*) XI. Figura princeps.

Supreme in beauty: lavish here thine art,
And bid him boldly from the canvas start:
(*z*) While round that sov'reign form th' inferior train
In groups collected fill the pictur'd plain;
Fill, but not crowd; for oft some open space
Must part their ranks and leave a vacant place,
Lest artlessly dispers'd the sever'd crew
At random rush on our bewilder'd view;
Or parts with parts, in thick confusion bound,
Spread a tumultuous chaos o'er the ground.
(*a*) In every figur'd group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety;
In forms, in attitudes, expects to trace
Distinct inflections, and contrasted grace,
Where art diversely leads each changeful line,
Opposes, breaks, divides the whole design:
Thus, when the rest in front their charms display
Let one with face averted turn away;
Shoulders oppose to breasts, and left to right,
With parts that meet and parts that shun the sight.
This rule in practice uniformly true
Extends alike to many forms or few.
(*b*) Yet keep thro' all the piece a perfect poize:
If here in frequent troops the figures rise,

Pulchrier ante alias, reliquis nec operta figuris.
(*c*) Agglomerata simul sint membra, ipsæque figuræ
Stipenter, circumque globos locus usque vacabit;
Nè, malè dispersis dum visus ubique figuris
Dividitur, unctisque operis fervente tumultu
Partibus implicitis, crepitans confusio surgat.
(*d*) Inque figurarum cumulis non omnibus idem
Corporis inflexus, motusque; vel artubus omnes
Conversis pariter non connitantur eodem;
Sed quædam in diversa trahant contraria membra,
Tranversèque aliis pugnent, et cætera frangant.
Pluribus adversis aversam oppone figuram,
Pectoribusque humeros, et dextera membra sinistris,
Seu multis constabit opus, paucisve figuris.
(*e*) Altera pars tabulæ vacuo neu frigida campo,
Aut deserta siet, dum pluribus altera formis

(*z*) XII. Groups of Figures.
(*a*) XIII. Diversity of Attitude in Groups.
(*b*) XIV. A Balance to be kept in the Picture.
(*c*) XII. Figurarum globi seu cumuli.
(*d*) XIII. Positurarum diversitas in cumulis.
(*e*) XIV. Tabulæ libramentum.

There let some object tower with equal pride;
And so arrange each correspondent side,
That, thro' the well-connected plan, appear
No cold vacuity, no desert drear.
(*f*) Say does the Poet glow with genuine rage,
Who crowds with pomp and noise his bustling stage?
Devoid alike of taste that Painter deem,
Whose flutt'ring works with num'rous figures teem;
A task so various how shall art fulfil,
When oft the simplest forms elude our skill?
But, did the toil succeed, we still should lose
That solemn majesty, that soft repose,
Dear to the curious eye, and only found,
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.
Yet if some grand important theme demand
Of many needful forms a busy band,
Judgment will so the several groups unite,
That one compacted whole shall meet the sight.
(*g*) The joints in each extreme distinctly treat
Nor e'er conceal the outline of the feet;
(*h*) The hands alike demand to be exprest
In half-shown figures rang'd behind the rest;

Fervida mole sua supremam exsurgit ad oram.
Sed tibi sic positis respondeat utraque rebus,
Ut si aliquid sursum se parte attollat in unâ,
Sic aliquid parte ex aliâ consurgat, et ambas
Æquiparet, geminas cumulando æqualiter oras.
(*i*) Pluribus implicitum personis drama supremo
In genere, ut rarum est, multis ita densa figuris
Rarior est tabula excellens; vel adhuc ferè nulla
Præstitit in multis, quod vix bene præstat in unâ
Quippe solet rerum nimio dispersa tumultu,
Majestate carere gravi, requieque decora;
Nec speciosa nitet, vacuo nisi libera campo.
Sed si opere in magno, plures thema grande requirat
Esse figurarum cumulos, spectabitur unâ
Machina tota rei; non singula quæque seorsim.
(*k*) Præcipua extremis raro internodia membris
Abdita sint; sed summa pedum vestigia nunquam.
(*l*) Gratia nulla manet, motusque, vigorque figuras
Retra aliis subter majori ex parte latentes.

(*f*) XV. Of the Number of Figures.
(*g*) XVI. The Joints of the Feet.
(*h*) XVII. The motion of the Hands with the Head.
(*i*) XV. Numerus Figurarum.
(*k*) XVI. Internodia et Pedes.
(*l*) XVII. Motus manuum motui capitis jungendus.

Nor can such forms with force or beauty shine,
Save when the head and hands in action join.
(*m*) Each air constrain'd and forc'd, each gesture rude,
Whate'er contracts or cramps the attitude,
With scorn discard. When squares or angles join,
When flows in tedious parallel the line,
Acute, obtuse, whene'er the shapes appear,
Or take a formal geometric air,
These all displease, and the disgusted eye
Nauseates the tame and irksome symmetry.
Mark then our former rule ;* with contrast strong
And mode transverse the leading lines prolong;
For these in each design, if well exprest,
Give value, force, and lustre to the rest.
(*n*) Nor yet to nature such strict homage pay,
As not to quit when genius leads the way;
Nor yet tho' genius all his succour sends,
Her mimic powers tho' ready memory lends,
Presume from nature wholly to depart,
For nature is the arbitress of art.
In Error's grove ten thousand thickets spread,
Ten thousand devious paths our steps mislead;

Ni capitis motum manibus comitentur agendo.
(*o*) Difficiles fugito aspectus, contractaque visu
Membra sub ingrato, motusque, ætusque coactos ;
Quodque refert signis, rectos quodammodo tractus,
Sive parallelos plures simul, et vel acutas,
Vel geometrales (ut quadra, triangula formas ;
Ingratamque pari signorum ex ordine quandam
Symmetriam : sed præcipua in contraria semper
Signa volunt duci transversa, ut diximis antè *
Summa igitur ratio signorum habeatur in omni
Composito ; dat enim reliquis pretium, atque vigorem.
(*p*) Non ita naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus,
Hanc præter nihil ut genio studioque relinquas ;
Nec sine teste rei natura, artisque magistra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantummodo rerum,
Pingere posse putes errorum est plurima sylva,

(*m*) XVIII. What things are to be avoided in the distribution of the Piece.

(*n*) XIX. Nature to be accommodated to Genius.

(*o*) XVIII. Quæ fugienda in distributione et compositione.

* Page 43, Rule xiii.

(*p*) XIX. Natura genio accommodanda.

'Mid curves, that vary in perpetual twine,
Truth owns but one direct and perfect line.
(q) Spread then her genuine charms o'er all the piece,
Sublime and perfect as they glow'd in Greece.
Those genuine charms to seize, with zeal explore
The vases, medals, statues, form'd of yore,
Relievos high that swell the column's stem,
Speak from the marble, sparkle from the gem;
Hence all-majestic on th' expanding soul,
In copious tide the bright ideas roll;
Fill it with radiant forms unknown before,
Forms such as demigods and heroes wore:
Here pause and pity our enervate days,
Hopeless to rival their transcendent praise.
(r) Peculiar toil on single forms bestow,
There let expression lend its finished glow;
There each variety of tint unite
With the full harmony of shade and light.
(s) Free o'er the limbs the flowing vesture cast,
The light broad folds with grace majestic placed;
And as each figure turns a different way,
Give the large plaits their corresponding play;

Multiplicesque viæ, bene agendi terminus unus,
Linea recta velut sola est, et mille recurvæ.
(t) Sed juxta antiquos naturam imitabere pulchram,
Qualem forma rei propria, objectumque requirit.
Non te igitur lateant antiqua numismata, gemmæ,
Vassa, typi, statuæ, cælataque marmora signis,
Quodque refert specie veterum post sæcula mentem;
Splendidior quippe ex illis assurgit imago,
Magnaque se rerum facies aperit meditanti:
Tunc nostri tenuem sæcli miserebere sortem,
Cùm spes nulla siet redituræ æqualis in ævum.
(u) Exquisita siet formâ, dum sola figura
Pingitur; et multis variata coloribus esto.
(w) Lati, amplique sinus pannorum, et nobilis ordo
Membra sequens, subter latitantia lumine et umbrâ
Exprimet; ille licet transversus sæpe feratur,
Et circumfusos pannorum porrigat extra
Membra sinus, non contiguos, ipsisque figuræ

(q) XX. The Antique the Model to be copied.
(r) XXI. How to paint a single Figure.
(s) XXII. Of Drapery.
(t) XX. Signa antiqua Naturæ modum constituunt.
(u) XXI. Sola Figura quomodo tractanda.
(w) XXII. Quid in Pannis observandum.

Yet devious oft and swelling from the part,
The flowing robe with ease should seem to start;
Not on the form in stiff adhesion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and shade.
Where'er a flat vacuity is seen,
There let some shadowy bending intervene,
Above, below, to lead its varied line,
As best may teach the distant folds to join;
And as the limbs by few bold strokes exprest
Excel in beauty, so the liberal vest
In large, distinct, unwrinkled folds should fly,
Beauty's best handmaid is simplicity.
To different ranks adapt their proper robe;
With ample pall let monarchs sweep the globe;
In garb succinct and coarse array the swain;
In light and silken veils the virgin train.
Where in black shade the deeper hollow lies,
Assisting art some midway fold supplies,
That gently meets the light, and gently spreads
To break the hardness of opposing shades.
(*x*) Each nobler symbol classic Sages use,
To mark a virtue, or adorn a Muse.
Ensigns of war, of peace, or rites divine,
These in thy work with dignity may shine;

Partibus impressos, quasi pannus adhæreat illis;
Sed modicè expressos cum lumine servet et umbris:
Quæque intermissis passim sunt dissita vanis,
Copulet, inductis subtérve, supèrve lacernis.
Et membra, ut magnis, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Majestate aliis præstant, forma, atque decore:
Haud secus in pannis, quos supra optavimus amplos,
Prepaucos sinuum flexus, rugasque, striasque,
Membra super, versu faciles, inducere præstat.
Naturæque rei proprius sit pannus, abundans
Patriciis; succinctus erit, crassusque bubulcis,
Mancipiisque; levis, teneris, gracilisque puellis.
Inque cavis maculisque umbrarum aliquando tumescet,
Lumen ut excipiens, operis quâ massa requirit,
Latius extendat, sublatisque aggreget umbris.
(*y*) Nobilia arma juvant Virtutum ornantque figuras,
Qualiâ Musarum, Belli, cultusque Deorum.

(*x*) XXIII. Of Picturesque Ornament.

(*y*) XXIII. Tabulæ Ornamentum

(*z*) But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold;
Rare things alone are dear in custom's eye,
They lose their value as they multiply.
(*a*) Of absent forms the features to define,
Prepare a model to direct thy line;
(*b*) Each garb, each custom, with precision trace,
Unite in strict decorum time with place;
(*c*) And emulous alone of genuine fame,
Be Grace, be Majesty thy constant aim,
That Majesty, that Grace so rarely given
To mortal man, nor taught by art but Heaven.
(*d*) In all to sage propriety attend,
Nor sink the clouds, nor bid the waves ascend;
Lift not the mansions drear of hell or night
Above the thunderer's lofty arch of light;
Nor build the column on an osier base;
But let each object know its native place.
(*e*) Thy last, thy noblest task remains untold,
Passion to paint, and sentiment unfold;
Yet how these motions of the mind display!
Can colours catch them, or can lines pourtray?
Who shall our pigmy pencils arm with might

(*f*) Nec sit opus nimiùm gemmis auroque refertum;
Rara etenim magno in pretio, sed plurima vili.
(*g*) Quæ deinde ex vero nequeant præsente videri,
Prototypum prius illorum formare juvabit.
(*h*) Conveniat locus, atque habitus; ritusque decusque
(*i*) Servetur: Sit nobilitas, Charitumque venustas,
(Rarum homini munus, Cœlo, non arte petendum.)
Naturæ sit ubique tenor, ratioque sequenda.
(*k*) Non vicina pedum tabulata excelsa Tonantis
Astra domus depicta gerent, nubesque, notosque;
Nec mare depressum laquearia summa, vel Orcum;
Marmoreamque feret cannis vaga pergula molem;
Congrua sed propriâ semper statione locentur.
(*l*) Hæc præter, motus animorum, et corde repostos
Exprimere affectus, paucisque coloribus ipsam

(*z*) XXIV. Ornament of gold and jewels.
(*a*) XXV. Of the Model.
(*b*) XXVI. Union of the piece.
(*c*) XXVII. Grace and Majesty.
(*d*) XXVIII. Every thing in its proper place.
(*e*) XXIX. The Passions.

(*f*) XXIV. Ornamentum Auri et Gemmarum.
(*g*) XXV. Prototypus.
(*h*) XXVI, Convenientia rerum cum Scena.
(*i*) XXVII. Charitos et Nobilitas.
(*k*) XXVIII. Res quæque locum suum teneat.
(*l*) XXIX. Affectus.

To seize the soul, and force her into sight?
Jove, Jove alone; his highly favour'd few
Alone can call such miracles to view.
But this to rhet'ric and the schools I leave,
Content from ancient lore one rule to give:
"By tedious toil no passions are exprest,
"His hand who feels them strongest paints them best."
(*m*) Yet shall the muse with all her force proscribe
Of base and barbarous forms that gothic tribe,
Which sprung to birth, what time, thro' lust of sway,
Imperial Latium bade the world obey:
Fierce from the north the headlong demons flew,
The wreaths of Science wither'd at their view;
Plagues were their harbingers, and war accurst,
And luxury, of every fiend the worst;
Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade,
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languish'd head;
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involv'd each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.
Meanwhile beneath the frown of angry Heaven
Unworthy every boon its smile had given.
Involv'd in error's cloud, and scorn'd of light,
The guilty Empire sunk. Then horrid Night,

Pingere posse animam, atque oculis præbere videndam,
"*Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
"*Jupiter, aut ardens avexit ad æthera virtus,*
"*Dis similes potuere*" manu miracula tanta.
Hos ego rhetoribus tractandos desero; tantùm
Egregii antiquum memorabo sophisma magistri:
"*Verius affectus animi vigor exprimit ardens,*
"*Soliciti nimium quam sedula cura laboris.*"
(*n*) Denique nil sapiat Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, sæclorum et monstra malorum;
Queis ubi bella, famem, et pestem, discordia, luxus,
Et Romanorum res grandior intulit orbi,
Ingenuæ periere artes, periere suberbæ
Artificum moles; sua tunc miracula vidit
Ignibus absumi Pictura, latere coacta
Fornicibus, sortem et reliquam confidere cryptis;
Marmoribusque diu Sculptura jacere sepultis.
Imperium interea, scelerum gravitate fatiscens,

(*m*) XXX Gothic Ornament to be avoided. (*n*) XXX. Gothorum Ornamenta fugienda.

And Dulness drear their murky vigils kept,
In savage gloom the impious Ages slept,
Till Genius, starting from his rugged bed,
Full late awoke, the ceaseless tear to shed
For Perish'd art; for those celestial hues,
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,
(*o*) Gave to the wond'ring eye: She bade his name,
With thine, Apelles, gild the lists of fame;
With thine to colouring's brightest glories soar,
The Gods applaud him, and the world adore.
Alas! how lost those magic mixtures all!
No hues of this now animate the wall;
How then shall modern art those hues apply,
How give design its finish'd dignity?
Return fair Colouring! all thy lures prepare,
Each safe deception, every honest snare,
Which brings new lovers to thy sister's train,
Skilful at once to charm, and to retain.
Come, faithful Siren! chaste seducer! say,
What laws control thee, and what powers obey.
Know first, that light displays and shade destroys
Refulgent Nature's variegated dyes.

Horrida nox totum invasit, donoque superni
Luminis indignum, errorum caligine mersit,
Impiaque ignaris damnavit sæcla tenebris.
Unde coloratum Graiis huc usque magistris
Nil superest tantorum hominum, quod mente modoque,
Nostrates juvet artifices deceatque laborem;
(*p*) Nec qui Chromaticês nobis, hoc tempore, partes
Restituat, quales Zeuxis tractaverat olim
Hujus quando magâ velut arte æquavit Apellem
Pictorum archigraphum, meruitque coloribus altam
Nominis æterni famam, toto orbe sonantem.
Hæc quidem ut in tabulis fallax, sed grata venustas,
Et complementum graphidos, mirabile visu,
Pulchra vocabatur, sed subdola, lena sororis:
Non tamen hoc lenocinium, fucusque, dolusque
Dedecori fuit unquam; illi sed semper honori,
Laudibus et meretis; hanc ergo nosse juvabit.
Lux varium, vivumque dabit, nullum umbra, colorem.

(*o*) Colouring the third Part of Painting.

(*p*) Chromatices tertia Pars Picturæ

Thus bodies near the light distinctly shine
With rays direct, and as it fades decline.
Thus to the eye oppos'd with stronger light
They meet its orb, for distance dims the sight.
(*q*) Learn hence to paint the parts that meet the view
In spheric forms, of bright and equal hue;
While, from the light receding or the eye,
The sinking outlines take a fainter dye.
Lost and confus'd progressively they fade,
Not fall precipitate from light to shade.
This nature dictates, and this taste pursues,
Studious in gradual gloom her lights to lose;
The various whole with soft'ning tints to fill,
As if one single head employ'd her skill.
Thus if bold fancy plan some proud design,
Where many various groups divide or join,
(Tho' sure from more than there confusion springs,)
One globe of light and shade o'er all she flings;
Yet skill'd the separate masses to dispose,
Where'er, in front, the fuller radiance glows,
Behind, a calm reposing gloom she spreads,
Relieving shades with light, and light with shades.
And as the centre of some convex glass,

Quo magis adversum est corpus, lucique propinquum.
Clarius est lumen ; nam debilitatur eundo.
Quo magis est corpus directum, oculisque propinquum,
Conspicitur melius ; nam visus hebescit eundo.
(*r*) Ergo in corporibus, quæ visa adversa, rotundis,
Integra sunt, extrema abscedant perdita signis
Confusis, non præcipiti labentur in umbram
Clara gradu, nec adumbrata in clara alta repentè
Prorumpant ; sed irit sensim hinc atque inde meatus
Lucis et umbrarum ; capitisque unius ad instar,
Totum opus, ex multis quanquam sit partibus, unus
Luminis umbrarumque globus tantummodo fiet,
Sive duas, vel tres ad summum, ubi grandius esset
Divisum pegma in partes statione remotas.
Sintque ita discreti inter se, ratione colorum,
Luminis, umbrarumque, antrorsum ut corpora clara
Obscura umbrarum requies spectanda relinquat;
Claroque exiliant umbrata atque aspera campo.

(*q*) XXXI. The conduct of the Tints of Light, and Shadow.

(*r*) XXXI. Tonorum Luminum et Umbrarum ratio.

Draws to a point the congregated mass
Of dazzling rays, that, more than nature bright,
Reflect each image in an orb of light,
While from that point the scatter'd beams retire,
Sink to the verge, and there in shade expire;
So strongly near, so softly distant throw
On all thy rounded groups the circling glow.
As is the sculptor's, such the painter's aim,
Their labour different, but their end the same;
What from the marble the rude chissel breaks,
The softer pencil from the canvas takes:
And, skill'd remoter distances to keep,
Surrounds the outline pale in shadows deep;
While on the front the sparkling lustre plays,
And meets the eye in full meridian blaze.
True colouring thus, in plastic power excels,
Fair to the visual point her forms she swells,
And lifts them from their flat aërial ground
Warm as the life, and as the statue round.
(*s*) In silver clouds in ether's blue domain,
Or the clear mirror of the wat'ry plain,

Ac veluti in speculis convexis, eminet ante
Asperior reipsâ vigor, et vis aucta colorum
Partibus adversis; magis et fuga rupta retrorsum
Illorum est, (ut visa minùs vergentibus oris,)
Corporibus dabimus formas hoc more rotundas.
Mente modoque igitur plastes, et pictor, eodem
Dispositum tractabit opus; quæ sculptor in orbem
Atterit, hæc rupto procul abscedente colore
Assequitur pictor, fugientiaque illa retrorsum
Jam signata minùs confusa coloribus aufert:
Anteriora quidem directè adversa, colore
Integra vivaci, summo cum lumine et umbra
Antrorsum distincta refert, velut aspera visu;
Sicque super planum inducit leucoma colores,
Hos velut ex ipsâ naturâ immotus eodem
Intuitu circum statuas daret inde rotundas.
(*t*) Densa figurarum solidis quæ corpora formis
Subdita sunt tactu, non translucent, sed opaca
In translucendi spatio ut super aëra, nubes,
Limpida stagna undarum, et inania cætera debent

(*s*) XXXII, Dense and opaque bodies with translucent ones.

(*t*) XXXII. Corpora densa et opaca translucentibus.

If chance some solid substance claim a place,
Firm and opaque amid the lucid space,
Rough let it swell and boldly meet the sight,
Mark'd with peculiar strength of shade and light;
There blend each earthly tint of heaviest sort,
At once to give consistence and support,
While the bright wave, soft cloud, or azure sky,
Light and pellucid from that substance fly.

(*v*) Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine
With rival radiance in the same design;
But yield to one alone the power to blaze
And spread the extensive vigour of its rays,
There where the noblest figures are displayed;
Thence gild the distant parts, and lessening fade:
As fade the beams which Phœbus from the East
Flings vivid forth to light the distant West,
Gradual those vivid beams forget to shine,
So gradual let thy pictur'd lights decline.

The sculptor'd forms which some proud Circus grace.
In Parian marble or Corinthian brass,
Illumin'd thus, give to the gazing eye
Th' expressive head in radiant Majesty,
While to each lower limb the fainter ray
Lends only light to mark, but not display:

Asperiora illis prope circumstantibus esse ;
Ut distincta magis firmo cum lumine et umbra,
Et gravioribus ut sustenta coloribus, inter
Aërias species subsistant semper opaca :
Sed contra, procul abscedant prelucida densis,
Corporibus leviora ; uti nubes, aër, et undæ.

(*w*) Non poterunt diversa locis duo lumina eâdem
In tabulâ paria admitti, aut æqualia pingi:
Majus at in mediam lumen cadet usque tabellam
Latius infusum, primis qua summa figuris
Res agitur, circumque oras minuetur eundo:
Utque in progressu jubar attenuatur ab ortu
Solis, ad occasum paulatìm, et cessat eundo;
Sic tabulis lumen, tota in compage colorum,
Primo à fonte, minus sensim declinat eundo.

Majus ut in statuis, per compita stantibus urbis,
Lumen habent partes superæ, minus inferioris;

(*v*) XXXIII. There must not be two equal Lights in the Picture.

(*w*) XXXIII. Non duo ex cœlo Lumina in tabulam æqualia.

So let thy pencil fling its beams around,
Nor e'er with darker shades their force confound.
For shades too dark, dissever'd shapes will give,
And sink the parts their softness would relieve:
Then only well reliev'd, when like a veil
Round the full lights the wand'ring shadows steal;
Then only justly spread, when to the sight
A breadth of shade pursues a breadth of light.
This charm to give, great Titian wisely made
The cluster'd grapes his rule of light and shade.
(*x*) White, when it shines with unstain'd lustre clear
May bear an object back, or bring it near;
Aided by black it to the front aspires,
That aid withdrawn it distantly retires;
But black unmix'd, of darkest midnight hue,
Still calls each object nearer to the view.
(*y*) Whate'er we spy thro' colour'd light or air,
A stain congenial on their surface bear,
While neighb'ring forms by joint reflection give
And mutual take the dyes that they receive.
(*z*) But where on both alike one equal light
Diffusive spreads, the blending tints unite
For *breaking* colours thus (the ancient phrase
By Artists used) fair Venice claims our praise:

Idem erit in tabulis; majorque nec umbra, vel ater
Membra figurarum intrabit color, atque secabit:
Corpora sed circum umbra cavis latitabit oberrans;
Atquè ita quæretur lux opportuna figuris,
Ut late infusum lumen lata umbra sequatur.
Unde, nec immeritò, fertur Titianus ubique
Lucis et umbrarum normam appellâsse *racemum*.
(*a*) Purum album esse potest propriusque magisque remotum:
Cum nigro antevenit proprius; fugit absqu remotum;
Purum autem nigrum antrorsum venit usque propinquum.
Lux fucata suo tingit miscetque colore
Corpora, sicque suo, per quem lux funditur, aer.
(*b*) Corpora juncta simul, circumfusosque colores
Excipiunt, propriumque aliis radiosa reflectunt.
(*c*) Pluribus in solidis liquidâ sub luce propinquis,
Participes, mixtosque simul decet esse colores.
Hanc normam Veneti pictores ritè sequuti,
(Quæ fuit antiquis *corruptio* dicta *colorum*,)

(*x*) XXXIV. Of White and Black.
(*y*) XXXV. The Reflection of Colours
(*z*) XXXVI. The Union of Colours.

(*a*) XXXIV. Album et Nigrum.
(*b*) XXXV. Colorum Reflectio.
(*c*) XXXVI. Unio Colorum.

She, cautious to transgress so sage a rule,
Confin'd to soberest tints her learned school;
For tho' she lov'd by varied mode to join
Tumultuous crowds in one immense design,
Yet there we ne'er condemn such hostile hues
As cut the parts or glaringly confuse;
In tinsel trim no foppish form is drest.
Still flows in graceful unity the vest;
And o'er that vest a kindred mantle spreads,
Unvaried but by power of lights and shades,
Which mildly mixing, every social dye,
Unites the whole in loveliest harmony.
(*d*) When small the space, or pure the ambient air,
Each form is seen in bright precision clear;
But if thick clouds that purity deface,
If far extend that intervening space,
There all confus'd the objects faintly rise,
As if prepar'd to vanish from our eyes.
(*e*) Give them each foremost part a touch so bright,
That, o'er the rest, its domineering light
May much prevail; yet, relative in all,
Let greater parts advance before the small.
(*f*) Minuter forms, when distantly we trace,

Cùm plures opere in magno posuêre figuras,
Ne conjuncta simul variorum inimica colorum
Congeries formam implicitam, et concisa minutis
Membra daret pannis, totam unamquamque figuram
Affini, aut uno tantùm vestire colore,
Sunt soliti; variando tonis tunicamque, togamque,
Carbaseosque sinus, vel amicum in lumine et umbra
Contiguis circum rebus sociando colorem.
(*g*) Qua minus est spatii aërei, aut quà purior aër,
Cuncta magis distincta patent, speciesque reservant:
Quâque magis densus nebulis, aut plurimus aër
(*h*) Amplum inter fuerit spatium porrectus, in auras
Confundet rerum species, et perdet inanes.
Anteriora magis semper finita, remotis
Incertis dominentur et abscedentibus, idque
More relativo, ut majora minoribus extent.
(*i*) Cuncta minuta procul massam densantur in unam;

(*d*) XXXVII. Of the Interposition of Air.
(*e*) XXXVIII. The Relation of Distances.
(*f*) XXXIX Of bodies which are distanced.
(*g*) XXXVII Aer interpositus.
(*h*) XXXVIII. Distantiarum Relatio.
(*i*) XXXIX. Corpora procul distantia.

Are mingled all in one compacted mass;
Such the light leaves that clothe remoter woods,
And such the waves on wide extended floods.
(*k*) Let each contiguous part be firm allied,
Nor labour less the separate to divide;
Yet so divide that to th' approving eye
They both at small and pleasing distance lie.
(*l*) Forbid two hostile colours close to meet,
And win with middle tints their union sweet:
Yet varying all thy tones, let some aspire.
(*m*) Fiercely in front, some tenderly retire
(*n*) Vain is the hope by colouring to display
The bright effulgence of the noon-tide ray,
Or paint the full-orb'd Ruler of the skies
With pencils dipp'd in dull terrestrial dyes:
But when mild Evening sheds her golden light;
When morn appears array'd in modest white;
When soft suffusion of the vernal shower
Dims the pale sun; or, at the thund'ring hour,
When, wrapt in crimson clouds, he hides his head,
Then catch the glow and on the canvas spread.
(*o*) Bodies of polish'd or transparent tone,
Of metal, crystal, iv'ry, wood, or stone:

Ut folia arboribus sylvarum, et in aquore fluctus.
(*p*) Contigua inter se coëant, sed dissita distent,
Distabuntque tamen grato, et discrimine parvo.
(*q*) Extrema extremis contraria jungere noli;
Sed medio sint usque gradu sociata coloris.
(*r*) Corporum erit tonus atque color variatus ubique;
Quærat amicitiam retro; ferus emicet ante.
(*s*) Supremum in tabulis lumen captare diei,
Insanus labor artificum; cum attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream sed vespere lucem,
Seu modicùm mane albentem; sive ætheris actam
Post hyemen nimbis transfuso sole caducam;
Seu nebulis fultam accipient, tonitruque rubentem,
(*t*) Lævia quæ lucent, veluti crystalla, metalla,

(*k*) XL. Of contiguous and separated Bodies.
(*l*) XLI. Colours very opposite to each other never to be joined.
(*m*) XLII. Diversity of Tints and Colours.
(*n*) XLIII. The Choice of Light.
(*o*) XLIV. Of certain Things relating to the practical part.

(*p*) XL. Contigua et Dissita.
(*q*) XLI. Contraria extrema fugienda.
(*r*) XLII. Tonus et Color varii.
(*s*) XLIII. Luminis delectus.
(*t*) XLIV. Quædam circa Praxam.

And all whose rough unequal parts are rear'd,
The shaggy fleece, thick fur, or bristly beard;
The liquid too; the sadly melting eye,
The well-comb'd locks that wave with glossy dye;
Plumage and silks; a floating form that take,
Fair Nature's mirror, the extended lake;
With what immers'd thro' its calm medium shines
By reflex light, or to its surface joins;
These first with thin and even shades pourtray,
Then, on their flatness strike th' enlivening ray,
Bright and distinct,—and last, with strict review,
Restore to every form its outline true.
(*v*) By mellowing skill thy ground at distance cast,
Free as the air, and transient as its blast;
There all thy liquid colours sweetly blend,
There all the treasures of thy palette spend,
And every form retiring to that ground
Of hue congenial to itself compound.
(*w*) The hand that colours well, must colour bright;
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white;
(*x*) But amply heap in front each splendid dye,
Then thin and light withdraw them from the eye,
(*y*) Mix'd with that simple unity of shade,
As all were from one single palette spread.

Ligna, ossa, et lapides; villosa, ut vellera, pelles,
Barbæ, aqueique oculi, crines, holoserica, plumæ;
Et liquida, ut stagnans aqua, reflexæque sub undis
Corporeæ species, et aquis contermina cuncta,
Subter ad extremum liquide sint picta, superque
Luminibus percussa suis, signisque repostis.
(*z*) Area, vel campus tabulæ vagus esto, levisque
Abscedat latus, liquidèque bene unctus amicis
Tota ex mole coloribus, unâ sive patellâ;
Quæque cadunt retro in campum, confinia campo.
(*a*) Vividus esto color, nimio non pallidus albo;
Adversisque locis ingestus plurimus, ardens:
Sed leviter parceque datus vergentibus oris.
(*b*) Cuncta labore simul coëant, velut umbrâ in eâdem,
(*c*) Tota siet tabula ex unâ depicta patellâ.

(*v*) XLV. The Field of the Picture.
(*w*) XLVI. Of the vivacity of colours.
(*x*) XLVII. Of Shadows.
(*y*) XLVIII. The picture to be of one piece.
(*z*) XLV. Campus Tabulæ.
(*a*) XLVI. Color vividus non tamen pallidus.
(*b*) XLVII. Umbra.
(*c*) XLVIII. Ex una patella sit tabula.

(*d*) Much will the mirror teach, or evening grey,
When o'er some ample space her twilight ray
Obscurely gleams ; hence art shall best perceive
On distant parts what fainter hues to give.
(*e*) Whate'er the form which our first glance commands,
Whether in front or in profile he stands,
Whether he rule the group, or singly reign,
Or shine at distance on some ample plain,
On that high-finish'd form let paint bestow
Her midnight shadow, her meridian glow.
(*f*) The portrait claims from imitative art
Resemblance close in each minuter part,
And this to give, the ready hand and eye
With playful skill the kindred features ply;
From part to part alternately convey
The harmonizing gloom, the darting ray,
With tones so just, in such gradation thrown,
Adopting Nature owns the work her own.
(*g*) Say, is the piece thy hand prepares to trace
Ordain'd for nearer sight, or narrow space?
Paint it of soft and amicable hue ;
But, if predestin'd to remoter view,
Thy strong unequal varied colours blend ;
And ample space to ample figures lend,

Multa ex naturâ speculum præclara docebit;
(*h*) Quæque procul sero spatiis spectantur in amplis,
(*i*) Dimidia effigies, quæ sola, vel integra plures
Ante alias posita ad lucem, stat proxima visu,
Et latis spectando locis, oculisque remota,
Luminis umbrarumque gradu sit picta supremo.
(*k*) Partibus in minimis imitatio justa juvabit
Effigiem, alternas referendo tempore eodem
Consimiles partes, cum luminis atque coloris
Compositis, justisque tonis; tunc parta labore
Si facili et vegeto micat ardens, viva videtur.
(*l*) Visa loco angusto tenerè pingantur, amico
Juncta colore, graduque; procul quæ picta, feroci
Sint et inæquali variata colore tonoque.
Grandia signa volunt spatia ampla, ferosque colores.

(*d*) XLIX. The looking glass the painter's best master.
(*e*) L. A half figure or a whole one before others.
(*f*) LI. A portrait.
(*g*) LII. The place of the picture.
(*h*) XLIX. Speculum Pictorum Magister.
(*i*) L. Dimidia Figura, vel integra, ante alias.
(*k*) LI. Effigies.
(*l*) LII. Locus Tabulæ.

(*m*) Where to broad lights the circumambient shade
In liquid play by labour just is laid;
(*n*) Alike with liveliest touch the forms pourtray,
Where the dim window half excludes the day;
But, when expos'd in fuller light or air,
A brown and sober cast the group may bear.
(*o*) Fly every foe to elegance and grace,
Each yawning hollow, each divided space;
Whate'er is trite, minute, abrupt, or dry,
Where light meets shade in flat equality;
Each theme fantastic, filthy, vile, or vain,
That gives the soul disgust, or senses pain;
Monsters of barbarous birth, Chimeras drear,
That pall with ugliness, or awe with fear.
And all that chaos of sharp broken parts,
Where reigns confusion, or whence discord starts:
(*p*) Yet hear me, youths! while zealous ye forsake
Detected faults, this friendly caution take,—
Shun all excess; and with true wisdom deem,
That vice alike resides in each extreme.
(*q*) Know, if supreme perfection be your aim,

(*r*) Lumina lata, unctas simul undique copulet umbras
(*s*) Extremus labor. In tabulas demissa fenestris
Si fuerit lux parva, color clarissimus esto:
Vividus at contra, obscurusque, in lumine aperto.
(*t*) Quæ vacuis divisa cavis, vitare memento;
Trita, minuta, simul quæ non stipata dehiscunt,
Barbara, cruda oculis, rugis fucata colorum;
Luminis umbrarumque tonis æqualia cuncta;
Fœda, cruenta, cruces, obscœna, ingrata, chimeras,
Sordidaque et misera, et vel acuta, vel aspera tactu;
Quæque dabunt formæ, temere congesta, ruinam,
Implicitas aliis confundent mixtaque partes.
(*v*) Dumque fugis vitiosa, cave in contraria labi
Damna mali; vitium extremis nam super inhæret.
(*w*) Pulchra gradu summo, graphidos stabilita vetustæ

(*m*) LIII. Large lights.
(*n*) LIV. The quantity of light and shade to be adapted to the place of the picture.
(*o*) LV. Things which are disagreeable in painting to be avoided.
(*p*) LVI. The prudential part of a Painter.
(*q*) LVII. The idea of a beautiful Picture.
(*r*) LIII. Lumina lata.
(*s*) LIV. Quantitas luminis loci in quo tabula est exponenda.
(*t*) LV. Errores et Vitia Picturæ.
(*v*) LVI. Prudentia in Pictore.
(*w*) LVII. Elegantium idœa Tabularum.

If classic praise your pencil hope to claim,
Your noble outlines must be chaste, yet free,
Connected all with studied harmony:
Few in their parts, yet those distinct and great;
Your Colouring boldly strong, yet softly sweet.
(*x*) Know, he that well begins has half achiev'd
His destin'd work. Yet late shall be retriev'd
That time mispent, that labour worse than lost,
The young disciple, to his dearest cost,
Gives to a dull preceptor's tame designs;
His tawdy colours, his erroneous lines,
Will to the soul that poison rank convey,
Which life's best length shall fail to purge away.
Yet let not your untutor'd childhood strive
Of Nature's living charms the sketch to give,
Till, skill'd her separate features to design,
You know each muscle's site, and how they join.
These while beneath some master's eye you trace,
Vers'd in the lore of symmetry and grace,
Boldly proceed: his precepts shall impart
Each sweet deception of the pleasing art:
Still more than precept shall his practice teach,
And add what self-reflection ne'er can reach.

Nobilibus signis, sunt grandia, dissita, pura,
Tersa, velut minime confusa, labore ligata,
Partibus ex magnis paucisque efficta, colorum
Corporibus distincta feris, sed semper amicis.
(*y*) Qui bene cæpit, uti facti jam fertur habere
Dimidium; picturam ita nil sub limine primo
Ingrediens, puer offendit damnosius arti,
Quàm varia errorum genera, ignorante magistro,
Ex pravis libare *typis*, mentemque veneno
Inficere, in toto quod non abstergitur ævo.
Nec graphidos rudis artis adhuc cito qualiacunque
Corpora viva super studium meditabitur, ante
Illorum quàm symmetriam, internodia, formam
Noverit, inspectis, docto evolvente magistro,
Archetypis, dulcesque dolos præsenserit artis.
Plusque manu ante oculos quam voce docebitur usis.

(*x*) LVIII. Advice to a young Painter. (*y*) LVIII. Pictor Tyro.

(*a*) Oft, when alone, the studious hour employ
On what may aid your art, and what destroy;
(*b*) Diversity of parts is sure to please,
If all the various parts unite with ease;
As surely charms that voluntary style,
Which careless plays, and seems to mock at toil;
For labour'd lines with cold exactness tire,
'Tis freedom only gives the force and fire
Etherial; she, with alchymy divine,
Brightens each touch, ennobles every line;
Yet pains and practice only can bestow
This facile power of hand, whose liberal flow
With grateful fraud its own exertions veils;
He best employs his art who best conceals.
(*c*) This to obtain, let taste with judgment join'd
The future whole infix upon thy mind;
Be there each line in truth ideal drawn,
Or ere a colour on the canvas dawn;
Then as the work proceeds, that work submit
To sight instinctive, not to doubting wit;
(*d*) The eye each obvious error swift descries,
Hold then the compass only in the eyes.
(*e*) Give to the dictates of the Learn'd respect,

(*f*) Quære artem quæcunque juvant; fuge quæque repugnant.
(*g*) Corpora diversæ natura juncta placebunt;
Sic ea quæ facili contempta labore videntur:
Æthereus quippe ignis inest et spiritus illis;
Mente diu versata, manu celeranda repenti.
Arsque laborque operis grata sic fraude latebit:
Maxima deinde erit ars, nihil artis inesse videri.
(*h*) Nec prius inducas tabulæ pigmenta colorum,
Expensi quàm signa typi stabilita nitescant,
Et menti præsens operis sit pegma futuri.
(*i*) Prævaleat sensus rationi, quæ officit arti
Conspicuæ; inque oculis tantummodo circinus esto.
(*k*) Utere doctorum monitis, nec sperne suberbus

(*a*) LIX. Art must be subservient to the Painter.
(*b*) LX. Diversity and Facility are pleasing.
(*c*) XI. The Original must be in the Head, and the Copy on the Cloth.
(*d*) LXII. The Compass to be in the Eyes.
(*e*) LXIII. Pride an enemy to good Painting.
(*f*) LIX. Ars debet servire Pictori, non Pictor Arti.
(*g*) LX. Oculos recreant diversitas et operis facilitas, quæ speciatim Ars dicit.
(*h*) LXI. Archetypus in mente, Apographus in tela.
(*i*) LXII. Cirsinus in Oculis.
(*k*) LXIII. Superbia Pictori nocet plurimum.

Nor proudly untaught sentiments reject,
Severe to self alone: for self is blind,
And deems each merit in its offspring join'd:
Such fond delusion time can best remove,
Concealing for a while the child we love:
By absence then the eye impartial grown,
Will, tho' no friend assist, each error own;
But these subdued, let thy determin'd mind
Veer not with every critic's veering wind,
Or e'er submit thy genius to the rules
Of prating fops, or self-important fools;
Enough if from the Learn'd applause be won;
Who doat on random praises, merit none.
(*l*) By Nature's sympathetic power, we see,
As is the parent, such the progeny:
Ev'n Artists, bound by their instinctive law,
In all their works their own resemblance draw:
Learn then "to know thyself;" that precept sage
Shall best allay luxuriant Fancy's rage;
Shall point how far indulgent Genius deigns
To aid her flight, and to what point restrains.
But as the blushing fruits, the breathing flowers,
Adorning Flora's and Pomona's bowers,
When forcing fires command their buds to swell,
Refuse their dulcet taste, their balmy smell;
So labour's vain extortion ne'er achieves
That grace supreme which willing genius gives.

Discere, quæ de te fuerit sententia vulgi:
Est cæcus nam quisque suis in rebus, et expers
Judicii, prolemque suam miratur amatque.
Ast ubi consilium deerit sapientis amici,
Id tempus dabit, atque mora, intermissa labori.
Non facilis tamen ad nutus, et inania vulgi
Dicta, levis mutabis opus, geniumque relinques:
Nam qui parte sua sperat bene posse mereri
Multivaga de plebe, nocet sibi, nec placet ulli.
(*m*) Cumque opere in proprio soleat se pingere pictor,
(Prolem adeo sibi ferre parem natura suevit,)
Proderit imprimis pictori γνωθι σεαυτον
Ut data quæ genio colat, abstineatque negatis.
Fructibus utque suus nunquam est sapor, atque venustas
Floribus, insueto in fundo, præcoce sub anni

(*l*) LXIV. Know thyself. (*m*) Nosce teipsum.

(*n*) Thus tho' to pains and practice much we owe,
Tho' thence each line obtains its easy flow,
Yet let those pains, that practice, ne'er be join'd
To blunt the native vigour of the mind.
(*o*) When shines the morn, when in recruited course
The spirits flow, devote their active force
To every nicer part of thy design,
(*p*) But pass no idle day without a line:
(*q*) And wand'ring oft the crowded streets along,
The native gestures of the passing throng
Attentive mark; for many a casual grace,
Th' expressive lines of each impassion'd face
That bears its joys or sorrows undisguis'd,
May by observant taste be there surpris'd.
Thus, true to art, and zealous to excel,
Ponder on Nature's powers, and weigh them well!
Explore thro' earth and heaven, thro' sea and skies,
The accidental graces as they rise;
(*r*) And while each present form the fancy warms,
Swift on thy tablets fix its fleeting charms,
To temperance all our liveliest powers we owe,
She bids the judgment wake, the fancy flow;

(*s*) Tempore, quos cultus violentus et ignis adegit:
Sic nunquam, nimio quæ sunt extorta labore,
Et picta invito genio, numquam illa placebunt.
Vera super meditando, manûs labor improbus adsit;
Nec tamen obtundat genium, mentisque vigorem.
(*t*) Optima nostrorum pars matutina dierum,
Difficili hanc igitur potiorem impende labori.
(*v*) Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit:
(*w*) Perque vias, vultus hominum, motusque notabis
Libertate sua proprios, positasque figuras
Ex sese faciles, ut inobservatus, habebis.
(*x*) Mox quodcumque mari, terris, et in aëre pulchrum
Contigerit, chartis propera mandare paratis,

(*n*) LXV. Perpetually practice, and do easily what you have conceived.
(*o*) LXVI. The Morning most proper for work.
(*p*) LXVII. Every day do something.
(*q*) LXVIII. The method of catching natural Passions.
(*r*) LXIX. Of the Table Book
(*s*) LXV. Quod mente conceperis manua comproba.
(*t*) LXVI. Matutinum Tempus labori aptum.
(*v*) LXVII. Singulis diebus aliquid faciendum.
(*w*) LXVIII. Affectus inobservati et naturale.
(*x*) LXIX. Non desint pugillares.

For her the Artist shuns the fuming feast,
The midnight roar, the Bacchanalian guest,
And seeks those softer opiates of the soul,
The social circle, the diluted bowl;
Crown'd with the freedom of a single life,
He flies domestic din, litigious strife;
Abhors the noisy haunts of bustling trade,
And steals serene to solitude and shade;
There calmly seated in his village bower,
He gives to noblest themes the studious hour,
While genius, practice, contemplation join
To warm his soul with energy divine;
For paltry gold let pining misers sigh,
His soul invokes a nobler deity;
Smit with the glorious avarice of fame,
He claims no less than an immortal name;
Hence on his fancy just conception shines,
True judgment guides his hand, true taste refines;
Hence ceaseless toil, devotion to his art,
A docile temper, and a generous heart;
Docile, his sage preceptor to obey,
Generous, his aid with gratitude to pay;
Blest with the bloom of youth, the nerves of health,
And competence, a better boon than wealth.

Dum præsens animo species tibi fervet hianti.
Non epulis nimis indulget Pictura, meroque
Parcit: Amicorum nisi cum sermone benigno
Exhaustam reparet mentem recreata; sed inde
Litibus, et curis, in cœlibe libera vita,
Secessus procul à turba, strepituque remotos,
Villarum, rurisque beata silentia quærit;
Namque recollecto, totâ incumbente Minervâ,
Ingenio, rerum species præsentior extat;
Commodiusque operis compagem amplectitur omnem.
Infami tibi non potior sit avare peculi
Cura, aurique fames, modicâ quam sorte beato,
Nominis æterni, et laudis pruritus habendæ,
Condignæ pulchrorum operum mercedis in ævum.
Judicium, docile ingenium, cor nobile, sensus
Sublimes, firmum corpus, florensque juventa,
Commoda res, labor, artis amor, doctusque magister:
Et quamcumque voles occasio porrigat ansam,
Ni genius quidam adfuerit, sydusque benignum,
Dotibus his tantis, nec adhuc ars tanta paratur.

Great blessings these! yet will not these empower
His tints to charm at every labouring hour;
All have their brilliant moments, when alone
They paint as if some star propitious shone.
Yet then, e'en then, the hand but ill conveys
The bolder grace that in the fancy plays:
Hence, candid critics, this sad truth confest
Accept what least is bad, and deem it best;
Lament the soul in error's thraldom held,
Compare life's span with art's extensive field;
Know that, ere perfect taste matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that taste be join'd,
Comes age, comes sickness, comes contracting pain,
And chills the warmth of youth in every vein.
Rise then, ye youths, while yet that warmth inspires,
While yet nor years impair, nor labour tires,
While health, while strength are yours, while that mild ray
Which shone auspicious on your natal day,
Conducts you to Minerva's peaceful quire,—
Sons of her choice, and sharers of her fire,
Rise at the call of art; expand your breast,
Capacious to receive the mighty guest,
While, free from prejudice, your active eye
Preserves its first unsullied purity;
While new to beauty's charms, your eager soul
Drinks copious draughts of the delicious whole,
And memory on her soft, yet lasting page,
Stamps the fresh image which shall charm thro' age.

Distat ab ingenio longè manus. Optima doctis
Censentur, quæ prava minus; latet omnibus error;
Vitaque tam longæ brevior non sufficit arti.
Desinimus nam posse senes, cùm scire periti
Incipimus, doctamque manum gravat ægra senectus;
Nec gelidis fervet juvenilis in artibus ardor.
Quare agite, O juvenes, placido quos sydere natos
Paciferæ studia allectant tranquilla Minervæ;
Quosque suo fovet igne, sibique optavit alumnos!
Eja agite, atque animis ingentem ingentibus artem
Exercete alacres, dum strenua corda juventus
Viribus exstimulat vegetis, patiensque laborum est
Dum vacua errorum, nulloque imbuta sapore
Pura nitet mens, et rerum sitibunda novarum,
Præsentes haurit species, atque humida servat!

(*a*) When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school,
The sculptur'd reliques of her skill survey,
Muse on by night, and imitate by day;
No rest, no pause, till, all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.
As years advance, to modern masters come,
Gaze on their glories in majestic ROME;
Admire the proud productions of their skill,
Which VENICE, PARMA, and BOLOGNA fill:
And, rightly led by our preceptive lore,
Their style, their colouring, part by part, explore,
See RAFFAELLE there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace;
See ANGELO, with energy divine,
Sieze on the summit of correct design:
Learn how, at JULIO'S birth, the muses smil'd,
And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child;
How, by th' Aonian powers their smile bestow'd,
His pencil with poetic fervour glow'd;
When faintly verse Apollo's charms convey'd,
He oped the shrine, and all the god display'd:
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his battle burns;

(*b*) In geometrali prius arte parumpêr adulti
Signa antiqua super Graiorum addiscite formam;
Nec mora, nec recquies, noctuque diuque labori,
Illorum menti atque modo, vos donec agendi
Praxis ab assiduo faciles assueverit usu.
Mox, ubi judicium emensis adoleverit annis,
Singula, quæ celebrant primæ exemplaria classis,
Romani, Veneti, Parmenses, atque Bononi.
Partibus in cunctis pedetentim, atque ordine recto,
Ut monitum suprà est, vos expendisse juvabit.
Hos apud invenit *Raphael* miracula summo
Ducta modo, Veneresque habuit quas nemo deinceps,
Quidquid erat formæ scivit *Bonarota* potenter.
Julius à puero musorum eductus in antris,
Aonias reseravit opes, graphicâque poesi,
Quæ non visa prius, sed tantum audita poetis,
Ante oculos spectanda debit sacraria Phœbi;
Quæque coronatis complevit bella triumphis

(*a*) LXX. The Method of Studies for a young Painter. (*b*) Ordo Studiorum.

His heroes, happy heirs of fav'ring fame,
More from his art than from their actions claim.
Bright, beyond all the rest, CORREGGIO flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of style, and chastity of hue.
Yet higher still great TITIAN dar'd to soar,
He reach'd the loftiest heights of colouring's power;
His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow,
His shades and lights their just gradations know;
His were those dear delusions of the art,
That round, relieve, inspirit every part;
Hence deem'd divine, the world his merit own'd,
With riches loaded, and with honours crown'd.
From all their charms combin'd, with happy toil,
Did ANNIBAL compose his wond'rous style;
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrowed grace becomes his own.
(*c*) If then to praise like their's your souls aspire,
Catch from their works a portion of their fire;
Revolve their labours all, for all will teach,—
Their finish'd picture, and their slightest sketch,
Yet more than these to meditation's eyes
Great Nature's self redundantly supplies:
Her presence, best of models! is the source
Whence genius draws augmented power and force;
Her precepts, best of teachers! give the powers,

Heroum fortuna potens, casusque decoros,
Nobilius re ipsâ antiqua pinxisse videtur.
Clarior ante alios *Corregius* extitit, ampla
Luce superfusa, circum coëuntibus umbris,
Pingendique modo grandi, et tractando colore
Corpora. Amicitiamque, gradusque, dolosque colorum,
Compagemque ita disposuit *Titianus* ut inde
Divus sit dictus, magnis et honoribus auctus,
Fortunæque bonis: Quos sedulus *Hannibal* omnes
In propriam mentem, atque modum mirâ arte coëgit.
(*d*) Plurimus inde labor tabulas imitando juvabit
Egregias, operumque typos; sed plura docebit
Natura ante oculos præsens; nam firmat et auget
Vim genii, ex illâque artem experientia complet.

(*c*) LXXI. Nature and Experience perfect Art.

(*d*) LXXI. Natura et Experientia Artem perficiunt.

Whence art, by practice to perfection soars.
These useful rules from time and chance to save
In Latian strains, the studious Fresnoy gave:
On Tiber's peaceful banks the Poet lay,
What time the pride of Bourbon urg'd his way,
Thro' hostile camps, and crimson fields of slain,
To vindicate his race and vanquish Spain;
High on the Alps he took his warrior stand,
And thence in ardent volley from his hand
His thunder darted; *(so the flatterer sings*
In strains best suited to the ear of kings),
And like Alcides, with vindictive tread,
Crush'd the Hispanian lion's gasping head.

Multa supersileo quæ commentaria dicent.
Hæc ego, dum memoror subitura volubilis ævi
Cuncta vices, variisque olim peritura ruinis,
Pauca sophismata sum graphica immortalibus ausus
Credere pieriis, Romæ meditatus: ad Alpes,
Dum super insanas moles, inimicaque castra
Borbonidum decus et vindex Lodoicus avorum,
Fulminat ardenti dextrâ, patriæque resurgens
Gallicus Alcides premit Hispani ora leonis.

But mark the proteus-policy of state:
Now, while his courtly numbers I translate,
The foes are friends, in social league they dare
On Britain to "let slip the Dogs of War."
Vain efforts all, which in disgrace shall end,
If Britain, truly to herself a friend,
Thro' all her realms bids civil discord cease,
And heals her Empire's wounds by arts of peace.
Rouse, then, fair freedom! fan that holy flame,
From whence thy sons their dearest blessings claim;
Still bid them feel that scorn of lawless sway,
Which interest cannot blind, nor power dismay:
So shall the throne, thou gav'st the Brunswick line,
Long by that race adorn'd, thy dread Paladium shine.

THE END.

NOTES

ON THE

ART OF PAINTING

☞ The few Notes which the Translator has inserted, and which are marked M, are merely critical, and relate only to the Author's text, or his own version.

NOTES

ON THE

ART OF PAINTING.

NOTE I.

Two Sister Muses, with alternate fire, &c.

M. Du Piles opens his annotations here, with much learned quotation from Tertullian, Cicero, Ovid, and Suidas, in order to show the affinity between the two arts. But it may perhaps be more pertinent to substitute in the place of it all a single passage, by Plutarch ascribed to Simonides, and which our author, after having quoted Horace, has literally translated: Ζωχραφίαν ειναι ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ την Ποιησιν, ποιησιν δε ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ την ζωγραφιαν. There is a Latin line somewhere to the same purpose, but I know not whether ancient or modern :

Poema
Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema. M.

NOTE II.—L. 13, P. 234.

Such powers, such praises, heav'n-born pair belong
To magic colouring, and persuasive song.

That is to say, they belong intrinsically and of right. Mr Wills, in the preface to his version of our poet, first detected the false translations of Du Piles and Dryden, which say, "so much have these divine arts been honoured:" in consequence of which the Frenchman gives a note of four pages, enumerating the instances in which painting and its Professors have been honoured by kings and great men, ancient and modern. Fresnoy had not this in his idea: He says, "tantus *inest* divis honor artibus atque potestas," which Wills justly and literally translates,

Such powers, such honours, are in arts divine. M.

NOTE III.—L. 7, P. 235.

'Tis Painting's first chief business to explore
What lovelier forms in nature's boundless store,
Are best to art and ancient taste allied,
For ancient taste those forms has best applied.

The Poet, with great propriety, begins by declaring what is *the chief business* of theory, and pronounces it to be a knowledge of what is beautiful in nature :

That form alone, where glows peculiar grace.
The genuine Painter condescends to trace. L. 9, P. 233.

There is an absolute necessity for the Painter to generalize his notions; to paint particulars is not to paint nature, it is only to paint circumstances. When the Artist has conceived in his imagination the image of perfect beauty, or the abstract idea of forms, he may be said to be admitted into the great Council of Nature, and to

Trace Beauty's beam to its eternal spring.
And pure to man the fire celestial bring. L. 19, P. 233.

To facilitate the acquisition of this ideal beauty, the Artist is recommended to a studious examination of ancient Sculpture. R.

NOTE IV.—L. 11, P. 235.

Till this be learn'd how all things disagree,
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!

The mind is distracted with the variety of accidents, for so they ought to be called rather than forms : and the disagreement of those among themselves will be a perpetual source of confusion and meanness, until, by generalizing his ideas, the painter has acquired the only true criterion of judgment : then with a *Master's care*,

Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realms he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies. L. 7, P. 236.

It is better that he should come to diversify on particulars from the large and broad idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this great general idea: for to generalize from the endless and vicious variety of *actual* forms, requires a mind of wonderful capacity; it is perhaps more than any one mind can accomplish: but when the other, and, I think, better course is pursued, the Artist may avail himself of the united powers of all his predecessors. He sets out with an ample inheritance, and avails himself of the selection of ages.
R.

NOTE V.—L. 19, P. 235.

Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curst,—

The sententious and Horatian line (says a later French editor), which in the

original, is placed to the score of the Ancients, to give it greater weight, is the Author's own. I suspect, however, that he borrowed the thought from some ancient prose-writer, as we see he borrowed from Plutarch before at the opening of his poem. M.

NOTE VI.—L. 21, P. 235.

When first the orient beams of beauty move—

The original here is very obscure; when I had translated the passage in the clearest manner I was able, but necessarily with some periphrasis, I consulted a learned friend upon it, who was pleased to approve the version, and to elucidate the text in the following manner: "Cognita" (the things known), in line 38: refers to "Nosse quid in Natura pulchrius" (the thing to be learned), in line 31, the main thing is to *know* what forms are most beautiful, and to know what forms have been chiefly reputed such by the Ancients. In these when once known, *i. e.*, attended to and considered, the mind of course takes a pleasure, and thus the *conscious* soul becomes enamoured with the object, &c., as in the paraphrase. M.

NOTE VII.—L. 9, P. 236.

With nimble step pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along.

The powers of expressing these transitory beauties is perhaps the greatest effort of our art, and which cannot be attained till the Student has acquired a facility of drawing nature correctly in its inanimate state. R.

NOTE VIII.—L. 11, P. 236.

Yet some there are who indiscreetly stray,
Where purblind practice only points the way.

Practice is justly called *purblind*; for practice, that is tolerable in its way, is not totally *blind:* an imperceptible theory, which grows out of, accompanies, and directs it, is never wholly wanting to a sedulous practice; but this goes but a little way with the Painter himself, and is utterly inexplicable to others.

To become a great proficient, an artist ought to see clearly enough to enable him to point out to others the principle on which he works; otherwise he will be confined, and what is worse, he will be uncertain. A degree of mechanical practice, odd as it may seem, must precede theory. The reason is, that if we wait till we are partly able to comprehend the theory of art, too much of life will be passed to permit us to acquire facility and power: something therefore must be done on trust, by mere imitation of given patterns before the theory of art can be *felt*. Thus we shall become acquainted with the *necessities* of the art and the very great want of Theory, the sense of which want can alone lead us to take pains to acquire it; for what better means can we have of knowing to a certainty, and of imprinting strongly on our mind our own deficiencies, than unsuccessful attempts? This Theory will be best understood by, and in, practice.

If Practice advances too far before Theory, her guide, she is likely to lose her way ; and if she keeps too far behind, to be discouraged.

NOTE IX.—L. 20. P. 236.

'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.

As Fresnoy has condescended to give advice of a prudential kind, let me be permitted here to recommend to the Artist to talk as little as possible of his own works, much less to praise them ; and this not so much for the sake of avoiding the character of vanity, as for keeping clear of a real detriment; of a real productive cause which prevents his progress in his art, and dulls the edge of enterprize.

He who has the habit of insinuating his own excellence to the little circle of his friends, with whom he comes into contact, will grow languid in his exertions to fill a larger sphere of reputation ; He will fall into the habit of acquiescing in the partial opinions of a few ; he will grow restive in his own ; by admiring himself, he will come to repeat himself, and then there is an end of improvement. In a Painter it is particularly dangerous to be too good a speaker ; it lessens the necessary endeavours to make himself master of the language which properly belongs to his art, that of his pencil. This circle of self-applause and reflected admiration, is to him the world, which he vainly imagines he has engaged in his party, and therefore supposes that further enterprize becomes less necessary.

Neither is it prudent, for the same reason, to talk much of a work before he undertakes it, which will probably thus be prevented from being ever begun. Even showing a picture in an unfinished state makes the finishing afterwards irksome ; the artist has already had the gratification which he ought to have kept back, and made to serve as a spur to hasten its completion. R.

NOTE X.—L. 5. P. 237.

Some lofty theme let judgment first supply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majesty.

It is a matter of great judgment to know what subjects are or are not fit for painting. It is true that they ought to be such as the verses here direct, full of grace and majesty ; but it is not every such subject that will answer to the Painter. The Painter's theme is generally supplied by the Poet or Historian : but as the Painter speaks to the eye, a story in which fine feeling and curious sentiment is predominant, rather than palpable situation, gross interest, and distinct passion, is not suited to his purpose.

It should be likewise a story generally known; for the painter, representing one point of time only, cannot inform the spectator what preceded the event, however necessary in order to judge of the propriety and truth of the expression and character of the actors. It may be remarked that action is the principal requisite in a subject for history-painting; and that there are many subjects which, though very interesting to the reader, would make no figure in representation : such are those subjects which consist in any long *series* of action, the

parts of which have very much *dependency* each on the other; or where any remarkable point or turn of verbal expression makes a part of the excellence of the story; or where it has its effect from *allusion to circumstances not actually present.* An instance occurs to me of a subject which was recommended to a painter by a very distinguished person, but who, as it appears, was but little conversant with the art; it was what passed between James II. and the old Earl of Bedford in the council which was held just before the Revolution.* This is a very striking piece of history; but so far from being a proper subject, that it unluckily possesses no one requisite necessary for a picture; it has a retrospect to other circumstances of history of a very complicated nature; it marks no general or intelligible action or passion; and it is necessarily deficient in that variety of heads, forms, ages, sexes, and draperies, which sometimes, by good management, supply by picturesque effect the want of real interest in a history.

R.

NOTE XI.—L. 11, P. 237.

Then let the virgin canvass smooth expand,
To claim the sketch and tempt the Artist's hand.

I wish to understand the last line as recommending to the artist to paint the sketch previously on canvas, as was the practice with Rubens.

This method of painting the sketch, instead of merely drawing it on paper, will give a facility in the management of colours, and in the handling, which the Italian painters, not having this custom, wanted; by habit he will acquire equal readiness in doing two things at a time as in doing only one. A painter, as I have said on another occasion, if possible, should paint all his studies, and consider drawing only as a succedaneum when colours are not at hand. This was the practice of the Venetian painters, and of all those who have excelled in colouring; Coreggio used to say, *C'harea isuoi dessegni nella stremita de penneli.* The method of Rubens was to sketch his composition in colours, with all the parts more determined than sketches generally are; from this sketch his scholars advanced the picture as far as they were capable : after which, he retouched the whole himself.

The painter's operation may be divided into three parts; the planning, which implies the sketch of the general composition, the transferring that design to the canvass, and the finishing or retouching the whole. If, for despatch, the artist looks out for assistance, it is in the middle stage only he can receive it: the first and last operation must be the work of his own hand. R.

NOTE XII.—L. 13, P. 237.

Then bold invention all thy powers diffuse,
Of all thy sisters thou the noblest muse.

The invention of a painter consists not in inventing the subject, but in a capacity of forming in his imagination the subject in a manner best accommodated to his art, though wholly borrowed from poets, historians, or popular tradition.

* Dalrymple's Memoirs i. 168. This writer has quoted no authority for the remarkable anecdote here alluded to: an inexcusable omission. E. M.

For this purpose, he has full as much to do, and perhaps more than if the very story was invented: for he is bound to follow the ideas which he has received, and to translate them (if I may use the expression) into another art. In this translation the painter's invention lies; he must in a manner new-cast the whole, and model it in his own imagination; to make it a painter's nourishment, it must pass through a painter's mind. Having received an idea of the pathetic and grand in *intellect*, he has next to consider how to make it correspond with what is touching and awful to the *eye*, which is a business by itself. But here begins what in the language of painters is called *invention*, which includes not only the composition, or the putting the whole together, and the disposition of every individual part, but likewise the management of the back-ground, the effect of light and shadow, and the attitude of every figure or animal that is introduced or makes a part of the work.

Composition, which is the principal part of the Invention of a Painter, is by far the greatest difficulty he has to encounter. Every man that can paint at all, can execute individual parts; but to keep those parts in due subordination as relative to a whole, requires a comprehensive view of the art, that more strongly implies genius, than perhaps any other quality whatever. R.

NOTE XIII.—L. 1. P. 238.

Vivid and faithful to the historic page,
Express the customs, manners, forms, and age.

Though the Painter borrows his subject, he considers his art as not subservient to any other. His business is something more than assisting the Historian with explanatory figures: as soon as he takes it into his hands, he adds, retrenches, transposes, and moulds it anew, till it is made fit for his own art; he avails himself of the privileges allowed to Poets and Painters, and dares every thing to accomplish his end by means corresponding to that end,—to impress the spectator with the same interest at the sight of his representation, as the Poet has contrived to impress on the Reader by his description: the end is the same in both cases, though the means are, and must be different. Ideas intended to be conveyed to the mind by one sense, cannot always, with equal success, be conveyed by another: our author therefore has recommended to us elsewhere to be attentive

"On what may aid your art, and what destroy." l. 2. p. 238.

Even the Historian takes great liberties with facts, in order to interest his readers, and makes his narration more delightful; much greater right has the Painter to do this, who, though his work is called History-Painting, gives in reality a poetical representation of events. R.

NOTE XIV.—L. 3. P. 238.

Nor paint conspicuous on the foremost plain
Whate'er is false, impertinent, or vain.

This precept, so obvious to common sense, appears superfluous, till we recollect that some of the greatest Painters have been guilty of a breach of it: for, not to mention Paul Veronese or Rubens, whose principles, as ornamental Pain-

ters, would allow great latitude in introducing animals, or whatever they might think necessary, to contrast or make the composition more picturesque, we can no longer wonder why the Poet has thought it worth setting a guard against this impropriety, when we find that such men as Raffaelle and the Caracci, in their greatest and most serious works, have introduced on the foreground mean and frivolous circumstances.

Such improprieties, to do justice to the more modern Painters, are seldom found in their works. The only excuse that can be made for those great Artists, is their living in an age when it was the custom to mix the ludicrous with the serious, and when Poetry as well as Painting gave into this fashion.

R.

NOTE XV.—L. 7, P. 238.

This rare, this arduous task, no rules can teach.

This must be meant to refer to Invention, and not to the precepts immediately preceding; which relating only to the mechanical disposition of the work, cannot be supposed to be out of the reach of the rules of art, or not to be acquired but by the assistance of supernatural power. R.

NOTE XVI.—L. 10, P. 238.

Prometheus ravish'd from the car of day.

After the lines in the original of this passage, there comes in one of a proverbial cast, taken from Horace*: Non uti Dædaliam licet omnibus ire Corinthum." I could not introduce a version of this with any grace into the conclusion of the sentence; and indeed I do not think it connects well in the original. It certainly conveys no truth of importance, nor adds much to what went before it. I suppose, therefore, I shall be pardoned for having taken no notice of it in my translation.

Mr Ray, in his collection of English proverbs, brings this of Horace as a parallel to a ridiculous English one, viz. *Every man's nose will not make a shoeing-horn.* It is certain, were a proverb here introduced, it ought to be of English growth to suit an English translation; but this, alas! would not fit my purpose, and Mr Ray gives us no other. I hold myself, therefore, excusable for leaving the line untranslated.

NOTE XVII.—L. 15. P. 238.

Till all complete the gradual wonder shone,
And vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone.

In strict propriety, the Grecian Statues only excel nature by bringing together such an assemblage of beautiful parts as Nature was never known to bestow on one subject:

But earth-born graces sparingly impart
The symmetry supreme of perfect art: L. 25, P. 235.

Horace's line runs thus, (Epistle 17, Book I. line 36.)
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum. M.

It must be remembered, that the component parts of the most perfect Statue never can excel nature,—that we can form no idea of beauty beyond her works: we can only make this rare assemblage; an assemblage so rare, that if we are to give the name of Monster to what is uncommon, we might, in the words of the Duke of Buckingham, call it

A faultless Monster which the world ne'er saw. R.

NOTE XVIII.—L. 8, P. 239.

Learn then from Greece ye youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each just position draw.

Du Piles has, in his note on this passage, given the measures of a human body, as taken by Fresnoy from the statues of the ancients which are here transcribed:

" The Ancients have commonly allowed eight heads to their figures, though some of them have but seven; but we ordinarily divide the figures into ten faces* ; that is to say, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, in the following manner :

" From the crown of the head to the forehead is the third part of a face.

" The face begins at the root of the lowest hairs which are upon the forehead and ends at the bottom of the chin.

" The face is divided into three proportionable parts ; the first contains the forehead, the second the nose, and the third the mouth and the chin ; from the chin to the pit betwixt the collar-bones are two lengths of a nose.

" From the pit betwixt the collar-bones to the bottom of the breast, one face.

" From the bottom of the breast to the navel, one face.†

" From the navel to the genitories, one face. ‡

" From the genitories to the upper part of the knee, two faces.

" The knee contains half a face.

" From the lower part of the knee to the ankle, two faces.

" From the ankle to the sole of the foot, half a face.

" A man, when his arms are stretched out, is, from the longest finger of his right hand to the longest of his left, as broad as he is long.

" From one side of the breast to the other, two faces.

" The bone of the arm, called Humerus, is the length of two faces from the shoulder to the elbow.

" From the end of the elbow to the root of the little finger, the bone called Cubitus, with part of the hand, contains two faces.

" From the box of the shoulder-blade to the pit betwixt the collar-bones, one face.

" If you would be satisfied in the measure of breadth, from the extremity of one finger to the other, so that this breadth should be equal to the length of the

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* This depends on the age and quality of the persons. The Apollo and Venus of Medicis have more than ten faces. R.

† The Apollo has a nose more.

‡ The Apollo has half a nose more ; and the upper part half of the Venus de Medicis is to the lower part of the belly, and not to the privy-parts.

body, you must observe, that the boxes of the elbows with the humerus, and of the humerus with the shoulder blade, bear the proportion of half a face when the arms are stretched out.

" The sole of the foot is the sixth part of the figure.

" The hand is the length of a face.

" The thumb contains a nose.

" The inside of the arm, from the place where the muscle disappears, which makes the breast (called the Pectoral muscle,) to the middle of the arm, four noses.

" From the middle of the arm to the beginning of the head, five noses.

" The longest toe is a nose long.

" The two utmost parts of the teats ; and the pit betwixt the collar-bones of a woman, make an equilateral triangle.

" For the breadth of the limbs, no precise measures can be given, because the measures themselves are changeable, according to the quality of the persons, and according to the movement of the muscles."—*Du Piles.*

The measures of the ancient statues, by Audran, appear to be the most useful, as they are accompanied with the outline of the figures which are most distinguished for correctness. R.

NOTE XIX.—L. 14. P. 239.

But chief from her that flowing outline take,—

The French editor,* who republished this poem in the year 1753, (eighty-five years later than the first edition of Du Piles,) remarks here, that Noël Coypel, (called Coypel le Poussin,) in a discourse which he published and addressed to the French Academy, says, " That all which our Author has delivered concerning outlines (*contours*) in this passage, does not appear to him to convey any precise or certain rules. He adds, that it is indeed almost a thing impossible to give them, particularly in what regards grace and elegance of outline. Anatomy and proportion, according to him, may enable a person to design with correctness, but cannot give that noble part of the art which ought to be attributed to the mind or understanding, according to which it is more or less delicate." I think Fresnoy has hinted the very same thing more than once; and, perhaps, like Coypel, lays too great a stress on the mental faculty, which we call strength of Genius ; but the consideration of this does not come within the province which I have allotted myself in these *critical* notes. M.

NOTE XX.—L. 2, P. 240.

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perspective can give
Those charms complete, by which your works shall live.

The translator has softened, if not changed the text, which boldly pronounces that Perspective cannot be depended on as a certain rule. Fresnoy was not aware that he was arguing from the abuse of the Art of Perspective, the business of which is to represent objects as they appear to the eye, or as they are

* He calls himself, in his Paris edition, entitled, " L' Ecole d'Uranie," Le Sieur M. D. Q. The Abbe De Marsy's Poem, entitled *Pictura*, is annexed to Du Fresnoy's in that edition.

delineated on a transparent plane placed between the spectator and the object. The rules of Perspective, as well as all other rules, may be injudiciously applied; and it must be acknowledged that a misapplication of them is too frequently found even in the works of the most considerable artists. It is not uncommon to see a figure on the foreground represented near twice the size of another which is supposed to be removed but a few feet behind it; this, though true according to rule, will appear monstrous. This error proceeds from placing the point of distance too near the point of sight, by which means the diminution of objects is so sudden as to appear unnatural, unless you stand so near the picture as the point of distance requires, which would be too near for the eye to comprehend the whole picture; whereas, if the point of distance is removed so far as the spectator may be supposed to stand in order to see commodiously, and take within his view the whole, the figures behind would then suffer under no such violent diminution. Du Piles, in his note on this passage, endeavours to confirm Fresnoy in his prejudice, by giving an instance which proves, as he imagines, the uncertainty of the art. He supposes it employed to delineate the Trajan Pillar, the figures on which, being, as he says, larger at the top than the bottom, would counteract the effects of perspective. The folly of this needs no comment. I shall only observe, by the way, that the fact is not true, the figures on that pillar being all of the same dimensions. R.

NOTE XXI.—L. 2. P. 240.

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perspective can give
Those charms complete, by which your works shall live.

I plead guilty to the charge in the preceding note. I have translated the passage, as if the text had been *ad* complementum graphidos, instead of *aut*, and consequently might have been thus construed: "Perspective cannot be said to be a sure rule or guide *to* the complete knowledge of painting, but only an assistance, &c." This I did to make the position more consonant to truth; and I am pleased to find that it agrees much better with Sir Joshua's annotations than the original would have done. Du Piles, in the former part of his note (which I know not for what reason Mr Dryden omitted), says thus: "It is not in order to reject Perspective that the Author speaks thus, for he advises it elsewhere in his poem,* as a study absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, I own this passage is not quite clear, yet it was not my fault that the Author did not make it more intelligible: but he was so much offended with some persons who knew nothing of painting in general, save only the part of perspective, in which they made the whole art of it to consist, that he would never be persuaded to recall the expression, though I fully convinced him, that every thing these people said was not of the least consequence." Du Piles seems to tell this tale (so little to the credit of his friend's judgment) merely to make himself of consequence; for my own part, I can hardly be persuaded that a person who has translated a work so inaccurately as Du Piles has done this, "did it under the Author's own eye, and corrected it till the version was entirely to his own mind," which, in his preface, he asserts was the case.

* I suppose he alludes to the 509th line:
In geometrali prius arte parumper adulti. M.

NOTE XXII.—L. 14. P. 240.

Yet to each separate form adapt with care
Such limbs, such robes, such attitude and air,
As best befit the head,———

As it is necessary for the sake of variety, that figures not only of different ages, but of different forms and characters, be introduced in a work where many figures are required, care must be taken that those different characters have a certain consonance of parts among themselves, such as is generally found in nature: a fat face, for instance, is usually accompanied with a proportional degree of corpulency of body; an aquiline nose for the most part belongs to a thin countenance, with a body and limbs corresponding to it; but these are observations which must occur to every body.

Yet there are others that are not so obvious; and those who have turned their thoughts this way, may form a probable conjecture concerning the form of the rest of the figure from a part,—from the fingers, or from a single feature of the face: for instance, those who are born crook-backed have commonly a peculiar form of lips and expression in the mouth, that strongly denotes that deformity.

R.

NOTE XXIII.—L. 18. P. 240.

Learn action from the dumb, the dumb shall teach
How happiest to supply the want of speech.

Gesture is a language we are born with, and is the most natural way of expressing ourselves: painting may be said therefore, in this respect to have the superiority over poetry.

Fresnoy, however, certainly means here, persons either born dumb, or who are become so from accident or violence; and the translator has, therefore, rendered his meaning justly; but persons who are born dumb are commonly deaf also, and their gestures are usually extravagant and forced; and of those who have become dumb by accident or violence, examples are too rare to furnish the painter with sufficient observation. I would wish therefore to understand the rule, as dictating to the artist, to observe how persons, with naturally good expressive features, are affected in their looks and actions by any spectacle or sentiment which they see or hear, and to copy the gestures which they then silently make use of; but he should ever take these lessons from Nature only, and not imitate her at second hand, as many French painters do, who appear to take their ideas, not only of grace and dignity, but of emotion and passion, from their theatrical heroes; which is imitating an imitation, and often a false or exaggerated imitation.

R.

NOTE XXIV.—L. 20. P. 340.

Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece should meet the sight.

There can be no doubt that this figure should be laboured in proportion as it

claims the attention of the spectator, but there is no necessity that it should be placed in the middle of the picture, or receive the principal light; this conduct, if always observed, would reduce the art of composition to too great a uniformity.

It is sufficient, if the place he holds, or the attention of the other figures to him, denote him the hero of the piece.

The principal figure may be too principal. The harmony of composition requires that the inferior characters bear some proportion, according to their several stations, to the hero of the work.

This rule, as enforced by Fresnoy, may be said more properly to belong to the art in its infant state, or to be directed to young students as a first precept; but the more advanced know that such an apparent artificial disposition would be in reality for that reason inartificial. R.

NOTE XXV.—L. 11. P. 240.

In every figured group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety.

The rule of contrasting figures, or groups, is not only universally known and adopted, but it is frequently carried to such excess, that our author might, perhaps, with more propriety have fixed his caution on the other side, and recommended to the artist not to destroy the grandeur and simplicity of his design by violent and affected contrasts.

The artless uniformity of the compositions of the old Gothic painters is far preferable to this false refinement, this ostentatious display of academic art. A greater degree of contrast and variety may be allowed in the picturesque or ornamental style; but we must not forget that they are the natural enemies of simplicity, and consequently of the grand style, and destroy *that solemn majesty, that soft repose*, which is produced in a great measure by regularity and uniformity.

An instance occurs to me where those two qualities are separately exhibited by two great painters, Rubens and Titian. The picture of Rubens is in the church of St Augustine at Antwerp; the subject (if that may be called a subject where no story is represented) is the Virgin and infant Christ, placed high in the picture on a pedestal, with many saints about them, and as many below them, with others on the steps, to serve as a link to unite the upper and lower part of the picture.

The composition of this picture is perfect in its kind; the artist has shown the greatest skill in disposing and contrasting more than twenty figures without confusion and without crowding; the whole appearing as much animated and in motion as it is possible, where nothing is to be done.

The picture of Titian, which we would oppose to this, is in the church of the Frari at Venice. The peculiar character of this piece is grandeur and simplicity, which proceed in a great measure from the regularity of the composition, two of the principal figures being represented kneeling directly opposite to each other, and nearly in the same attitude; this is what few painters would have had the courage to venture; Rubens would certainly have rejected so unpicturesque a mode of composition, had it occurred to him.

Both these pictures are equally excellent in their kind, and may be said to characterise their respective authors. There is a bustle and animation in the work of Rubens; a quiet, solemn majesty in that of Titian. The excellence of Rubens is the picturesque effect which he produces. The superior merit of Titian is in the appearance of being above seeking after any such artificial excellence.* R.

NOTE XXVI.—L. 11, P. 242.

——————————we still should lose
That solemn majesty, that soft repose,
Dear to the curious eye, and only found
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.

It is said to have been Annibal Caracci's opinion, that a perfect composition ought not to consist of more than twelve figures, which he thought enough to people three groups, and that more would destroy that majesty and repose so necessary to the grand style of Painting. R.

NOTE XXVII.—L. 17, P. 242.

Judgment will so the several groups unite,
That one compacted whole shall meet the sight.

Nothing so much breaks in upon, and destroys this compactness, as that mode of composition which cuts in the middle the figures on the foreground, though it was frequently the practice of the greatest painters, even of the best age: Michael Angelo has it in the crucifixion of St. Peter; Raffaelle in the Cartoon of the preaching of St. Paul; and Parmigiano often showed only the head and shoulders above the base of the picture. However, the more modern painters, notwithstanding such authorities, cannot be accused of having fallen into this error.

But suppose we carry the reformation still farther, and that we do not suffer the sides of the picture to cut off any part of the figures, the composition would certainly be more round and compact within itself. All subjects, it is true, will not admit of this: however, we may safely recommend it, unless the circumstances are very particular, and such as are certain to produce some striking effect by the breach of so just a rule. R.

NOTE XXVIII.—L. 15, P. 243.

Nor yet to Nature such strict homage pay,
As not to quit when Genius leads the way;
Nor yet, though Genius all his succour sends,
Her mimic powers though ready Memory lends,
Presume from Nature wholly to depart,
For Nature is the Arbitress of Art.

* See the JOURNEY TO FLANDERS AND HOLLAND, p. 186, where the subject of this note is more fully treated. The fair transcript of that journey having been written about the same time that these notes were composed, our author took from thence the illustration which he has made use of here. E. M.

Nothing in the art requires more attention and judgment, or more of that power of discrimination which may not improperly be called Genius, than the steering between general ideas and individuality: for though the body of the work must certainly be composed by the first, in order to communicate a character of grandeur to the whole, yet a dash of the latter is sometimes necessary to give an interest. An individual model, copied with scrupulous exactness, makes a mean style, like the Dutch: and the neglect of an actual model, and the method of proceeding solely from idea, has a tendency to make the painter degenerate into a mannerist.

In order to keep the mind in repair, it is necessary to replace and refreshen those impressions of nature which are continually wearing away.

A circumstance mentioned in the life of Guido is well worth the attention of Artists. He was asked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, which is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter; he said he would show all the models he used, and ordered a common porter to sit before him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance. This was undoubtedly an exaggeration of his conduct; but his intention was to show that he thought it necessary for painters to have some model of nature before them, however they might deviate from it, and correct it from the idea of perfect beauty which they have formed in their minds.

In Painting it is far better to have a model even to depart from, than to have nothing fixed and certain to determine the idea. When there is a model, there is something to proceed on, something to be corrected; so that even supposing no part is adopted, the model has still been not without use.

Such habits of intercourse with nature will at least create that variety which will prevent any one from prognosticating, on being informed of the subject, what manner of work the painter is likely to produce; which is the most disagreeable character an Artist can have. R.

NOTE XXIX.—L. 15, P. 244.

Peculiar toil on single forms bestow,
There let expression lend its finish'd glow.

When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines; it should be as much as possible a composition of itself. It may be remarked, that such a complete figure will never unite or make a part of a group; as on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will stand by itself. A composition, where every figure is such as I suppose a single figure ought to be, and those likewise contrasted to each other, which is not uncommon in the works of young artists, produces such an assemblage of artifice and affectation as is in the highest degree unnatural and disgustful.

There is another circumstance which, though not improper in single figures, ought never to be practised in historical pictures: that of representing any figure as looking out of the picture, that is, looking at the person who views the picture. This conduct in history gives an appearance to that figure of having no connexion with the rest; and ought therefore never to be practised except in ludicrous subjects.

It is not certain that the variety recommended in a single figure can with equal success be extended to colouring. The difficulty will be in diffusing the colours of the drapery of this single figure to other distant parts of the picture, for this is what harmony requires; this difficulty, however, seems to be evaded in the works of Titian, Vandyck, and many others, by dressing their single figures in black or white.

Vandyck, in the famous portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, was confined in his dress to crimson velvet and white linen : he has therefore made the curtain in the back-ground of the same crimson colour, and the white is diffused by a letter which lies on the table; and a bunch of flowers is likewise introduced for the same purpose. R.

NOTE XXX.—L. 3. P. 245.

Not on the form in stiff adhesion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and shade.

The disposing of the drapery so as to appear to cling close round the limbs, is a kind of pedantry which young painters are very apt to fall into, as it carries with it a relish of the learning acquired from the ancient statues ; but they should recollect there is not the same necessity for this practice in painting as in sculpture. R.

NOTE XXXI.—L. 1. P. 246..

But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold.

Finery of all kinds destroys grandeur, which in a great measure proceeds from simplicity; it may, however, without impropriety, be introduced into the ornamental style, such as that of Rubens and Paul Veronese. R.

NOTE XXXII.—L. 11. P. 246.

That majesty, that grace, so rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art, but heaven.

It is undoubtedly true, and perfectly obvious, that every part of the art has a grace belonging to it, which, to satisfy and captivate the mind, must be superadded to correctness. This excellence, however expressed, whether we call it genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, I am confident may be acquired : or the Artist may certainly be put into that train by which it shall be acquired; though he must, in a great measure, teach himself by a continual contemplation of the works of those painters who are acknowledged to excel in grace and majesty: this will teach him to look for it in nature, and industry will give him the power of expressing it on canvas.

NOTE XXXIII.—L. 19. P. 246.

Thy last, thy noblest task, remains untold,
Passion to paint and sentiment unfold.

This is truly the noblest task, and is the finishing of the fabric of the art : to

attempt this summit of excellence, without having first laid the foundation of habitual correctness, may indeed be said to build castles in the air.

Every part which goes to the composition of a picture, even inanimate objects are capable to a certain degree of conveying sentiment, and contribute their share to the general purpose of striking the imagination of the spectator. The disposition of light, or the folding of drapery, will give sometimes a general air of grandeur to the whole work. R.

NOTE XXXIV.—L. 6. P. 247.

By tedious toil no passions are exprest,
His hand who feels them strongest paints them best.

A painter, whatever he may feel, will not be able to express it on canvas, without having recourse to a recollection of those principles by which the passion required is expressed. The mind thus occupied, is not likely at the same time to be possessed with the passion which he is representing. An image may be ludicrous, and in its first conception make the painter laugh as well as the spectator; but the difficulty of his art makes the painter, in the course of his work, equally grave and serious, whether he is employed on the most ludicrous or the most solemn subject.

However, we may, without great violence, suppose this rule to mean no more than that a sensibility is required in the Artist, so that he should be capable of conceiving the passion properly before he sets about representing it on canvas. R.

NOTE XXXV.—L. 6. P. 247.

By tedious toil no passions are exprest,
His hand who feels them strongest paints them best.

"The two verses of the text, notwithstanding the air of antiquity which they appear to have, seems most probably to be the author's own," says the late French editor: but I suppose, as I did on a similar adage before, that the thought is taken from antiquity. With respect to my translation, I beg leave to intimate, that by feeling the passions strongest, I do not mean that a passionate man will make the best painter of the passions, but he who has the clearest conception of them, that is, who feels their effect on the countenance of other men, as in great actors on the stage, and in persons in real life strongly agitated by them: perhaps my translation would have been clearer and more consonant with the above judicious explication of Sir Joshua Reynolds, if it had run thus;

He who conceives them strongest paints them best.

NOTE XXXVI.—L. 4. P. 248.

Full late awoke the ceaseless tear to shed
For perish'd art;—

The later French editor, who has modernized the style of Du Piles' translation, says here, that "he has taken the liberty to soften this passage, and has translated *Nil superest*, by *presque rien*, instead of Du Piles' version, *Il ne nous a rien reste de leur peinture*, being authorised to make this change by the late dis-

coveries of ancient painting at Herculaneum;" but I scarce think that, by these discoveries, we have retrieved any thing of ancient *colouring*, which is the matter here in question, therefore I have given my translation that turn. M.

NOTE XXXVII.—L. 5. P. 248.

————————for those celestial hues
Which Zeuxis, aided by the attic muse,
Gave to the wondering eye :————

From the various ancient paintings which have come down to us, we may form a judgment with tolerable accuracy of the excellencies and the defects of the art amongst the ancients.

There can be no doubt, but that the same correctness of design was required from the painter as from the sculptor ; as if what has happened in the case of sculpture, had likewise happened in regard to their paintings, and we had the good fortune to possess what the ancients themselves esteemed their masterpieces. I have no doubt but we should find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian. What disposes me to think higher of their colouring than any remains of ancient painting will warrant, is the account which Pliny gives of the mode of operation used by Apelles ;—that over his finished picture he spread a transparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and at the same time to lower the too great glare of the colour : " *Quod absoluta opera atramento illinebat ita tenui, ut id ipsum repercussu claritates colorum excitaret ;—et cum ratione magna, ne colorum claritas oculorum aciem offenderet.*" This passage, though it may possibly perplex the critics, is a true and an artist-like description of the effect of glazing or scumbling, such as was practised by Titian and the rest of the Venetian painters. This custom, or mode of operation, implies at least a true taste of that in which the excellence of colouring consists : which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours; from breaking down these fine colours which would appear too raw, to a deep toned brightness. Perhaps the manner in which Correggio practised the art of glazing was still more like that of Apelles, which was only perceptible to those who looked close to the picture *ad manum intuenti demum appareret :* whereas in Titian, and still more in Bassan and others his imitators, it was apparent on the slightest inspection. Artists who may not approve of glazing, must still acknowledge, that this practice is not that of ignorance.

Another circumstance, that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring, is the account we have of some of their principal painters using but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours, the cleaner will be the effect of those colours, and that four are sufficient to make every combination required. Two colours mixed together will not preserve the brightness of either of them single, nor will three be as bright as two; of this observation, simple as it is, an artist, who wishes to colour bright, will know the value.

In regard to their power of giving peculiar expression, no correct judgment can be formed; but we cannot well suppose that men, who were capable of giving that general grandeur of character which so eminently distinguishes their works in sculpture, were incapable of expressing peculiar passions.

As to the enthusiastic commendations bestowed on them by their contemporaries, I consider them as of no weight. The best words are always employed to praise the best works; admiration often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence. What they appear to have most failed in is composition, both in regard to the grouping of their figures, and the art of disposing the light and shadow in masses. It is apparent that this, which makes so considerable a part of modern art, was to them totally unknown.

If the great painters had possessed this excellence, some portion of it would have infallibly been diffused, and have been discoverable in the works of the inferior rank of artists, such as those whose works have come down to us, and which may be considered as on the same rank with the paintings that ornament our public gardens. Supposing our modern pictures of this rank only were preserved for the inspection of connoisseurs two thousand years hence, the general principles of composition would be still discoverable in those pieces; however feebly executed, there would be seen an attempt to an union of the figure with its ground, and some idea of disposing both the figures and the lights in groups. Now as nothing of this appears in what we have of ancient painting, we may conclude that this part of the art was totally neglected, or more probably unknown.

They might, however, have produced single figures which approached perfection both in drawing and colouring; they might excel in a *Solo*, (in the language of musicians), though they were probably incapable of composing a full piece for a concert of different instruments. R.

NOTE XXXVIII.—L. 9. P. 251.

Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine
With rival radiance in the same design.

The same right judgment which proscribes two equal lights, forbids any two objects to be introduced of equal magnitude or force, so as to appear to be competitors for the attention of the spectator. This is common ; but I do not think it quite so common, to extend the rule so far as it ought to be extended : even in colours, whether of the warm or cold kind, there should be one of each which should be apparently principal, and predominate over the rest. It must be observed, even in drapery ; two folds of the same drapery must not be of equal magnitude.

NOTE XXXIX.—L. 11. P. 251.

But yield to one alone the power to blaze,
And spread th' extensive vigour of its rays.

Rembrandt frequently practised this rule to a degree of affectation, by allowing but one mass of light ; but the Venetian Painters, and Rubens, who extracted his principles from their works, admitted many subordinate lights.

The same rules which have been given in regard to the regulation of groups of figures, must be observed in regard to the grouping of lights ; that there shall be a superiority of one over the rest, that they shall be separated, and varied in their shapes, and that there should be at least three lights ; the secondary lights ought, for the sake of harmony and union, to be of nearly equal brightness, though not of equal magnitude with the principle.

The Dutch Painters particularly excelled in the management of light and shade, and have shown, in this department, that consummate skill which entirely conceals the appearance of art.

Jan Steen, Teniers, Ostade, Du Sart, and many others of that school, may be produced as instances, and recommended to the young artist's careful study and attention.

The means by which the Painter works, and on which the effect of his picture depends, are light and shade, warm and cold colours. That there is an art in the management and disposition of those means will be easily granted, and it is equally certain, that this art is to be acquired by a careful examination of the works of those who have excelled in it.

I shall here set down the result of the observations which I have made on the works of those Artists who appear to have best understood the management of light and shade, and who may be considered as examples for imitation in this branch of the art.

Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, were among the first Painters who reduced to a system what was before practised without any fixed principle, and consequently neglected occasionally. From the Venetian Painters, Rubens extracted his scheme of composition, which was soon understood and adopted by his countrymen, and extended even to the minor Painters of familiar life in the Dutch school.

When I was at Venice, the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this. When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike : their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principle and secondary lights ; another quarter to be as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half shadow.

Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less, scarce an eighth ; by this conduct Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant, but it costs too much ; the rest of the picture is sacrificed to this one object. That light will certainly appear the brightest which is surrounded with the greatest quantity of shade, supposing equal skill in the Artist.

By this means you may likewise remark the various forms and shapes of those lights, as well as the objects on which they are flung ; whether a figure, or the sky, a white napkin, animals, or utensils, often introduced for this purpose only. It may be observed, likewise, what portion is strongly relieved, and how much is united with its ground ; for it is necessary that some part (though a small one is sufficient) should be sharp and cutting against its ground, whether it be light on a dark, or dark on a light ground, in order to give firmness and distinctness to the work ; if on the other hand it is relieved on every side, it will appear as if inlaid on its ground. Such a blotted paper, held at a distance from the eye,

will strike the spectator as something excellent from the disposition of light and shadow, though he does not distinguish whether it is a history, a portrait, a landscape, dead game, or any thing else ; for the same principles extended to every branch of the art.

Whether I have given an exact account, or made a just division of the quantity of light admitted into the works of those Painters, is of no very great consequence ; let every person examine and judge for himself : it will be sufficient if I have suggested a mode of examining pictures this way, and one means at least, of acquiring the principle on which they wrought.

NOTE XL.—L. 7 P. 252.

Then only justly spread, when to the sight
A breadth of shade pursues a breadth of light.

The highest finishing is labour in vain, unless at the same time there be preserved a breadth of light and shadow; it is a quality, therefore, that is more frequently recommended to students, and insisted upon, than any other whatever ; and, perhaps, for this reason, because it is most apt to be neglected, the attention of the Artist being so often entirely absorbed in the detail.

To illustrate this, we may have recourse to Titian's bunch of grapes, which we will suppose placed so as to receive a broad light and shadow. Here, though each individual grape on the light side has its light, and shadow, and reflection, yet altogether they make but one broad mass of light ; the slightest sketch, therefore, where this breadth is preserved, will have a better effect, will have more the appearance of coming from a master-hand, that is, in other words, will have more the characteristic and *generale* of nature, than the most laborious finishing where this breadth is lost or neglected.

NOTE XLI.—Lll. P 253.

Which mildly mixing, every social dye
Unites the whole in loveliest harmony.

The same method may be used to acquire that harmonious effect of colours, which was recommended for the acquisition of light and shade, the adding colours to the darkened paper ; but as those are not always at hand, it may be sufficient if the picture, which you think worthy of imitating, be considered in this light, to ascertain the quantity of warm, and the quantity of cold colours.

The predominant colours of the picture ought to be of a warm mellow kind, red or yellow; and no more cold colour should be introduced than will be just enough to serve as a ground or foil to set off and give value to the mellow colours, and never should itself be a principal; for this purpose a quarter of the picture will be sufficient; those cold colours, whether blue, grey, or green, are to be dispersed about the ground or surrounding parts of the picture, wherever it has the appearance of wanting such a foil, but sparingly employed in the masses of light.

I am confident that an habitual examination of the works of those Painters

who have excelled in harmony, will, by degrees, give a correctness of eye that will revolt at discordant colours, as a musician's ear revolts at discordant sounds.

R.

NOTE XLII.—L. 13, P. 255.

By mellowing skill thy ground at distance cast,
Free as the air, and transient as its blast.

By a story told of Rubens, we have his authority for asserting, that to the effect of the picture the back ground is of the greatest consequence.

Rubens being desired to take under his instruction a young painter, the person who recommended him, in order to induce Rubens the more readily to take him, said, that he was already somewhat advanced in the art, and that he would be of immediate assistance in his back-grounds. Rubens smiled at his simplicity, and told him that if the youth was capable of painting his back-grounds, he stood in no need of his instructions; that the regulation and management of them required the most comprehensive knowledge of the art. This painters know to be no exaggerated account of a back-ground, being fully apprised how much the effect of the picture depends upon it.

It must be in union with the figure, so as not to have the appearance of being inlaid, like Holbein's portraits, which are often on a bright green or blue ground. To prevent this effect, the ground must partake of the colour of the figure; or, as expressed in a subsequent line, receive all the treasures of the palette. The back-ground regulates likewise where, and in what part the figure is to be relieved. When the form is beautiful, it is to be seen distinctly; when, on the contrary, it is uncouth or too angular, it may be lost in the ground. Sometimes a light is introduced in order to join and extend the light on the figure, and the dark side of the figure is lost in a still darker back-ground; for the fewer the outlines are which cut against the ground, the richer will be the effect; as the contrary produces what is called the dry manner.

One of the arts of supplying the defect of a scantiness of dress by means of the back-ground, may be observed in a whole length portrait by Vandyck, which is in the cabinet of the Duke of Montagu: the dress of this figure would have had an ungraceful effect; he has, therefore, by means of a light back-ground opposed to the light of the figure, and by the help of a curtain that catches the light near the figure, made the effect of the whole together full and rich to the eye

R.

NOTE XLIII.—L. 19, P. 255.

The hand that colours well must colour bright;
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white.

All the modes of harmony, or of producing that effect of colours which is required in a picture, may be reduced to three; two of which belong to the grand style, and the other to the ornamental.

The first may be called the Roman manner, where the colours are of a full and strong body, such as are found in the transfiguration: the next is that harmony which is produced by what the ancients called the *corruption* of the colours, by mixing and breaking them till there is a general union in the whole, without

any thing that shall bring to your remembrance the Painter's palette, or the original colours; this may be called the Bolognian style, and it is this hue and effect of colours which Lodovico Carracci seems to have endeavoured to produce, though he did not carry it to that perfection which we have seen since his time in the small works of the Dutch school, particularly Jan Steen; where art is completely concealed, and the painter, like a great orator, never draws the attention from the subject on himself.

The last manner belongs properly to the ornamental style, which we call the Venetian, being first practised at Venice, but is perhaps better learned from Rubens; here the brightest colours possible are admitted, with the two extremes of warm and cold, and those reconciled by being dispersed over the picture, till the whole appears like a bunch of flowers.

As I have given instances from the Dutch school, where the art of breaking colour may be learned, we may recommend here an attention to the works of Watteau for excellence in this florid style of painting.

To all these different manners, there are some general rules that must never be neglected. First, that the same colour which makes the largest mass, be diffused and appear to revive in different parts of the picture: for a single colour will make a spot or blot. Even the dispersed flesh-colour, which the faces and hands make, requires a principal mass, which is best produced by a naked figure; but where the subject will not allow of this, a drapery approaching to flesh-colour will answer the purpose; as in the Transfiguration, where a woman is clothed in drapery of this colour, which makes a principal to all the heads and hands of the picture; and for the sake of harmony, the colours, however distinguished in their light, should be nearly the same in their shadows; of a

——————"simple unity of shade,
As all were from one single palette spread."

And to give the utmost force, strength, and solidity to the work, some part of the picture should be as light and some as dark as possible; these two extremes are hen to be harmonised and reconciled to each other.

Instances where both of them are used, may be observed in two pictures of Rubens, which are equally eminent for the force and brilliancy of their effect; one is in the cabinet of the Duke of Rutland, and the other in the chapel of Rubens at Antwerp, which serves as his monument. In both these pictures he has introduced a female figure dressed in black satin, the shadows of which are as dark as pure black, opposed to the contrary extreme of brightness, can make them.

If to these different manners we add one more, that in which a silver-grey or pearly tint is predominant, I believe every kind of harmony that can be produced by colours will be comprehended. One of the greatest examples in this mode is the famous marriage at Cana, in St George's church at Venice, where the sky, which makes a very considerable part of the picture, is of the lightest blue colour, and the clouds perfectly white; the rest of the picture is in the same key, wrought from this high pitch. We see likewise many pictures of Guido in this tint; and indeed those that are so, are in his best manner. Female figures, angels, and children, were the subjects in which Guido more particularly succeeded; and to such, the cleanness and neatness of this tint perfectly corresponds, and contri-

butes not a little to that exquisite beauty and delicacy which so much distinguishes his works. To see this style in perfection, we must again have recourse to the Dutch school, particularly to the works of the younger Vandervelde, and the younger Teniers, whose pictures are valued by the connoisseurs in proportion as they possess this excellence of a silver tint. Which of these different styles ought to be preferred, so as to meet every man's idea, would be difficult to determine, from the predilection which every man has to that mode which is practised by the school in which he has been educated; but if any pre-eminence is to be given, it must be to that manner which stands in the highest estimation with mankind in general, and that is the Venetian, or rather the manner of Titian; which, simply considered as producing an effect of colours, will certainly eclipse with its splendour whatever is brought into competition with it. But, as I hinted before, if female delicacy and beauty be the principal object of the Painter's aim, the purity and clearness of the tint of Guido will correspond better, and more contribute to produce it than even the glowing tint of Titian.

The rarity of excellence in any of these styles of colouring sufficiently shows the difficulty of succeeding in them. It may be worth the Artist's attention, while he is in this pursuit, particularly to guard against those errors which seem to be annexed to, or divided by thin partitions from their neighbouring excellence. Thus, when he is endeavouring to acquire the Roman style, if he is not extremely careful, he falls into a hard and dry manner. The flowery colouring is nearly allied to the gaudy effect of fan-painting. The simplicity of the Bolognian style requires the nicest hand to preserve it from insipidity. That of Titian, which may be called the golden manner, when unskilfully managed, becomes what the Painters call Foxy; and the silver degenerates into the leaden and heavy manner. None of them, to be perfect in their way, will bear any union with each other: if they are not distinctly separated, the effect of the picture will be feeble and insipid, without any mark or distinguished character. R.

NOTE XLIV.—L. 9, P. 256.

On that high finish'd form let paint bestow
Her midnight shadow, her meridian glow.

It is indeed a rule adopted by many painters to admit in no part of the background, or on any object in the picture, shadows of equal strength with those which are employed on the principal figure; but this produces a false representation. With deference to our author, to have the strong light and shadow there alone, is not to produce the best natural effect; nor is it authorised by the practice of those painters who are most distinguished for harmony of colouring; a conduct therefore, totally contrary to this is absolutely necessary, that the same strength, the same tone of colour, should be diffused over the whole picture.

I am no enemy to dark shadows. The general deficiency to be observed in the works of the painters of the last age, as well as indeed of many of the present, is a feebleness of effect; they seem to be too much afraid of those *midnight* shadows, which alone give the power of nature, and without which a picture will appear like one wholly wanting solidity and strength. The lightest and gayest style requires this foil to give it force and brilliancy.

There is another fault prevalent in the modern painters,—the predominance of a grey leaden colour over the whole picture : this is more particularly to be remarked when their works hang in the same room with pictures well and powerfully coloured. These two deficiencies, the want of strength, and the want of mellowness or warmth, are often imputed to the want of materials : as if we had not such good colours as those painters whose works we so much admire! R.

NOTE XLV.—L. 6, P. 258.

Know he that well begins has half achiev'd
His destin'd work,——

Those masters are the best models to begin with, who have the fewest faults and who are the most regular in the conduct of their work. The first studies ought rather to be made on their performances than on the productions of eccentric genius; where striking beauties are mixed with great defects, the student will be in danger of mistaking blemishes for beauties, and perhaps the beauties may be such as he is not advanced enough to attempt. R.

NOTE XLVI.—L. 11, P. 258.

——— his erroneous lines
Will to the soul that poison rank convey,
Which life's best length shall fail to purge away.

Taste will be unavoidably regulated by what is continually before the eyes, It were therefore well if young students could be debarred the sight of any works that were not free from gross faults, till they had well formed, and, as I may say, hardened their judgment : they might then be permitted to look about them, not only without fear of vitiating their taste, but even with advantage; and would often find great ingenuity and extraordinary invention in works which are under the influence of a bad taste. R.

NOTE XLVII.—L. 5, P.259.

As surely charms that voluntary style,
Which careless plays and seems to mock at toil.

This appearance of ease and facility may be called the grace or genius of the mechanical or executive part of the art. There is undoubtedly something fascinating in seeing that done with careless ease, which others do with laborious difficulty : the spectator unavoidably, by a kind of natural instinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the artist seems to be inspired.

Of all painters Rubens appears to claim the first rank for facility, both in the invention and in the execution of his work; it makes so great a part of his excellence, that if we take it away, half at least of his reputation will go with it.

NOTE XLVIII.—L. 21, P. 259.

The eye each obvious error swift descries ;
Hold then the compass only in the eyes.

A painter who relies on his compass, leans on a prop which will not support

him ; there are few parts of his figures but what are fore-shortened more or less, and cannot, therefore, be drawn or corrected by measures. Though he begins his studies with the compass in his hand, as we learn a dead language by grammar, yet, after a certain time, they are both flung aside, and in their place a kind of mechanical correctness of the eye and ear is substituted, which operates without any conscious effort of the mind. R.

NOTE XLIX.—L. 23, P. 259.

Give to the dictates of the learn'd, respect.

There are few spectators of a Painter's work, learned or unlearned, who, if they can be induced to speak their real sensations, would not be profitable to the Artist. The only opinions of which no use can be made, are those of half-learned connoisseurs, who have quitted nature and have not acquired art. That same sagacity which makes a man excel in his profession must assist him in the proper use to be made of the judgment of the learned, and the opinions of the vulgar. Of many things the vulgar are as competent judges as the most learned connoisseur; of the portrait, for instance, of an animal; or, perhaps, of the truth of the representations of some vulgar passion.

It must be expected that the untaught vulgar will carry with them the same want of right taste in the judgment they make of the effect or character in a picture as they do in life, and prefer a strutting figure and gaudy colours to the grandeur of simplicity ; but if this same vulgar person, or even an infant, should mistake for dirt what was intended to be a shade, it might be apprehended that the shadow was not the true colour of nature, with almost as much certainty as if the observation had been made by the most able connoisseur. R.

NOTE L.—L. 11, P. 263.

Know that ere perfect taste matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that taste be join'd,—

However admirable his taste may be, he is but half a painter who can only conceive his subject, and is without knowledge of the mechanical part of his art; as on the other hand his skill may be said to be thrown away, who has employed his colours on subjects that create no interest from their beauty, their character, or expression. One part often absorbs the whole mind, to the neglect of the rest: the young students, whilst at Rome, studying the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, are apt to lose all relish for any kind of excellence, except what is found in their works. Perhaps going afterwards to Venice they may be induced to think there are other things required, and that nothing but the most superlative excellence in design, character, and dignity of style, can atone for a deficiency in the ornamental graces of the art. Excellence must of course be rare; and one of the causes of its rarity, is the necessity of uniting qualities which in their nature are contrary to each other; and yet no approaches can be made towards perfection without it. Every art or profession requires this union of contrary qualities, like the harmony of colouring, which is produced by an opposition of hot and cold hues. The Poet and the Painter must unite to the

warmth that accompanies a poetical imagination, patience and perseverance: the one in counting syllables and toiling for a rhyme, and the other in labouring the minute parts, and finishing the detail of his works, in order to produce the great effect he desires: they must both possess a comprehensive mind that takes in the whole at one view, and at the same time, an accuracy of eye or mind that distinguishes between two things that, to an ordinary spectator, appear the same, whether this consists in tints or words, or the nice discrimination on which expression and elegance depend.

NOTE LI.—L. 23, P. 263.

While free from prejudice your active eye
Preserves its first unsullied purity.

Prejudice is generally used in a bad sense, to imply a predilection, not founded on reason or nature, in favour of a particular master, or a particular manner, and therefore ought to be opposed with all our force; but totally to eradicate in advanced age what has so much assisted us in our youth, is a point to which we cannot hope to arrive. The difficulty of conquering this prejudice is to be considered in the number of those causes which makes excellence so very rare.

Whoever would make a happy progress in any art or science, must begin by having great confidence in, and even prejudice in favour of, his instructor; but to continue to think him infallible, would be continuing for ever in a state of infancy.

It is impossible to draw a line when the Artist shall begin to dare to examine and criticise the works of his Master, or of the greatest master-pieces of art; we can only say, that his progress to this capacity will be gradual. In proportion as the scholar learns to analyse the excellence of the Masters he esteems,—in proportion as he comes *exactly* to distinguish in what that excellence consists, and refer it to some precise rule and fixed standard, in that proportion he becomes free. When he has once laid hold of their *principle*, he will see when they deviate from it, or fail to come up to it; so that it is in reality through his extreme admiration of, and blind deference to, these masters, (without which he never would have employed an intense application to discover the rule and scheme of their works,) that he is enabled, if I may use the expression, to emancipate himself, even to get above them, and to become the judge of those of whom he was at first the humble disciple. R.

NOTE LII.—L. 1, P. 264.

When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school.

The first business of the student is to be able to give a true representation of whatever object presents itself, just as it appears to the eye, so as to amount to a deception; and the geometric rules of perspective are included in this study. This is the language of the art; which appears the more necessary to be taught early, from the natural repugnance which the mind has to such mechanical labour, after it has acquired a relish for its higher departments.

The next step is to acquire a knowledge of the beauty of form ; for this purpose he is recommended to the study of the Grecian Sculpture ; and for composition, colouring, and expression to the great works at Rome, Venice, Parma, and Bologna ; he begins now to look for those excellencies which address themselves to the imagination, and considers deception as a scaffolding to be now thrown aside, as of no importance to this finished fabric.

NOTE LIII.—L. 5, P 264.

No rest, no pause, till all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.

To acquire this excellence, something more is required than measuring statues or copying pictures.

I am confident the works of the ancient sculptors were produced, not by measuring but in consequence of that correctness of eye which they had acquired by long habit, which served them at all times, and on all occasions, when the compass would fail. There is no reason why the eye should not be capable of acquiring equal precision and exactness with the organs of hearing or speaking. We know that an infant, who has learned its language by habit, will sometimes correct the most learned grammarian who has been taught by rule only; the idiom, which is the peculiarity of language, and that in which its native grace is seated, can be learned by habit alone.

To possess this perfect habit, the same conduct is necessary in art as in language, that it should be begun early, whilst the organs are pliable and impressions are eassily taken, and that we should accustom ourselves, while this habit is forming, to see beauty only, and avoid as much as possible deformity or what is incorrect. Whatever is got this way may be said to be properly made our own ; it becomes a part of ourselves, and operates unperceived. The mind acquires by such exercise a kind of instinctive rectitude which supersedes all rules. R.

NOTE LIV.—L. 13, P.264.

See Raffaelle there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace.

The pre-eminence which Fresnoy has given to those three great Painters, Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano, sufficiently points out to us what ought to be the chief object of our pursuit. Though two of them were either totally ignorant of, or never practised any of those graces of the art which proceed from the management of colours, or the disposition of light and shadow, and the other (Raffaelle) was far from being eminently skilful in these particulars, yet they all justly deserve that high rank in which Fresnoy has placed them ; Michael Angelo, for the grandeur and sublimity of his characters as well as for his profound knowledge of design ; Raffaelle, for the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the dignity, and the expression of his characters ; and Julio Romano, for possessing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps, in a higher degree than any other Painter whatever.

In heroic subjects it will not, I hope, appear too great a refinement of criticism to say, that the want of naturalness or deception of the art, which give to an inferior style its whole value, is no material disadvantage: the hours, for instance, as represented by Julio Romano, giving provender to the horses of the Sun, would not strike the imagination more forcibly from their being coloured with the pencil of Rubens, though he would have represented them more naturally; but might he not possibly, by that very act, have brought them down from the celestial state to the rank of mere terrestrial animals? In these things, however, I admit there will always be a degree of uncertainty. Who knows that Julio Romano, if he had possessed the art and practice of colouring like Rubens, would not have given to it some taste of poetical grandeur not yet attained to? The same familiar naturalness would be equally an imperfection in characters which are to be represented as demi-gods, or something above humanity.

Though it would be far from an addition to the merit of those two great painters to have made their works deceptions, yet there can be no reason why they might not, in some degree, and with a judicious caution and selection, have availed themselves of many excellencies which are found in the Venetian, Flemish, and even Dutch schools, and which have been inculcated in this poem. There are some of them which are not in absolute contradiction to any style; the happy disposition, for instance, of light and shade; the preservation of breadth in the masses of colours; the union of these with their grounds; and the harmony arising from a due mixture of hot and cold hues, with many other excellencies, not inseparably connected with that individuality which produces deception, would surely not counteract the effect of the grand style; they would only contribute to the ease of the spectator, by making the vehicle pleasing by which ideas are conveyed to the mind, which otherwise might be perplexed and bewildered with a confused assemblage of objects; they would add a certain degree of grace and sweetness to strength and grandeur. Though the merits of those two great painters are of such transcendency as to make us overlook their deficiency, yet a subdued attention to these inferior excellencies must be added to complete the idea of a perfect painter.

Deception, which is so often recommended by writers on the theory of painting, instead of advancing the arts, is in reality carrying it back to its infant state; the first essays of painting were certainly nothing but mere imitation of individual objects, and when this amounted to a deception, the artist had accomplished his purpose.

And here I must observe, that the arts of painting and poetry seem to have no kind of resemblance in their early stages. The first, or, at least the second stage of poetry in every nation, is removed as far as possible from common life; every thing is of the marvellous kind; it treats only of heroes, wars, ghosts, enchantments, and transformations; the poet could not expect to seize and captivate the attention, if he related only common occurrences, such as every day produces. Whereas the Painter exhibited what then appeared a great effort of art, by merely giving the appearance of relief to a flat superficies, however uninteresting in itself that object might be; but this soon satiating, the same entertainment was required from Painting which had been experienced in Poetry. The mind and imagination were to be satisfied, and required to be

amused and delighted, as well as the eye; and when the art proceeded to a still higher degree of excellence, it was then found that this deception not only did not assist, but even in a certain degree counteracted the flight of imagination; hence proceeded the Roman school; and it is from hence that Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano, stand in that pre-eminence of rank in which Fresnoy has justly placed them. R.

NOTE LV. L. 3. P. 265.

Bright beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade.————

The excellency of Correggio's manner has justly been admired by all succeeding painters. This manner is in direct opposition to what is called the dry and hard manner which preceded him.

His colour, and his mode of finishing, approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter; the gliding motion of his outline, and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground; the cleanness and transparency of his colouring, which stop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for. Baroccio, though, upon the whole, one of his most successful imitators, yet sometimes, in endeavouring at cleanness or brilliancy of tint, overshot the mark, and falls under the criticism that was made on an ancient painter, that his figures looked as if they fed upon roses.

R.

NOTE LVI. L. 23. P. 265.

Yet more than these to meditation's eyes
Great nature's self redundantly supplies.

Fresnoy, with great propriety, begins and finishes his poem with recommending the study of nature.

This is in reality, the beginning and the end of theory. It is in nature only we can find that beauty which is the great object of our search; it can be found no where else: we can no more form any idea of beauty superior to nature, than we can form an idea of a sixth sense, or any other excellence out of the limits of the human mind. We are forced to confine our conception even of heaven itself and its inhabitants to what we see in this world; even the Supreme Being, if he is represented at all, the painter has no other way of representing than by reversing the decree of the inspired Lawgiver, and making God after his own image.

Nothing can be so unphilosophical as a supposition that we can form any idea of beauty or excellence out of or beyond nature, which is and must be the fountain-head from whence all our ideas must be derived.

This being acknowledged, it must follow, of course, that all the rules which this theory or any other, teaches, can be no more than teaching the art of seeing nature. The rules of art are formed on the various works of those who have studied nature the most successfully; by this advantage, of observing the various

manners in which various minds have contemplated her works, the artist enlarges his own views, and is taught to look for and see what otherwise would have escaped his observation.

It is to be remarked, that there are two modes of imitating nature, one of which refers for its truth to the sensations of the mind, and the other to the eye.

Some schools, such as the Roman and Florentine, appear to have addressed themselves principally to the mind; others solely to the eye, such as the Venetian in the instances of Paul Veronese, and Tintoret; others again have endeavoured to unite both by joining the elegance and grace of ornament with the strength and vigour of design; such are the schools of Bologna and Parma.

All those schools are equally to be considered as followers of Nature. He who produces a work analogous to the mind or imagination of man, is as natural a painter as he whose works are calculated to delight the eye; the works of Michael Angelo, or Julio Romano, in this sense, may be said to be as natural as those of the Dutch Painters. The study, therefore, of the nature or affections of the mind is as necessary to the theory of the higher department of the art, as the knowledge of what will be pleasing or offensive to the eye, is to the lower style.

What relates to the mind or imagination, such as invention, character, expression, grace, or grandeur, certainly cannot be taught by rules; little more can be done than pointing out where they are to be found; it is a part which belongs to general education, and will operate in proportion to the cultivation of the mind of the Artist.

The greater part of the rules in this Poem are, therefore, necessarily confined to what relates to the eye; and it may be remarked, that none of those rules make any pretensions towards improving Nature, or going contrary to her work: their tendency is merely to show what is truly Nature.

Thus, for instance, a flowing outline is recommended, because beauty (which alone is Nature) cannot be produced without it; old age or leanness produces strait lines; corpulency round lines; but in a state of health, accompanying youth, the outlines are waving, flowing, and serpentine. Thus again, if we are told to avoid the chalk, the brick, or the leaden colour, it is because real flesh never partakes of those hues, though ill-coloured pictures are always inclinable to one or other of those defects.

Rules are to be considered likewise as fences, placed only where trespass is expected, and are particularly enforced in proportion as peculiar faults or defects are prevalent at the time, or age, in which they are delivered; for what may be proper strongly to recommend or enforce in one age, may not with equal propriety be so much laboured in another, when it may be the fashion for Artists to run into the contrary extreme, proceeding from prejudice to a manner adopted by some favourite Painter then in vogue.

When it is recommended to preserve a breadth of colour or of light, it is not intended that the Artist is to work broader than Nature; but this lesson is insisted on because we know, from experience, that the contrary is a fault which Artists are apt to be guilty of, who, when they are examining and finishing the detail, neglect or forget that breadth which is observable only when the eye takes in the effect of the whole.

Thus again, we recommend to paint soft and tender, to make a harmony and

union of colouring and for this end, that all the shadows shall be nearly of the same colour. The reason of these precepts being at all enforced, proceeds from the disposition which Artists have to paint harder than Nature, to make the outline more cutting against the ground, and to have less harmony and union than is found in Nature, preserving the same brightness of colour in the shadows as are seen in the lights: both these false manners of representing Nature were the practice of the Painters when the art was in its infancy, and would be the practice now of every student who was left to himself, and had never been taught the art of seeing Nature.

There are other rules which may be said not so much to relate to the objects represented as to the eye; but the truth of these are as much fixed in Nature as the others, and proceed from the necessity there is that the work should be seen with ease and satisfaction: to this end are all the rules that relate to grouping and the disposition of light and shade.

With regard to precepts about *moderation*, and avoiding extremes, little is to be drawn from them. The rule would be too minute that had any exactness at all: a multiplicity of exceptions would arise, so that the teacher would be for ever saying too much, and yet never enough. When a student is instructed to mark with precision every part of his figure, whether it be naked, or in drapery, he probably becomes hard; if, on the contrary, he is told to paint in the most tender manner, possibly he becomes insipid. But among extremes some are more tolerable than others; of the two extremes I have just mentioned, the hard manner is the most pardonable, carrying with it an air of learning, as if the Artist knew with precision the true form of Nature, though he had rendered it with two heavy a hand.

In every part of the human figure, when not spoiled by two great corpulency, will be found this distinctness, the parts never appearing uncertain or confused or, as a musician would say, slurred; and all those smaller parts which are comprehended in the larger compartment are still to be there, however tenderly marked.

To conclude. In all minute, detailed, and practical excellence, *general* precepts must be either deficient or unnecessary; for the rule is not known, nor is it indeed to any purpose a rule, if it be necessary to inculcate it on every occasion. R.

NOTE LVII.—L. 1. P. 266.

Whence Art, by practice, to perfection soars.

After this the Poet says, that he passes over in silence many things which will be more amply treated in his Commentary.

'Multa supersileo quæ Commentaria dicent,'

But as he never lived to write that commentary, his translator has taken the liberty to pass over this line in silence also.

NOTE LVIII.—L5 P. 266.

What time the pride of Bourbon urg'd his way, &c.

Du Piles, and after him Dryden, call this Hero Louis XIII, but the later French Editor, whom I have before quoted, will needs have him to be the XIV. His

note is as follows ; at the accession of Louis XIV, Du Fresnoy, had been ten years at Rome, therefore the epoch, marked by the Poet, falls probably upon the first years of that Prince ; that is to say, upon the years 1643 or 1644 The thunders which he darts on the Alps, allude to the successes of our arms in the Milanese, and in Piedmont ; and the Alcides, who is born again in France for the defence of his country, is conqueror of Rocroy, the young Duke of Anguien, afterwards called Le Grand Condè.' I am apt to suspect that all this fine criticism is false, though I do not think it worth while to controvert it. Whether the Poet meant to compliment Louis XIII. or the little boy that succeeded him, (for he was only six years old in the year 1644) he was guilty of gross flattery. It is impossible, however, from the construction of the sentence, that Lodovicus Borbonidum Decus, and Gallicus Alcides, could mean any more than one identical person ; and consequently the Editor's notion concerning the Grand Condé is indisputably false. I have, therefore, taken the whole passage in the same sense that Du Piles did ; and have also, like him, used the poet's phrase of the *Spanish Lion* in the concluding line, rather than that of the Spanish Geryon, to which Mr Dryden has transformed him : His reason, I suppose, for doing this was, that the monster Geryon was of the Spanish extraction, and the Nemean Lion, which Hercules killed, was of Peloponnesus ; but we are told by Martial,* that there was a fountain in Spain called Nemea, which, perhaps led Fresnoy astray in this passage. However this be, Hercules killed so many lions, besides that which constituted the first of his twelve labours, that either he, or at least some one of his namesakes, may well be supposed to have killed one in Spain. Geryon is described by all the poets as a man with three heads, and therefore could not well have been called a lion by Fresnoy ; neither does the plural *Ora* mean any more than the *Jaws* of a single beast. So Lucan, lib. iv. ver. 739.

> Quippe ubi non sonipes motus clangore tubarum
> Saxa quatit pulsu; rigidos vexantia frænos
> Ora terens,——— M.

NOTE LIX.—L.23. P. 266.

But mark the Proteous policy of State.

If this translation should live as many years as the original has done, already, which by its being printed with that original, and illustrated by such a commentator, is a thing not impossible, it may not be amiss, in order to prevent an hallucination of some future critic, similar to that of the French Editor, mentioned in the last note, to conclude with a memorandum that the translation was finished, and these occasional verses added, in the year 1781 ; leaving, however, the political sentiments which they express to be approved or condemned by him, as the annals of the time (written at a period distant enough for history to become impartial) may determine his judgment. M.

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* Avidem rigens Dircenna placabit sitim
Et *Nemea* quæ vincit nives.
Mart. lib. i. *Epig.* 50. *de Hipso, toc.* M.

THE END OF THE NOTES.

The Precepts which Sir Joshua Reynolds has illustrated, are marked in the following Table with one or more Asterisks, according to the number of his Notes.

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APPENDIX.

The following little piece has been constantly annexed to M. DU FRESNOY's poem. It is here given from the former editions; but the liberty has been taken of making some alterations in the version, which, when compared with the original in French, appeared either to be done very carelessly by Mr DRYDEN, or (what is more probable) to be the work of some inferior hand which he employed on the occasion. M.

THE

SENTIMENTS

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY,

ON THE WORKS OF

THE PRINCIPAL AND BEST PAINTERS OF THE TWO LAST AGES;

1600 AND 1700.

THE

SENTIMENTS

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY,

ON THE WORKS OF THE

PRINCIPAL AND BEST PAINTERS OF THE TWO LAST AGES.

PAINTING was in its perfection amongst the Greeks. The principal schools were at Sycion, afterwards at Rhodes, at Athens, at Corinth, and at last in Rome. Wars and Luxury having overthrown the Roman Empire, it was totally extinguished, together with all the noble arts, the studies of humanity, and other sciences.

It began to appear again in the year 1450 amongst some painters at Florence, of which Domenico Ghirlandaio was one, who was master to Michael Angelo, and had some kind of reputation, though his manner was gothic, and very dry.

Michael Angelo, his disciple, flourished in the times of Julius II.; Leo X.; and of seven successive Popes. He was a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, both civil and military. The choice which he made of his attitudes was not always beautiful or pleasing; his gusto of design was not the finest, nor his outlines the most elegant; the folds of his draperies, and the ornaments of his habits, were neither noble nor graceful. He was not a little fantastical or extravagant in his compositions; he was bold, even to rashness, in taking liberties against the rules of perspective; his colouring is not over true, or very pleasant; he knew not the artifice of light and shadow; but he designed more learnedly, and better understood all the knittings of the bones, and the office and situation of the muscles, than any of the modern painters. There appears a certain air of greatness and severity in his figures, in both which he has oftentimes succeeded. But above the rest of his excellencies, was his wonderful skill in Architecture, wherein he has not only surpassed all the moderns, but even the ancients also; the St Peter's of Rome, the St John's of Florence, the Capitol, the Palazzo Farnese, and his own house, are sufficient testimonies of it. His disciples were Marcello Venusti, Il Rosso, Georgio Vasari, Fra. Bastiano, (who commonly painted for him,) and many other Florentines.

Pietro Perugino designed with sufficient knowledge of nature ; but he is dry, and his manner little. His Disciple was Raffaelle Sanzio, who was born on Good-Friday, in the year 1483, and he died on Good-Friday, in the year 1520 ; so that he lived only thirty-seven years complete. He surpassed all modern painters, because he possessed more of the excellent parts of painting than any other : and it is believed that he equalled the ancients, excepting only that he designed not naked bodies with so much learning as Michael Angelo ; but his gusto of design is purer, and much better. He painted not with so good, so full, and so graceful a manner as Correggio : nor has he any thing of the contrast light and shadow, or so strong and free a colouring as Titian ; but he had a better disposition in his pieces, without comparison, than either Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, or all the rest of the succeeding painters to our days. His choice of attitudes of heads, of ornaments, the arrangement of his drapery, his manner of designing, his variety, his contrast, his expression, were beautiful in perfection; but above all, he possessed the graces in so advantageous a manner, that he has never since been equalled by any other. There are portraits (or single figures) of his, which are well executed. He was an admirable Architect. He was handsome, well made, civil and good-natured, never refusing to teach another what he knew himself. He had many scholars : amongst others Julio Romano, Polydore, Gaudenzio, Giovanni d'Udine, and Michael Coxis. His Graver was Mark Antonio, whose prints are admirable for the correctness of their outlines.

Julio Romano was the most excellent of all Raffaelle's disciples : he had conceptions which were more extraordinary, more profound, and more elevated than even his master himself: he was also a great Architect; his gusto was pure and exquisite. He was a great imitator of the ancients, giving a clear testimony in all production that he was desirous to restore to practice the same forms and fabrics which were ancient. He had the good fortune to find great persons, who committed to him the care of edifices, vestibules, and porticoes, all tetrastyles, xistes, theatres, and such other places as are now in use. He was wonderful in his choice of attitudes. His manner was drier and harder than any of Raffaelle's school. He did not exactly understand either light and shadow, or colouring. He is frequently harsh and ungraceful; the folds of his draperies are neither beautiful nor great, easy nor natural, but all of them imaginary, and too like the habits of fantastical comedians. He was well versed in polite learning. His disciples were Pirro Ligorio, (who was admirable for antique buildings, as towns, temples, tombs, and trophies, and the situation of ancient edifices,) Æneas Vico, Bonasone, Georgio Mantuano, and others.

Polydore, a disciple of Raffaelle, designed admirably well as to the practical part, having a particular genius for friezes, as we may see by those of white and black, which he has painted at Rome. He imitated the ancients, but his manner was greater than that of Julio Romano ; nevertheless Julio seems to be the truer. Some admirable groups are seen in his works, and such as are not elsewhere to be found. He coloured very seldom, and made landscapes in a tolerably good taste.

Gio. Bellino, one of the first who was of any consideration at Venice, painted very drily, according to the manner of his time. He was very knowing both

in Architecture and Perspective. He was Titian's first master ; which may easily be observed in the earlier works of that noble disciple ; in which we may remark that propriety of colours which his master has observed.

About this time Georgione, the contemporary of Titian, came to excel in portraits and also in greater works. He first began to make choice of glowing and agreeable colours, the perfection and entire harmony of which were afterwards to be found in Titian's pictures. He dressed his figures wonderfully well : and it may be truly said, that but for him, Titian had never arrived to that height of perfection which proceeded from the rivalship and jealousy which prevailed between them.

Titian was one of the greatest colourists ever known : he designed with much more ease and practice than Georgione. There are to be seen women and children of his hand which are admirable both for design and colouring ; the gusto of them is delicate, charming, and noble, with a certain pleasing negligence in the head-dresses, draperies, and ornaments, which are wholly peculiar to himself. As for the figures of men, he has designed them but moderately well : there are even some of his draperies which are mean, and in little taste. His painting is wonderfully glowing, sweet and delicate. He drew portraits which were extremely noble : the attitudes of them being very graceful, grave, diversified, and adorned after a very becoming fashion. No man ever painted landscape in so great a manner, so well coloured, and with such truth of nature. For eight or ten year's space he copied, with great labour and exactness, whatsoever he undertook ; thereby to make himself an easy way, and to establish some general maxims for his future conduct. Besides the excellent gusto which he had in colouring, in which he excelled all mortal men, he perfectly understood how to give every thing those touches which were most suitable and proper to them : such as distinguished them from each other, and which gave the greater spirit, and the most of truth. The pictures which he made in his beginning, and in the declension of his age, are of a dry and mean manner. He lived ninety-nine years. His disciples were Paulo Veronese, Giacomo Tintoret, Giacomo da Ponte Bassano, and his son.

Paulo Veronese was wonderfully graceful in his airs of woman, with great variety of brilliant draperies, and incredible vivacity and ease ; nevertheless his composition is sometimes improper, and his design incorrect: but his colouring, and whatsoever depends on it, is so very charming on his pictures, that it surprises at the first sight, and makes us totally forget those other qualities in which he fails.

Tintoret was the disciple of Titian ; great in design and practice, but sometimes also greatly extravagant. He had an admirable genius for painting, but not so great an affection for his art, or patience in the executive part of it, as he had fire and vivacity of nature. He yet has made pictures not inferior in beauty to those of Titian. His composition and decorations are for the most part rude, and his outlines are incorrect ; but his colouring, and all that depends upon it, is admirable.

The Bassans had a more mean and poor gusto in painting than Tintoret, and their designs were also less correct than his. They had indeed an excellent manner of colouring, and have touched all kinds of animals with an admirable hand ; but were notoriously imperfect in composition and design.

Correggio painted at Parma too large cupolas in fresco, and some altar-pieces. This artist struck out certain natural and unaffected graces for his Madonnas, his Saints, and little children, which were peculiar to himself. His manner, design, and execution are all very great, but yet without correctness. He had a most free and delightful pencil; and it is to be acknowledged, that he painted with a strength, relief, sweetness, and vivacity of colouring, which nothing ever exceeded. He understood how to distribute his lights in such a manner, as was wholly peculiar to himself, which gave a great force and great roundness to his figures. This manner consists in extending a large light, and then making it lose itself insensibly in the dark shadowings, which he placed out of the masses ; and these give them this relief, without our being able to perceive from whence proceeds so much effect, and so vast a pleasure to the sight. It appears that in this part the rest of the Lombard school copied him. He had no great choice of graceful attitudes, or distribution of beautiful groups. His design oftentimes appears lame, and his positions not well chosen : The look of his figures is often unpleasing : but his manner of designing heads, hands, and feet, and other parts, is very great, and well deserves our imitation. In the conduct and finishing of a picture, he has done wonders ; for he painted with so much union, that his greatest works seem to have been finished in the compass of one day : and appear as if we saw them in a looking-glass. His landscape is equally beautiful with his figures.

At the same time with Correggio, lived and flourished Parmegiano; who, besides his great manner of colouring, excelled also both in invention and design: with a genius full of delicacy and spirit, having nothing that was ungraceful in his choice of attitudes, or in the dresses of his figures, which we cannot say of Correggio; there are pieces of Parmegiano's very beautiful and correct.

These two Painters last mentioned had very good disciples, but they are known only to those of their own province; and besides, there is little to be credited of what his countrymen say, for Painting is wholly extinguished amongst them.

I say nothing of Leonardo da Vinci, because I have seen but little of his : though he restored the arts at Milan, and had there many scholars.

Ludovico Carracci, the cousin german of Hannibal and Augustino, studied at Parma after Correggio; and excelled in design and colouring, with a grace and clearness which Guido, the scholar of Hannibal, afterwards imitated with great success. There are some of his pictures to be seen, which are very beautiful, and well understood. He made his ordinary residence at Bologna; and it was he who put the pencil into the hands of Hannibal his cousin.

Hannibal, in a little time, excelled his master in all parts of painting. He imitated Correggio, Titian, and Raffaelle, in their different manners as he pleased; excepting only, that you see not in his pictures the nobleness, the graces, and the charms of Raffaelle: and his outlines are neither so pure, nor so elegant as his. In all other things he is wonderfully accomplished, and of an universal genius.

Augustino, brother to Hannibal, was also a very good Painter, and an admirable Graver. He had a natural son, called Antonio, who died at the age of thirty five; and who (according to the general opinion) would have surpassed

his uncle Hannibal: for, by what he left behind him, it appears that he was of a more lofty genius.

Guido chiefly imitated Ludovico Carracci, yet retained always somewhat of the manner which his Master Denis Calvert, the Fleming, taught him. This Calvert lived at Bologna, and was competitor and rival to Ludovico Carracci. Guido made the same use of Albert Durer as Virgil did of old Ennius, borrowed what pleased him, and made it afterwards his own; that is, he accommodated what was good in Albert to his own manner; which he executed with so much gracefulness and beauty, that he got more money and reputation in his time than any of his Masters, and than all the scholars of the Carraccis, though they were of greater capacity than himself. His heads yield no manner of precedence to those of Raffaelle.

Sisto Badolocchi designed the best of all his disciples; but he died young.

Domenichino was a very knowing Painter, and very laborious, but of no great natural endowments. It is true, he was profoundly skilled in all the parts of Painting, but wanting genius (as I said) he had less of nobleness in his works than all the rest who studied in the school of the Carraccis.

Albani was excellent in all the parts of Painting, and a polite scholar.

Landfranc, a man of a great and sprightly wit, supported his reputation for a long time with an extraordinary gusto of design and colouring : but his foundation being only on the practical part, he at length lost ground in point of correctness, so that many of his pieces appear extravagant and fantastical ; and after his decease, the school of the Carraccis went daily to decay in all the parts of Painting.

Gio. Viola was very old before he learned landscape ; the knowledge of which was imparted to him by Hannibal Carracci, who took pleasure to instruct him ; so that he painted many of that kind, which are wonderfully fine, and well coloured.

If we cast our eyes towards Germany and the Low Countries, we may there behold Albert Durer, Lucas van Leyden, Holbein, Aldegrave, &c., who were all contemporaries. Amongst these, Albert Durer and Holbein were both of them wonderfully knowing, and had certainly been of the first form of Painters, had they travelled into Italy ; for nothing can be laid to their charge, but only that they had a Gothic gusto. As for Holbein, his execution surpassed even that of Raffaelle ; and I have seen a portrait of his painting, with which one of Titian's could not come in competition.

Amongst the Flemings, appeared Rubens, who had, from his birth, a lively, free, noble, and universal genius: a genius capable not only of raising him to the rank of the ancient Painters, but also to the highest employments in the service of his country; so that he was chosen for one of the most important embassies in our time. His gusto of design savours somewhat more of the Flemish than of the beauty of the antique, because he staid not long at Rome. And though we cannot but observe in all his Paintings, ideas which are great and noble, yet it must be confessed, that generally speaking, he designed not correctly; but for all the other arts of painting, he was as absolute a master of them, and possessed them all as thoroughly as any of his predecessors in that noble art. His principal studies were made in Lombardy, after the works of

Titian, Paulo Veronese, aad Tintoret, whose cream he has skimmed, (if you will allow the phrase,) and extracted from their several beauties many general maxims and infallible rules which he always followed, and by which he has acquired in his works a greater facility than that of Titian; more of purity, truth, and science than Paulo Veronese; and more of majesty, repose, and moderation than Tintoret. To conclude; his manner is so solid, so knowing, and so ready, that it may seem this rare accomplished genius was sent from heaven to instruct mankind in the Art of Painting.

His school was full of admirable disciples; amongst whom Vandyck was he who best comprehended all the rules and general maxims of his Master; and who has even excelled him in the delicacy of his carnations, and in his cabinet-pieces; but his taste, in the designing part, was nothing better than that of Rubens.

THE

PREFACE

OF

MR. DRYDEN TO HIS TRANSLATION,

CONTAINING A PARALLEL BETWEEN

POETRY AND PAINTING.

It was thought proper to insert in this place the pleasing Preface which Mr Dryden printed before his Translation of M. Du Fresnoy's Poem. There is a charm in that great Writer's Prose peculiar to itself; and though, perhaps, the parallel between the two Arts, which he has here drawn, be too superficial to stand the test of strict criticism, yet it will always give pleasure to readers of taste, even when it fails to satisfy their judgment. M.

MR. DRYDEN'S

PREFACE:

WITH A PARALLEL OF

POETRY AND PAINTING.

It may be reasonably expected that I should say something on my behalf in respect to my present undertaking. First then, the reader may be pleased to know, that it was not of my own choice that I undertook this work. Many of our most skilful painters, and other artists, were pleased to recommend this Author to me, as one who perfectly understood the rules of painting; who gave the best and most concise instructions for performance, and the surest to inform the judgment of all who loved this noble art; that they who before were rather fond of it, than knowingly admired it, might defend their inclination by their reason; that they might understand those excellencies which they blindly valued so as not to be farther imposed on by bad pieces, and to know when Nature was well imitated by the most able masters. It is true, indeed, and they acknowledge it, that besides the rules which are given in this treatise, or which can be given in any other, to make a perfect judgment of good pictures, and to value them more or less, when compared with another, there is farther required a long conversation with the best pieces, which are not very frequent either in France or England: yet some we have, not only from the hands of Holbien, Rubens, and Vandyck, (one of them admirable for History-painting, and the other two for Portraits,) but of many Flemish masters, and those not inconsiderable, though for design not equal to the Italians. And of these latter also, we are not unfurnished with some pieces of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others. But to return to my own undertaking of this translation; I freely own that I thought myself uncapable of performing it, either to their satisfaction, or my own credit. Not but that I understood the original Latin, and the French Author perhaps as well as most Englishmen, but I was not sufficiently versed in the terms of art: and therefore thought that many of those persons, who put this honourable task on me, were more able to perform it themselves, as undoubtedly they were. But they assuring me of their assistance in correcting my faults, where I spoke improperly, I was encouraged to attempt it, that I might not be wanting in what I could to satisfy the desires of so many Gentlemen who were willing to give the world this useful work. They

have effectually performed their promise to me, and I have been as careful on my side to take their advice on all things ; so that the reader may assure himself of a tolerable translation ; not elegant, for I proposed not that to myself, but familiar, clear, and instructive : in any of which parts, if I have failed, the fault lies wholly at my door. In this one particular only, I must beg the reader's pardon : the prose translation of the poem is not free from poetical expressions, and I dare not promise that some of them are not fustain, or at least highly metaphorical ; but this being a fault in the first digestion, (that is, the original Latin, was not to be remedied in the second, viz. the translation ; and I may confidently say, that whoever had attempted it, must have fallen into the same inconvenience, or a much greater, that of a false version. When I undertook this work, I was already engaged in the translation of Virgil, from whom I have borrowed only two months, and am now returning to that which I ought to understand better. In the mean time, I beg the reader's pardon for entertaining him so long with myself ; it is an usual part of ill manners in all authors, and almost in all mankind, to trouble others with their business ; and I was so sensible of it before-hand, that I had not now committed it, unless some concernments of the readers had been interwoven with my own. But I know not, while I am atoning for one error, if I am not falling into another : for I have been importuned to say something farther of this art; and to make some observations on it, in relation to the likeness and agreement which it has with poetry its sister. But before I proceed, it will not be amiss, if I copy from Bellori (a most ingenious author) some part of his idea of a painter, which cannot be unpleasing, at least, to such who are conversant in the philosophy of Plato ; and to avoid tediousness, I will not translate the whole discourse, but take and leave as I find occasion.

" God Almighty, in the fabric of the universe, first contemplated himself, and reflected on his own excellencies ; from which he drew and constituted those first forms, which are called Ideas, so that every species which was afterwards expressed, was produced from that first Idea, forming that wonderful contexture of all created beings. But the celestial bodies above the moon being incorruptible, and not subject to change, remained for ever fair and in perpetual order. On the contrary, all things which are sublunary, are subject to change, to deformity, and to decay ; and though Nature always intends a consummate beauty in her productions, yet, through the inequality of the matter, the forms are altered ; and in particular, human beauty suffers alteration for the worse, as we see to our mortification, in the deformities and disproportions which are in us. For which reason, the artful painter, and the sculptor, imitating the Divine Maker, form to themselves, as well as they are able, a model of the superior beauties ; and reflecting on them, endeavour to correct and amend the common nature, and to represent it as it was first created, without fault, either in colour or in lineament.

" This idea, which we may call the Goddess of Painting and of Sculpture, descends upon the marble and the cloth, and becomes the original of those Arts ; and, being measured by the compass of the intellect, is itself the measure of the performing hand ; and, being animated by the imagination, infuses life into the image. The idea of the Painter and the Sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect

and exccellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined form, all things are represented which fall under human sight: such is the definition which is made by Cicero in his book of the Orator to Brutus. 'As, therefore, in forms and figures, there is somewhat which is excellent and perfect, to which imagined species all things are referred by imitation, which are the objects of sight; in like manner we behold the species of eloquence in our minds, the effigies, or actual image of which we seek in the organs of our hearing. This is likewise confirmed by Proclus, in the Dialogue of Plato, called Timæus: If, says he, you take a man as he is made by nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of art, the work of nature will always appear the less beautiful, because art is more accurate than nature.' But Zeuxis, who, from the choice which he made of five virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helena, which Cicero, in his Orator before mentioned, sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty, at the same time admonishes a Painter to contemplate the ideas of the most natural forms; and to make a judicious choice of several bodies, all of them the most elegant which we can find: by which we may plainly understand that he thought it impossible to find in any one body all those perfections which he sought for the accomplishment of a Helena, because nature in any individual person makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts. For this reason Maximus Tyrius also says, that the image which is taken by a Painter from several bodies produces a beauty, which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues. Thus nature, on this account, is so much inferior to art, that those Artists who propose to themselves only the imitation or likeness of such or such a particular person, without election of those ideas before mentioned, have often been reproached for that omission. Demetrius was taxed for being too natural; Dionysius was also blamed for drawing men like us, and was commonly called Ἀνθρωπόγραφος, that is, a Painter of Men. In our times, Michael Angelo da Caravaggio was esteemed too natural: he drew persons as they were; and Bamboccio, and most of the Dutch Painters, have drawn the worst likenesses. Lysippus, of old, upbraided the common sort of Sculptors for making men such as they were found in nature; and boasted of himself, that he made them as they ought to be; which is a precept of Aristotle, given as well to Poets as to Painters. Phidias raised an admiration even to astonishment in those who beheld his statues, with the forms which he gave to his gods and heroes, by imitating the idea rather than nature; and Cicero, speaking of him, affirms, that figuring Jupiter and Pallas, he did not contemplate any object from whence he took any likeness, but considered in his own mind a great and admirable form of beauty, and according to that image in his soul, he directed the operation of his hand. Seneca also seems to wonder that Phidias, having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind. Apollonius Tyanæus says the same in other words, that the fancy more instructs the Painter than the imitation; for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes also the things which it never sees.

"Leon Battista Alberti tells us, that we ought not so much to love the likeness as the beauty, and to choose from the fairest bodies severally the fairest parts. Leonardo da Vinci instructs the Painter to form this idea to himself; and

Raffaelle, the greatest of all modern Masters, writes thus to Castiglione, concerning his Galatea: 'To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones; but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea, which I have formed to myself in my own fancy.' Guido Reni sending to Rome his St Michael, which he had painted for the Church of the Capuchins, at the same time wrote to Monsignor Massano, who was the *maestro di casa* (or steward of the house) to Pope Urban VIII., in this manner: 'I wish I had the wings of an angel, to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beheld the forms of those beautified spirits, from which I might have copied my Archangel: but not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty, which I have formed in my own imagination. I have likewise created there the contrary idea of deformity and ugliness; but I leave the consideration of it till I paint the Devil, and, in the meantime shun the very thought of it as much as possibly I can, and am even endeavouring to blot it wholly out of my remembrance.' There was not any lady in all antiquity who was mistress of so much beauty, as was to be found in the Venus of Gnidus, made by Praxiteles, or the Minerva of Athens, by Phidias, which was therefore called the beautiful form. Neither is there any man of the present age equal in the strength, proportion, and knitting of his limbs, to the Hercules of Farnese, made by Glycon; or any woman who can justly be compared with the Medicean Venus of Cleomenes. And upon this account the noblest poets and the best orators, when they desire to celebrate any extraordinary beauty, are forced to have recourse to statues and pictures, and to draw their persons and faces into comparison: Ovid, endeavouring to express the beauty of Cyllarus, the fairest of the Centaurs, celebrates him as next in perfection to the most admirable statues:

> Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humerique, manusque,
> Pectoraque, artificum laudatis proxima signis.
>
> A pleasing vigour his fair face express'd;
> His neck, his hands, his shoulders, and his breast,
> Did next in gracefulness and beauty stand,
> To breathing figures of the Sculptor's hand.

In another place he sets Apelles above Venus:

> Si Venerem Cois nunquam pinxisset Apelles,
> Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Thus varied,

> One birth to seas the Cyprian Goddess ow'd,
> A second birth the Painter's art bestow'd:
> Less by the seas than by his pow'r was giv'n;
> They made her live, but he advanc'd to heaven.

"The idea of this beauty is indeed various, according to the several forms

which the Painter or Sculptor would describe: as one in strength, another in magnanimity; and sometimes it consists in cheerfulness, and sometimes in delicacy, and is always diversified by the sex and age.

"The beauty of Jove is one, and that of Juno another: Hercules and Cupid are perfect beauties, though of different kinds; for beauty is only that which makes all things as they are in their proper and perfect nature, which the best Painters always choose, by contemplating the forms of each. We ought farther to consider, that a picture being the representation of a human action, the Painter ought to retain in his mind the examples of all affections and passions; as a Poet preserves the idea of an angry man, of one who is fearful, sad, or merry; and so of all the rest: for it is impossible to express that with the hand, which never entered into the imagination. In this manner, as I have rudely and briefly shown you, Painters and Sculptors choosing the most elegant, natural beauties, perfectionate the idea, and advance their art, even above nature itself, in her individual productions, which is the utmost mastery of human performance.

"From hence arises that astonishment, and almost adoration, which is paid by the knowing to those divine remains of antiquity. From hence Phidias, Lysippus, and other noble sculptors, are still held in veneration; and Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and other admirable painters, though their works are perished, are and will be eternally admired; who all of them drew after the ideas of perfection; which are the miracles of nature, the providence of the understanding, the exemplars of the mind, the light of the fancy; the sun, which, from its rising, inspired the statue of Memnon, and the fire which warmed into life the image of Prometheus; it is this which causes the graces and the loves to take up their habitations in the hardest marble, and to subsist in the emptiness of light and shadows. But since the idea of eloquence is as inferior to that of painting, as the force of words is to the sight, I must here break off abruptly; and having conducted the reader, as it were to a secret walk, there leave him in the midst of silence to contemplate those ideas which I have only sketched, and which every man must finish to himself."

In these pompous expressions, or such as these, the Italian has given you his idea of a painter; and though I cannot much commend the style, I must needs say, there is somewhat in the matter; Plato himself is accustomed to write loftily, imitating, as the critics tell us, the manner of Homer; but surely, that inimitable poet had not so much of smoke in his writings, though not less of fire. But in short, this is the present genius of Italy. What Philostratus tells us, in the proem of his *figures*, is somewhat plainer, and therefore I will translate it almost word for word:—"He who will rightly govern the art of painting, ought, of necessity, first to understand human nature. He ought likewise to be endued with a genius to express the signs of their passions whom he represents, and to make the dumb as it were speak; he must yet further understand what is contained in the constitution of the cheeks, in the temperament of the eyes, in the naturalness (if I may so call it) of the eye-brows; and in short, whatsoever belongs to the mind and thought. He who thoroughly possesses all these things will obtain the whole, and the hand will exquisitely represent the action of every particular person; if it happens that he be either mad or angry, melancholic or cheerful, a sprightly youth, or a languishing lover; in one word, he will be able

to paint whatsoever is proportionable to any one. And even in all this there is a sweet error without causing any shame; for the eyes and mind of the beholders being fastened on objects which have no real being, as if they were truly existent, and being induced by them to believe so, what pleasure is it not capable of giving? The ancients, and other wise men, have written many things concerning the symmetry, which is in the art of painting: constituting as it were some certain laws for the proportion of every member; not thinking it possible for a painter to undertake the expression of those motions which are in the mind without a concurrent harmony in the natural measure; for that which is out of its own kind and measure, is not received from nature, whose motion is always right. On a serious consideration of this matter, it will be found, that the art of painting has a wonderful affinity with that of poetry, and there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the poets introduce the gods and heroes, and all those things which are either majestical, honest, or delightful; in like manner, the painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights, and shadows, represent the same things and persons in their pictures." Thus, as convoy ships either accompany, or should accompany their merchants, till they may prosecute the rest of their voyage without danger; so Philostratus has brought me thus far on my way, and I can now sail on without him. He has begun to speak of the great relation betwixt painting and poetry, and thither the greatest part of this Discourse, by my promise, was directed. I have not engaged myself to any perfect method, neither am I loaded with a full cargo; it is sufficient if I bring a sample of some goods in this voyage. It will be easy for others to add more, when the commerce is settled; for a Treatise, twice as large as this, of painting, could not contain all that might be said on the parallel of these two sister-arts. I will take my rise from Bellori before I proceed to the author of this book.

The business of his preface is to prove, that a learned painter should form to himself an idea of perfect nature. This image he is to set before his mind in all his undertakings, and to draw from thence, as from a storehouse, the beauties which are to enter into his work: thereby correcting nature from what actually she is in individuals, to what she ought to be, and what she was created. Now as this idea of perfection is of little use in portraits, or the resemblances of particular persons, so neither is it in the characters of comedy and tragedy, which are never to be made perfect, but always to be drawn with some specks of frailty and deficience; such as they have been described to us in history, if they were real characters; or such as the poet began to show them, at their first appearance, if they were only fictitious, or imaginary. The perfection of such stage characters consists chiefly in their likeness to the deficient faulty nature, which is their original; only (as it is observed more at large hereafter) in such cases there will always be found a better likeness and a worse, and the better is constantly to be chosen; I mean in tragedy, which represents the figures of the highest form among mankind; thus, in portraits, the painter will not take that side of the face which has some notorious blemish in it, but either draw it in profile, as Apelles did Antigonus, who had lost one of his eyes, or else shadow the more imperfect side; for an ingenious flattery is to be allowed to the professors of both arts, so long as the likeness is not destroyed. It is true, that all manner of

imperfections must not be taken away from the characters; and the reason is, that there may be left some grounds of pity for their misfortunes; we can never be grieved for their miseries who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby justly called their calamities on themselves; such men are the natural objects of our hatred, not of our commiseration. If, on the other side, their characters were wholly perfect, such as, for example, the character of a saint or martyr in a play, his or her misfortunes would produce impious thoughts in the beholders; they would accuse the heavens of injustice, and think of leaving a religion where piety was so ill requited. I say the greater part would be tempted so to do; I say, not that they ought, and the consequence is too dangerous for the practice. In this I have accused myself for my own St Catharine; but let truth prevail. Sophocles has taken the just medium in his Oedipus; he is somewhat arrogant at his first entrance, and is too inquisitive through the whole tragedy; yet these imperfections being balanced by great virtues, they hinder not our compassion for his miseries, neither yet can they destroy that horror which the nature of his crimes have excited in us. Such in painting are the warts and moles, which, adding a likeness to the face, are not, therefore, to be omitted; but these produce no loathing in us; but how far to proceed, and where to stop, is left to the judgment of the poet and the painter. In comedy there is somewhat more of the worse likeness to be taken, because that is often to produce laughter, which is occasioned by the sight of some deformity; but for this I refer the reader to Aristotle. It is a sharp manner of instruction for the vulgar, who are never well amended till they are more than sufficiently exposed. That I may return to the beginning of this remark, concerning perfect ideas, I have only this to say, that the parallel is often true in epic poetry.

The heroes of the poets are to be drawn according to this rule; there is scarce a frailty to be left in the best of them, any more than to be found in a divine nature. And if Æneas sometimes weeps, it is not in bemoaning his own miseries, but those which his people undergo. If this be an imperfection, the Son of God, when he was incarnate, shed tears of compassion over Jerusalem ; and Lentulus describes him often weeping, but never laughing ; so that Virgil is justified even from the Holy Scriptures. I have but one word more, which for once I will anticipate from the author of this book. Though it must be an idea of perfection from which both the Epic Poet and the History Painter draws; yet all perfections are not suitable to all subjects, but every one must be designed according to that perfect beauty which is proper to him : An Apollo must he distinguished from a Jupiter, a Pallas from a Venus ; and so in poetry, an Æneas from any other hero, for piety is his chief perfection. Homer's Achilles is a kind of exception to this rule ; but then he is not a perfect hero, nor so intended by the poet. All his Gods had somewhat of human imperfection, for which he has been taxed by Plato as an imitator of what was bad. But Virgil observed his fault and mended it. Yet Achilles was perfect in the strength of his body, and the vigour of his mind. Had he been less passionate or less revengeful, the poet well foresaw that Hector had been killed, and Troy taken at the first assault : which had destroyed the beautiful contrivance of his *Iliad*, and the moral of preventing discord amongst confederate princes, which was his principal intention : for the moral (as Bossu observes) is the first business of the poet,

as being the ground-work of his instruction. This being formed, he contrives such a design or fable, as may be most suitable to the moral; after this he begins to think of the persons whom he is to employ in carrying on his design, and gives them the manners which are most proper to their several characters. The thoughts and words are the last parts which give beauty and colouring to the piece. When I say that the manners of the hero ought to be good in perfection, I contradict not the Marquis of Normanby's opinion, in that admirable verse, where, speaking of a perfect character, he calls it

"A faultless monster, which the world ne'er knew;"

For that excellent critic intended only to speak of dramatic characters, and not of epic. Thus, at least, I have shown, that in the most perfect poem, which is that of Virgil, a perfect idea was required and followed; and, consequently, that all succeeding poets ought rather to imitate him, than even Homer. I will now proceed, as I promised, to the author of this book; he tells you, almost in the first lines of it, that "the chief end of painting is to please the eyes; and it is one great end of poetry to please the mind." Thus far the parallel of the arts holds true; with this difference, that the principal end of painting is to please, and the chief design of poetry is to instruct. In this the latter seems to have the advantage of the former. But if we consider the artists themselves on both sides, certainly their aims are the very same; they would both make sure of pleasing, and that in preference to instruction. Next, the means of this pleasure is by deceit: one imposes on the sight, and the other on the understanding. Fiction is of the essence of poetry as well as of painting; there is a resemblance in one, of human bodies, things and actions, which are not real: and in the other, of a true story by a fiction. And as all stories are not proper subjects for an epic poem or a tragedy, so neither are they for a noble picture. The subjects both of the one and of the other ought to have nothing of immortal, low, or filthy in them; but this being treated at large in the book itself, I waive it to avoid repetition. Only I must add, that, though Catullus, Ovid, and others, were of another opinion, that the subject of poets, and even their thoughts and expressions might be loose, provided their lives were chaste and holy, yet there are no such licences permitted in that art, any more than in painting to design, and colour obscene nudities. *Vita proba est*, is no excuse; for it will scarcely be admitted, that either a poet or a painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their writings and their pictures. We see nothing of this kind in Virgil, that which comes the nearest to it is the Adventure of the Cave, where Dido and Æneas were driven by the storm; yet even there, the poet pretends a marriage before the consummation, and Juno herself was present at it. Neither is there any expression in that story which a Roman matron might not read without a blush. Besides, the poet passes it over as hastily as he can, as if he were afraid of staying in the cave with the two lovers, and of being a witness to their actions. Now I suppose that a painter would not be much commended, who should pick out this cavern from the whole *Æneis*, when there is not another in the work. He had better leave them in their obscurity, than let in a flash of lightning to clear the natural darkness of the place, by which he must discover himself as much as them. The altar-pieces, and holy decorations of painting, show that art may be applied to better uses, as well as poetry; and amongst

many other instances, the Farnese Gallery, painted by Hannibal Caracci, is a sufficient witness yet remaining; the whole work being morally instructive, and particularly the Hercules Bivium, which is a perfect triumph of virtue over vice, as it is wonderfully described by the ingenious Bellori.

Hitherto I have only told the reader what ought not to be the subject of a picture or of a poem. What it ought to be on either side, our author tells us. It must, in general, be great and noble, and in this the parallel is exactly true. The subject of a poet, either in tragedy, or in an epic poem, is a great action of some illustrious hero. It is the same in painting; not every action, nor every person, is considerable enough to enter into the cloth. It must be the anger of an Achilles, the piety of an Æneas, the sacrifice of an Iphigenia; for heroines as well as heroes are comprehended in the rule. But the parallel is more complete in tragedy than in an epic poem; for as a tragedy may be made out of many particular episodes of Homer or of Virgil, so may a noble picture be designed out of this or that particular story in either author. History is also fruitful of designs, both for the painter and the tragic poet; Curtius throwing himself into a gulph, and the two Decii sacrificing themselves for the safety of their country, are subjects for tragedy and picture. Such is Scipio, restoring the Spanish bride, whom he either loved, or may be supposed to love; by which he gained the hearts of a great nation, to interest themselves for Rome against Carthage; these are all but particular pieces in Livy's history, and yet are full, complete subjects for the pen and pencil. Now the reason of this is evident; tragedy and picture are more narrowly circumscribed by the mechanic rules of time and place than the epic poem; the time of this last is left indefinite. It is true, Homer took up only the space of eight-and-forty days for his Iliad; but whether Virgil's action was comprehended in a year, or somewhat more, is not determined by Bossu. Homer made the place of his action Troy, and the Grecian camp besieging it. Virgil introduces his Æneas sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in Carthage, and other times at Cumæ, before he brings him to Laurentum; and even after that, he wanders again to the kingdom of Evander, and some parts of Tuscany, before he returns to finish the war by the death of Turnus. But tragedy, according to the practice of the ancients, was always confined within the compass of twenty-four hours, and seldom takes up so much time. As for the place of it, it was always one, and that not in a larger sense, as, for example, a whole city, or two or three several houses in it, but the market, or some other public place, common to the chorus and all the actors; which established law of theirs, I have not an opportunity to examine in this place, because I cannot do it without digression from my subject, though it seems too strict at the first appearance, because it excludes all secret intrigues, which are the beauties of the modern stage; for nothing can be carried on with privacy, when the chorus is supposed to be always present. But to proceed: I must say this to the advantage of painting, even above tragedy, that what this last represents in the space of many hours, the former shows us in one moment. The action, the passion, and the manners of so many persons as are contained in a picture, are to be discerned at once in the twinkling of an eye; at least they would be so, if the sight could travel over so many different objects all at once, or the mind could digest them all at the same instant, or point of time. Thus, in the famous picture of Poussin,

which represents the institution of the blessed sacrament, you see our Saviour and his twelve disciples, all concurring in the same action, after different manners, and in different postures, only the manners of Judas are distinguished from the rest. Here is but one indivisible point of time observed; but one action performed by so many persons, in one room, and at the same table; yet the eye cannot comprehend at once the whole object, nor the mind follow it so fast; it is considered at leisure and seen by intervals. Such are the subjects of noble picture, and such are only to be undertaken by noble hands. There are other parts of nature which are meaner, and yet are the subjects both of painters and of poets.

For to proceed in the parallel; as comedy is a representation of human life in inferior persons and low subjects, and by that means creeps into the nature of poetry, and is a kind of juniper, a shrub belonging to the species of cedar; so is the painting of clowns, the representation of a Dutch Kermis, the brutal sport of Snick-or-Snee, and a thousand other things of this mean invention, a kind of picture which belongs to nature, but of the lowest form. Such is a Lazar in comparison to a Venus; both are drawn in human figures; they have faces alike, though not like faces. There is yet a lower sort of poetry and painting, which is out of nature; for a farce is that in poetry which grotesque is in a picture; the persons and action of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false; that is, inconsistent with the characters of mankind. Grotesque painting is the just resemblance of this; and Horace begins his art of poetry by describing such a figure with a man's head, a horse's neck, the wings of a bird, and a fish's tail, parts of different species jumbled together, according to the mad imagination of the dauber; and the end of all this, as he tells you afterward, is to cause laughter; a very monster in Bartholomew Fair, for the mob to gape at for their twopence. Laughter is indeed the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs. It is a kind of a bastard pleasure, too, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the honest country-man at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce-scribblers make use of the same noble invention to entertain citizens, country gentlemen, and Covent Garden fops; if they are merry, all goes well on the Poet's side. The better sort go thither too, but in despair of sense and the just image of nature, which are the adequate pleasures of the mind. But the author can give the stage no better than what was given him by nature; and the actors must represent such things as they are capable to perform, and by which both they and the scribbler may get their living. After all, it is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh: and, as Sir William Davenant observes, in his preface to Gondibert, "It is the wisdom of a government to permit plays, (he might have added farces,) as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horses to make them carry their burdens cheerfully."

I have already shown, that one main end of poetry and painting is to please, and have said something of the kinds of both, and of their subjects, in which they bear a great resemblance to each other. I must now consider them as they are great and noble arts: and as they are arts, they must have rules which may direct them to their common end.

To all arts and sciences, but more particularly to these, may be applied what Hippocrates says of physic, as I find him cited by an eminent French critic. "Medicine has long subsisted in the world; the principles of it are certain, and it has a certain way; by both which there has been found, in the course of many ages, an infinite number of things, the experience of which has confirmed its usefulness and goodness. All that is wanting to the perfection of this art, will undoubtedly be found, if able men, and such as are instructed in the ancient rules, will make a farther inquiry into it, and endeavour to arrive at that which is hitherto unknown by that which is already known. But all, who have rejected the ancient rules, and taken the opposite ways, yet boast themselves to be masters of this art, do but deceive others, and are themselves deceived; for that is absolutely impossible."

This is notoriously true in these two arts; for the way to please being to imitate nature, both the poets and the painters in ancient times, and in the best ages, have studied her: and from the practice of both these arts the rules have been drawn, by which we are instructed how to please, and to compass that end which they obtained, by following their example; for nature is still the same in all ages, and can never be contrary to herself. Thus, from the practice of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Aristotle drew his rules for tragedy, and Philostratus for painting. Thus, amongst the moderns, the Italian and French critics, by studying the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, and having the example of the Grecian poets before their eyes, have given us the rules of modern tragedy, and thus the critics of the same countries, in the art of painting, have given the precepts of perfecting that art. It is true, that poetry has one advantage over painting in these last ages, that we have still the remaining examples both of the Greek and Latin poets: whereas the painters have nothing left them from Apelles, Protogenes, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and the rest, but only the testimonies which are given of their incomparable works. But instead of this, they have some of their best statues, basso-relievos, columns, obelisks, &c., which are saved out of the common ruin, and are still preserved in Italy; and by well distinguishing what is proper to sculpture, and what to painting, and what is common to them both, they have judiciously repaired that loss; and the great genius of Raphael and others, having succeeded to the times of barbarism and ignorance, the knowledge of painting is now arrived to a supreme perfection, though the performance of it is much declined in the present age. The greatest age for poetry amongst the Romans, was certainly that of Augustus Cæsar; and yet we are told, that painting was then at its lowest ebb, and perhaps sculpture was also declining at the same time. In the reign of Domitian, and some who succeeded him, poetry was but meanly cultivated, but painting eminently flourished. I am not here to give the history of the two arts, how they were both in a manner extinguished by the irruption of the barbarous nations, and both restored about the times of Leo X., Charles V., and Francis I., though I might observe, that neither Ariosto, nor any of his contemporary poets, ever arrived at the excellency of Raphael, Titian, and the rest in painting. But in revenge, at this time, or lately in many countries, poetry is better practised than her sister-art To what height the magnificence and encouragement of the present king of France may carry painting and sculpture is uncertain; but by what he has done

before the war in which he is engaged, we may expect what he will do after the happy conclusion of a peace; which is the prayer and wish of all those who have not an interest to prolong the miseries of Europe. For it is most certain, as our author, amongst others, has observed, that reward is the spur of virtue, as well in all good arts, as in all laudable attempts; and emulation, which is the other spur, will never be wanting either amongst poets or painters, when particular rewards and prizes are proposed to the best deservers. But to return from this digression, though it was almost necessary, all the rules of painting are methodically, concisely, and yet clearly delivered in this present treatise which I have translated: Bossu has not given more exact rules for the epic poem, nor Dacier for tragedy, in his late excellent translation of Aristotle, and his notes upon him, than our Fresnoy has made for painting: with the parallel of which I must resume my discourse, following my author's text, though with more brevity than I intended, because Virgil calls me.

"The principal and most important part of painting is to know what is most beautiful in nature, and most proper for that art." That which is the most beautiful, is the most noble subject; so in poetry, tragedy is more beautiful than comedy, because, as I said, the persons are greater whom the Poet instructs; and, consequently, the instructions of more benefit to mankind: the action is likewise greater and more noble, and thence is derived the greater and more noble pleasure.

To imitate nature well in whatsoever subject, is the perfection of both arts; and that picture, and that poem, which comes nearest the resemblance of nature, is the best: but it follows not, that what pleases most in either kind is therefore good, but what ought to please. Our depraved appetites and ignorance of the arts mislead our judgments, and cause us often to take that for true imitation of nature, which has no resemblance of nature in it. To inform our judgments, and to reform our tastes, rules were invented, that by them we might discern when nature was imitated, and how nearly. I have been forced to recapitulate these things, because mankind is more liable to deceit than it is willing to continue in a pleasing error, strengthened by a long habitude. The imitation of nature is therefore justly constituted as the general, and indeed the only rule of pleasing, both in poetry and painting. Aristotle tells us, that imitation pleases because it affords matter for a reasoner to inquire into the truth or falsehood of imitation, by comparing its likeness or unlikeness with the original; but by this rule, every speculation in nature, whose truth falls under the inquiry of a Philosopher, must produce the same delight, which is not true. I should rather assign another reason: truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can choose an apparent evil. As truth is the end of all our speculations, so the discovery of it is the pleasure of them; and since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of it, either in poetry or painting, must of necessity produce a much greater: for both these arts, as I said before, are not only true imitations of nature, but of the best nature of that which is wrought up to a nobler pitch. They present us with images more perfect than the life in any individual, and we have the pleasure to see all the scattered beauties of nature united by a happy chemistry without its deformities or faults. They are imitations of the passions which always move, and there-

fore consequently please; for without motion there can be no delight, which cannot be considered but as an active passion. When we view these elevated ideas of nature, the result of that view is admiration, which is always the cause of pleasure.

This foregoing remark, which gives the reason why imitation pleases, was sent me by Mr Waller Moyle, a most ingenious young gentleman, conversant in all the studies of humanity, much above his years. He had also furnished me, according to my request, with all the particular passages in Aristotle and Horace, which are used by them to explain the Art of Poetry, by that of Painting; which, if ever I have time to retouch this essay, shall be inserted in their places. Having thus shown that imitation pleases, and why it pleases in both these arts, it follows, that some rules of imitation are necessary to obtain the end; for without rules there can be no art, any more than there can be a house without a door to conduct you into it. The principal parts of painting and poetry next follow.

Invention is the first part and absolutely necessary to them both ; yet no rule ever was or can be given how to compass it. A happy genius is the gift of nature : it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers ; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists ; it is the particular gift of heaven, say the divines, both christians and heathens. How to improve it, many books can teach us ; how to obtain it, none ; that nothing can be done without it, all agree:

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.

Without invention a painter is but a copier, and a poet but a plagiary of others Both are allowed sometimes to copy and translate; but, as our author tells you, that is not the best part of their reputation. " Imitators are but a servile kind of cattle," says the poet: or at best, the keepers of cattle for other men: they have nothing which is properly their own; that is a sufficient mortification for me, while I am translating Virgil. But to copy the best author is a kind of praise, if I perform it as I ought, as a copy after Raphael is more to be commended than an original of any indifferent painter.

Under this head of invention is placed the disposition of the work, to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece. " The compositions of the Painter should be conformable to the text of ancient authors, to the custom and the times ;" and this is exactly the same in poetry : Homer and Virgil are to be our guides in the Epic ; Sophocles and Euripides in Tragedy : in all things we are to imitate the customs and the times of those persons and things which we represent : not to make new rules of the Drama, as Lopez de Vega has attempted unsuccessfully to do, but to be content to follow our masters, who understood nature better than we. But if the story which we treat be modern, we are to vary the customs, according to the time and the country where the scene of action lies : for this is still to imitate nature, which is always the same, though in a different dress.

As " in the composition of a picture, the Painter is to take care that nothing enter into it, which is not proper or convenient to the subject ;" so likewise is the Poet to reject all incidents which are foreign to his Poem, and are naturally no parts of it : they are wens, and other excrescences, which belong not to the body, but deform it. No person, no incident in the piece or in the play, but must

be of use to carry on the main design. All things else are like six fingers to the hand, when nature, which is superfluous in nothing, can do her work with five. "A Painter must reject all trifling ornaments;"—so must a Poet refuse all tedious and unnecessary descriptions. A robe which is too heavy is less an ornament than a burden. In poetry, Horace calls these things,

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

These are also the lucus and ara Dianæ which he mentions in the same *Art of Poetry:* but since there must be ornaments, both in Painting and Poetry, if they are not necessary, they must at least be decent; that is, in their due place, and but moderately used. The Painter is not to take so much pains about the drapery as about the face, where the principal resemblance lies; neither is the Poet, who is working up a passion, to make similes, which will certainly make it languish. My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth, but it is out of season. Where there are more figures in a picture than are necessary, or at least ornamental, our author calls them "Figures to be let," because the picture has no use of them: so I have seen in some modern plays above twenty actors, when the action has not required half the number. In the principal figures of a picture, the Painter is to employ the sinews of his art, for in them consists the principal beauty of his work. Our author saves me the comparison with Tragedy: for he says, that "herein he is to imitate the Tragic Poet, who employs his utmost force in those places, wherein consists the height and beauty of the action.

Du Fresnoy, whom I follow, makes Design, or Drawing, the second part of painting; but the rules which he gives concerning the posture of the figures are almost wholly proper to that art, and admit not any comparison, that I know, with poetry. The posture of a poetic figure is, as I conceive, the description of his heroes in the performance of such or such an action: as of Achilles just in the act of killing Hector; or of Æneas who has Turnus under him. Both the Poet and the Painter vary the postures, according to the action or passion, which they represent of the same person. But all must be great and graceful in them. The same Æneas must be drawn a suppliant to Dido, with respect in his gestures, and humility in his eyes; but when he is forced, in his own defence, to kill Lausus, the Poet shows him compassionate, and tempering the severity of his looks with a reluctance to the action, which he is going to perform. He has pity on his beauty and his youth, and is loth to destroy such a master-piece of nature. He considers Lausus rescuing his father, at the hazard of his own life, as an image of himself, when he took Anchises on his shoulders and bore him safe through the rage of the fire, and the opposition of his enemies; and therefore, in the posture of a retiring man, who avoids the combat, he stretches out his arm in sign of peace, with his right foot drawn a little back, and his breast bending inward, more like an orator than a soldier; and seems to dissuade the young man from pulling on his destiny, by attempting more than he was able to perform. Take the passage as I have thus translated it:

Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield;
All, fir'd with noble emulation, strive,
And with a storm of darts to distance drive

The Trojan chief; who, held at bay, from far
On his vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
Their first assault undaunted did abide;
And thus to Lausus, loud, with friendly threatning cry'd,
Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,
Betrayed by pious love!

And afterwards,

He griev'd, he wept, the sight and image brought
Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought."

But, beside the outlines of the posture, the design of the picture comprehends, in the next place, the "forms of faces which are to be different; and so in a poem, or play, must the several characters of the persons be distinguished from each other. I knew a poet, whom out of respect I will not name, who, being too witty himself, could draw nothing but wits in a comedy of his; even his fools were infected with the disease of their author; they overflowed with smart repartees, and were only distinguished from the intended wits, by being called coxcombs, though they deserved not so scandalous a name. Another, who had a great genius for tragedy, following the fury of his natural temper, made every man and woman, too, in his plays, stark raging mad; there was not a sober person to be had for love or money; all was tempestuous and blustering; heaven and earth were coming together at every word; a mere hurricane from the beginning to the end; and every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgement!

"Let every member be made for its own head," says our author, not a withered hand to a young face. So in the persons of a play, whatever is said or done by any of them, must be consistent with the manners which the poet has given them distinctly: and even the habits must be proper to the degrees and humours of the persons as well as in a picture. He who entered in the first act a young man, like Pericles, Prince of Tyre, must not be in danger, in the fifth act, of committing incest with his daughter; nor an usurer, without great probability and causes of repentance, be turned into a cutting Moorcraft.

I am not satisfied that the comparison betwixt the two arts, in the last paragraph, is altogether so just as it might have been; but I am sure of this which follows.

"The principal figure of the subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest, which are only its attendants." Thus in a tragedy, or in an epic poem, the hero of the piece must be advanced foremost to the view of the reader or spectator: he must outshine the rest of all the characters; he must appear the prince of them, like the sun in the Copernican system, encompassed with the less noble planets. Because the hero is the centre of the main action, all the lines from the circumference tend to him alone; he is the chief object of pity, in the drama, and of admiration in the epic poem.

As in a picture, besides the principal figures which compose it, and are placed in the midst of it, there are less "groups or knots of figures disposed at proper distances," which are parts of the piece, and seem to carry on the same design in a more inferior manner: so in epic poetry there are episodes, and a chorus in tragedy, which are members of the action, as growing out of it, not inserted into it. Such, in the ninth book of the *Æneis*, is the episode of Nisus and Euryalus; the adventure belongs to them alone; they alone are the objects of compassion and admiration; but their business which they carry on, is the general concernment of the Trojan camp, then beleagured by Turnus and the Latines, as the Christians were lately by the Turks; they were to advertise the chief hero of the distresses of his subjects, occasioned by his absence, to crave his succour, and solicit him to hasten his return.

The Grecian tragedy was at first nothing but a chorus of singers; afterwards one actor was introduced, which was the poet himself, who entertained the people with a discourse in verse, betwixt the pauses of the singing. This succeeding with the people, more actors were added to make the variety the greater: and in process of time the chorus only sung betwixt the acts, and the Coryphæus, or chief of them, spoke for the rest, as an actor concerned in the business of the play.

Thus tragedy was perfected by degrees, and being arrived at that perfection, the painters might probably take the hint from thence, of adding groups to their pictures; but as a good picture may be without a group, so a good tragedy may subsist without a chorus, notwithstanding any reasons which have been given by Dacier to the contrary.

Monsieur Racine has indeed used it in his *Esther*, but not that he found any necessity of it, as the French critic would insinuate. The chorus at St. Cyr was only to give the young ladies an occasion of entertaining the king with vocal music, and of commending their own voices. The play itself was never intended for the public stage; nor, without any disparagement to the learned author, could possibly have succeeded there, and much less in the translation of it here. Mr Wycherly, when we read it together, was of my opinion in this, or rather I of his; for it becomes me so to speak of so excellent a poet, and so great a judge. But since I am in this place, as Virgil says, "Spatiis exclusus iniquis," that is, shortened in my time, I will give no other reason than that it is impracticable on our stage. A new theatre, much more ample, and much deeper, must be made for that purpose, besides the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits, which is an expense too large to be supplied by a company of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry to see a chorus on a theatre, more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a king's charges: and on that condition and another, which is, that my hands were not bound behind me, as now they are, I should not despair of making such a tragedy, as might be both instructive and delightful, according to the manner of the Grecians.

"To make a sketch, or a more perfect model of a picture," is in the language of poets, to draw up the scenery of a play: and the reason is the same for both; to guide the undertaking, and to preserve the remembrance of such things whose natures are difficult to retain.

To avoid absurdities and incongruities is the same law established for both

arts. "The painter is not to paint a cloud at the bottom of a picture, but in the uppermost parts;" nor the poet to place what is proper to the end or middle, in the beginning of a poem. I might enlarge on this; but there are few poets or painters who can be supposed to sin so grossly against the laws of nature and of art. I remember only one play, and for once I will call it by its name, *The Slighted Maid*, where there is nothing in the first act but what might have been said or done in the fifth; nor any thing in the midst which might not have been placed as well in the beginning or the end.

"To express the passions which are seated on the heart by outward signs," is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform. In poetry the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that art. "This," says my author, "is the gift of Jupiter;" and, to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it: for the motions which are studied are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his *Venice Preserved;* but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though, perhaps there is somewhat to be desired both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression; but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.

"In the passions," says our author, "we must have a very great regard to the quality of the persons who are actually possessed with them." The joy of a monarch for the news of a victory must not be expressed like the ecstacy of a harlequin on the receipt of a letter from his mistress: this is so much the same in both the arts, that it is no longer a comparison. What he says of face-painting, or the portrait of any one particular person, concerning the likeness, is also applicable to poetry, in the character of an hero, as well as in an inferior figure, there is a better or worse likeness to be taken; the better is a panegyric, if it be not false, and the worse is a libel. Sophocles, says Aristotle, always drew men as they ought to be; that is, better than they were. Another, whose name I have forgotten, drew them worse than naturally they were. Euripides altered nothing in the character, but made them such as they were represented by History, Epic Poetry, or Tradition. Of the three, the draught of Sophocles is most commended by Aristotle. I have followed it in that part of *Oedipus* which I writ; though, perhaps, I have made him too good a man. But my characters of Antony and Cleopatra, though they are favourable to them, have nothing of outrageous panegyric; their passions were their own, and such as were given them by history, only the deformities of them were cast into shadows, that they might be objects of compassion; whereas, if I had chosen a noon-day light for them, somewhat must have been discovered, which would rather have moved our hatred than our pity.

"The Gothic manner, and the barbarous ornaments which are to be avoided in a picture," are just the same with those of an ill-ordered play. For example; our English Tragi-comedy must be confessed to be wholly Gothic, notwithstanding the success which it has found upon our theatre; and in the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, even though Corsica and the Satyr contribute somewhat to the main

action: neither can I defend my *Spanish Friar*, as fond as otherwise I am of it, from this imputation; for though the comical parts are diverting, and the serious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit.

I had almost forgot one considerable resemblance. Du Fresnoy tells us, "That the figures of the groups must not be all on a side, that is, with their faces and bodies all turned the same way, but must contrast each other by their several positions." Thus in a play, some characters must be raised to oppose others, and to set them off the better, according to the old maxim, "Contraria juxta se posita, magis elucescunt." Thus in *the Scornful Lady*, the usurer is sent to confront the prodigal: Thus in my *Tyrannic Love*, the Atheist Maximin is opposed to the character of St. Catharine.

I am now come, though with the omission of many likenesses, to the third part of Painting, which is called the Chromatic or Colouring. Expression, and all that belongs to words, is that in a poem which colouring is in a picture. The colours well chosen, in their proper places, together with their lights and shadows which belong to them, lighten the design, and make it pleasing to the eye. The words, the expressions, the tropes and figures, the versification, and all the other elegancies of sound, as cadences, turns of words upon the thought, and many other things, which are all parts of expression, perform exactly the same office both in Dramatic and Epic Poetry. Our author calls colouring, "lena sororis;" in plain English, the bawd of her sister, the design or drawing; she clothes, she dresses her up, she paints her, she makes her appear more lovely than naturally she is, she procures for the design, and makes lovers for her; for the design of itself is only so many naked lines. Thus in poetry, the expression is that which charms the reader, and beautifies the design, which is only the outlines of the fables. It is true, the design must of itself be good; if it be vicious, or, in one word, unpleasing, the cost of colouring is thrown away upon it. It is an ugly woman in a rich habit, set out with jewels: nothing can become her. But granting the design to be moderately good, it is like an excellent complexion with indifferent features; the white and red well mingled on the face, make what was before but passable, appear beautiful. "Operum Colores" is the very word which Horace uses to signify words, and elegant expression, of which he himself was so great a master in his Odes. Amongst the ancients, Zeuxis was most famous for his colouring: amongst the moderns, Titian and Correggio. Of the two ancient Epic Poets, who have so far excelled all the moderns, the invention and design were the particular talents of Homer. Virgil must yield to him in both; for the design of the Latin was borrowed from the Grecian: but the "Dictio Virgiliana," the expression of Virgil, his colouring, was incomparably the better; and in that I have always endeavoured to copy him. Most of the pedants, I know, maintain the contrary, and will have Homer excel even in this part. But of all people, as they are the most ill-mannered, so they are the worst judges, even of words which are their province; they seldom know more than the grammatical construction, unless they are born with a poetical genius, which is a rare portion amongst them: yet some, I know, may stand excepted, and such I honour. Virgil is so exact

in every word, that none can be changed but for a worse; nor any one removed from its place, but the harmony will be altered. He pretends sometimes to trip: but it is only to make you think him in danger of a fall, when he is most secure. Like a skilful dancer on the ropes (if you will pardon the meanness of the similitude) who slips willingly and makes a seeming stumble, that you may think him in great hazard of breaking his neck, while at the same time he is only giving you a proof of his dexterity. My late Lord Roscommon was often pleased with this reflection, and with the examples of it in this admirable author.

I have not leisure to run through the whole comparison of lights and shadows with tropes and figures; yet I cannot but take notice of metaphors, which, like them, have power to lessen or greaten any thing. Strong and glowing colours are the just resemblances of bold metaphors, but both must be judiciously applied; for there is a difference betwixt daring and fool-hardiness. Lucan and Statius often ventured them too far; our Virgil never. But the great defect of the *Pharsalia* and the *Thebais* was in the design; if that had been more perfect, we might have forgiven many of their bold strokes in the colouring, or at least excused them; yet some of them are such as Demosthenes or Cicero could not have defended. Virgil, if he could have seen the first verses of the *Sylvæ*, would have thought Statius mad in his fustian description of the statue on the brazen horse: but that poet was always in a foam at his setting out, even before the motion of the race had warmed him. The soberness of Virgil whom he read, it seems, to little purpose, might have shown him the difference betwixt "Arma virumque cano, and Magnanimum æacidem, formidatamque tonanti progeniem." But Virgil knew how to rise by degrees in his expressions: Statius was in his towering heights at the first stretch of his pinions. The description of his running horse, just starting in the funeral games for Archemorus, though the verses are wonderfully fine, are the true image of their author:

> Stare adeo nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
> Ante fugam; absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Which would cost me an hour, if I had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original. Virgil, as he better knew his colours, so he knew better how and where to place them. In as much haste as I am, I cannot forbear giving one example: It is said of him, that he read the second, fourth, and sixth books of his Æneis to Augustus Cæsar. In the sixth (which we are sure he read, because we know Octavia was present, who rewarded him so bountifully for the twenty verses which were made in honour of her deceased son Marcellus); in this sixth book I say, the poet, speaking of Misenus, the trumpeter, says,

> ———Quo non præstantior alter,
> Ære ciere viros———

and broke off in the hemistich, or midst of the verse; but in the very reading, seized as it were with a divine fury, he made up the latter part of the hemistich with these following words,

> ———Martemque accendere cantu.

How warm, nay, how glowing a colouring is this? In the beginning of the verse, the word *æs*, or brass, was taken for a trumpet, because the instrument was made of that metal, which of itself was fine; but in the latter end, which was made *extempore*, you see three metaphors, *martemque,——accendere,——cantu*. Good heavens! how the plain sense is raised by the beauty of the words. But this was happiness, the former might be only judgment. This was the "curiosa felicitas" which Petronius attributes to Horace. It is the pencil thrown luckily full upon the horse's mouth, to express the foam, which the painter, with all his skill, could not perform without it. These hits of words a true poet often finds, as I may say, without seeking; but he knows their value when he finds them, and is infinitely pleased. A bad poet may sometimes light on them, but he discerns not a diamond from a Bristol stone; and would have been of the cock's mind in Æsop, a grain of barley would have pleased him better than the jewel. The lights and shadows which belong to colouring, put me in mind of that verse of Horace,

Hoc amat obscuram, vult hoc sub luce videri.

Some parts of a poem require to be amply written, and with all the force and elegance of words: others must be cast into shadows; that is, passed over in silence or but faintly touched. This belongs wholly to the judgment of the poet and the painter. The most beautiful parts of the picture and the poem must be the most finished; the colours and words most chosen; many things in both which are not deserving of this care, must be shifted off, content with vulgar expressions; and those very short, and left, as in a shadow, to the imagination of the reader.

We have the proverb, "Manum de tabulâ," from the painters, which signifies to know when to give over, and to lay by the pencil. Both Homer and Virgil practised this precept wonderfully well: but Virgil the better of the two. Homer knew that when Hector was slain, Troy was as good as already taken: therefore he concludes his action there; for what follows in the funerals of Patroclus, and the redemption of Hector's body, is not, properly speaking, a part of the main action. But Virgil concludes with the death of Turnus; for, after that difficulty was removed, Æneas might marry, and establish the Trojans when he pleased. This rule I had before my eyes in the conclusion of the Spanish Friar, when the discovery was made that the king was living; which was the knot of the play untied; the rest is shut up in the compass of some few lines, because nothing then hindered the happiness of Torismond and Leonora. The faults of that drama are in the kind of it, which is tragic comedy. But it was given to the people, and I never writ any for myself but Antony and Cleopatra.

The remark, I must acknowledge, is not so proper for the colouring as the design; but it will hold for both. As the words, &c., are evidently shown to be the clothing of the thought, in the same sense as colours are the clothing of the design; so the painter and the poet ought to judge exactly when the colouring and expressions are perfect, and then to think their work is truly finished. Apelles said of Protogenes, that "he knew not when to give over." A work may be over-wrought as well as under-wrought; too much labour often takes away the spirit, by adding to the polishing; so that there remains nothing but as dull correctness, a piece without any considerable faults, but with few beauties

for when the spirits are drawn off, there is nothing but a "caput mortuum." Statius never thought an expression could be bold enough; and if a bolder could be found, he rejected the first. Virgil had judgment enough to know daring was necessary; but he knew the difference betwixt a glowing colour and a glaring; as when he compared the shocking of the fleets at Actium to the justling of islands rent from their foundations and meeting in the ocean. He knew the comparison was forced beyond nature, and raised too high; he therefore softens the metaphor with a *credas*. You would almost believe that mountains or islands rushed against each other:

——Credas innare revulsas.
Cycladas; aut montes concurrere montibus æquos.

But here I must break off without finishing the discourse.

"Cynthius aurem vellit, et admonuit, &c.," the things which are behind are of too nice a consideration for an essay begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perhaps the judges of painting and poetry, when I tell them how short a time it cost me, may make me the same answer which my late Lord Rochester made to one, who, to commend a tragedy, said, it was written in three weeks: "How the Devil could he be so long about it? for that poem was infamously bad," and I doubt this parallel is little better; and then the shortness of the time is so far from being a commendation, that it is scarcely an excuse. But if I have really drawn a portrait to the knees, or an half-length, with a tolerable likeness, then I may plead with some justice for myself, that the rest is left to the imagination. Let some better artist provide himself of a deeper canvass; and taking these hints which I have given, set the figure on its legs, and finish it in the invention, design, and colouring.

The following elegant Epistle has constantly been prefixed to all the Editions of Du Fresnoy, which have been published since Jervas corrected the translation of Dryden. It is, therefore, here reprinted, in order that a Poem, which does so much honour to the original author, may still accompany his work, although the translator is but too conscious how much so masterly a piece of versification on the subject of Painting, will, by being brought thus near it, prejudice his own lines.

EPISTLE

OF

MR. POPE,

TO

MR. JERVAS.

TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH

FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING,

TRANSLATED BY MR DRYDEN.*

This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native fire,
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mixed our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long-succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?
How oft review; each finding like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

* First Printed in 1716.

With thee, or Raffaelle's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;
While fancy brings the vanished pile to view
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raffaelle's Grace with thy lov'd Guido's Air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polished gem, the work of years! *
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the Painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife!
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage:
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Wortley's† eyes,

---

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing this Poem.

† In one of Dr Warburton's Editions of Pope, by which copy this has been corrected, the name is changed to *Worsley*. If that reading be not an error of the press, I suppose the poet altered the name after he had quarrelled with Lady M. W. Montague, and being offended at her wit, thus revenged himself on her beauty. *M.*

Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh! lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
New graces yearly, like thy works display:
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charm, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a name

A

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF

PAINTERS,

FROM THE REVIVAL OF THE ART TO THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Instead of the short account of the lives of the Painters by Mr Graham, which has been annexed to the later Editions of Mr Dryden's translation, I have thought proper to insert, at the conclusion of this work, the following Chronological List drawn up by the late Mr Gray, when in Italy, for his own use, and which I found fairly transcribed amongst those papers which his friendship bequeathed to me. Mr Gray was as diligent in his researches as correct in his judgment; and has here employed both these talents to point out in one column the places where the principal works of each master are to be found, and in another the different parts of the art in which his own taste led him to think that they severally excelled.* It is presumed, therefore, that these two additions to the names and dates will render this little work more useful than any thing of the catalogue kind hitherto printed on the subject. For more copious Biographical information, the reader is referred to Mr Pilkington's Dictionary.

M.

* See Memoirs of Mr Gray, Note on Letter XIV. Sect II.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Giovanni Cimabue	certain Greeks	first revived Painting		History	Florence, Flor.	1300	60	almost all perished.
	Andrea Taffi	Apollonius, a Greek	revived Mosaic		History	Florence	1294	81	unknown.
	Giotto	Cimabue	quitted the stiff manner of the Greeks		History	Florence	1336	60	Rome St. Peter's, Arezzo—Mosaics.
	Buonamico Buffalmacco	Andrea Taffi			History	Florence	1340	78	Pisa, Campo-Santo.
5	Ambrogio Lorenzetti	Giotto		5	History	Sienna	1350	83	
	Pietro Cavallini	Giotto			History	Rome	1364	85	Rome, St. Paolo furor della Citta.
	Simon Memmi	Giotto			Portraits	Sienna, Florence	1345	60	
	Andrea Orgagna	imitated Giotto			History	Florence	1389	60	Florence, the Dome.
	Tomaso Giottino	imitated Giotto			History	Florence	1356	32	
10	Paolo Uccello	Antonio Venetiano	first who studied perspective	10	Birds, some His.	Florence	1432	33	
	Massolino	Lorenzo Ghiberti and Gher. Starnina	gave more grace to his figures and drapery		History	Florence	1418	37	
	Massaccio	Massolino			History	Florence	1443	24	
	Fra. Giov. Angelico da Fiesole	Giottino			Hist. Minatures	Florence, Rome	1455	68	Florence, the Palace, in the Apartments of, the old Pictures.
	Antonella da Messina	John Van Eyck	introduced oil Painting into Italy		History	Messina	1475	49	
15	Fra Filippo Lippi	Massaccio	began to Paint figures larger than life	15	History	Florence, Rome	1488	69	Florence, the Palace.
	Andrea del Castagno detto Degl' Impiccati	Domenico Venetiano	painted in oil first at Florence		History	Florence	1480	71	
	Gentile del Fabriano	Giovanni da Fiesole			History	Verona	1412	80	Rome, S. Giov. Laterano, S. Mar. Maggiore.
	Giacomo Bellini	Gentile del Fabriano			History	Venice	1470	—	
	Gentile Bellini }	{ Giacomo their Fa-			History	Venice	1501	80	Venice, in some cabinets.
20	Giovanni Bellini {	{ ther.		20	History	Venice	1512	90	
	Cosmo Rosselli				History	Florence, Rome	1484	68	Rome, Capella Sistina.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Domenico Ghillandaio	Alessand. Baldovinetti	lively colouring genteel designing and good airs	History	Florence	1493	44	Florence, Palace, Closet of Madama.
	Andrea Verocchio	Giacomo Squarcione	observation of perspective.	History	Florence	1488	56	
	Andrea Mantegna			History	Padua, Mantua	1517	66	Florence, Rome, Apartments of Innocent 8, at the Belvedere Chapel.
	Filippo Lippi	Fra. Philippo his father, and Sandro Boticelli		History	Florence	1505	69	
5	Pietro Perugino	Andrea Verocchio		5 History	Rnesia, Rome	1524	78	Rome, Pal. Borghese, &c.
	Bernardino Pinturicchio	Pietro Perugino		History	Florence, Sienna	1513	59	Sienna, Library of the Dome, Rome, Santa Croce in Gierusalemme; Madonna del Popolo, &c.
	Francesco Francia	Marco Zoppo	first considerable master of the Bolognese School	History	Bologna	1518	68	Bologna, in several churches.
	Bartolomeo Ramenghi, detto Il Bagnacavallo	Francesco Francia	soft and fleshy colouring	History	Bologna	1541	48	Bologna.
	Innocenzo Francuzzi, detto da Imola	Francesco Francia	correct drawing	History	Bologna	——	——	Bologna.
10	Francesco Turbido, detto Il Mauro	* Giorgione		10 Portraits	Verona	1521	81	
	Luca Signorelli	Pietrodella Francesca		History	Cortona	1521	82	
	* Lionardo da Vinci		exquis. designing	Hist. and Portraits	Milan, Paris	1317	75	Milan the Dominicans, the Academy; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Borghese, Barberini.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
* Giorgio Giorgione	imitated Lionardo's manner	management of the clair-obscure, and colouring	Hist. and Portraits	Castle Franco nel Trevigiano, Venice, 1511	33	Venice; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Pamphili.
* Antonio da Correggio		divine colouring and morbidezza of his flesh; angelical grace and joyous airs of his figures and clair-obscure	Hist. and Portraits	Correggio nel Reggiano 1534	40	Modena, the Duke's collections; Parma, the Dome, Saint Antonio Abbate, S. Giovanni del monte, san Sepulcro; Florence, the Palace; Paris, the Palais Royal, &c. Naples, the King's collections.
Mariotto Albertinelli	Cosmo Roselli		History	Florence 1520	45	
Baccio, detto Fra. Bartolomeo di S. Marco	Cosmo Roselli		History	Florence 1517	48	
5 Pietro di Cosimo	Cosmo Roselli		5 Grotesq. & monst. History	Florence 1521	80	
Raphaelino del Garbo	Filippo Lippi		History	Florence 1529	58	
* Michaelo Angelo Buonarotta	Dominico Ghirlandaio	great correctness of design grand and terrible subjects, profound knowledge of the anatomical part	History	Chiusi, pressod'Arezzo; Rome 1564	90	Rome, Capella Sestina, Capella Paulina, S. Giovanni Latuano; Florence, the Palace.
* Raffaelle Sanzio d' Urbino	Pietro Perugino; corrected his manner upon seeing the works of Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo	in every part of painting, but chiefly in the thought, composition, expression, and drawing	Hist. and Portraits	Urbino, Rome 1520	37	Rome, the Vatican, S. Pietro. in Montorio; S. Agustino. the Lungara, &c., Florence, the Palace; France, Versailles, the Palais Royal; England, Hampton-Court; Naples, the King's collection.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
	* Titiano Vecelli	Giovanni Bellini	the clair-obscure and all the beauties of colouring		Hist. and Portraits	Cadore nel Friulese; Venice 1576	99	Venice, Rome in many collections, &c.
	Domenico Puligo	Domenico Ghirlandaio			History	Florence 1525	52	
	Timoteo Urbino	Rafaëlle	the same as his master		History	Urbino 1524	54	Rome, Madonna della Pace.
	Vicenzo da San Geminiano	Rafaëlle			History	S. Geminiano 1527	52	Rome, the Vatican.
5	Lorenzo di Credi	Andrea Verocchio, imitated Lionardo da Vinci		5	History	Florence 1530	—	
	Balthazar Peruzzi				History buildings	Sienna, Rome 1536	55	Rome, Madonna della Pace.
	Giovanni Francesco Pendi, detto il Fattore	Rafaëlle	good imitation of his master, and great dispatch		History	Rome, Naples, 1528	40	Rome, the Vatican; Lungara.
	* Giulio Romano	Rafaëlle	his Master's excellencies		History	Rome, Mantua 1546	54	Rome, Vatican, &c. Mantua, the Palace Té.
	Peligrino di Modena	Rafaëlle			History	Modena 1538	—	
10	Pierino Buonacorvi detto Perin del Vago	Rafaëlle		10	History	Florence, Rome 1547	47	Rome, Vatican; Genoa, Pal. Doria.
	Giovanni da Udina	Rafaëlle	animals, flowers, and fruits		Grotesques	Udina, Rome 1564	70	Rome, Vatican, &c.
	* Andrea del Sarto	Pietro di Cosimo	natural and graceful airs, and correct drawing; a bright manner of colouring		History Port.	Florence 1530	42	Florence, the Palace, Monasterio dè Scalzi, &c. Rome, Pal. Borghese, &c. Naples, King's Collection.
	Francia Bigio	Mariotto Albertinelli	painted in company with & like Andrea		History	Florence ——	41	

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Sebastiano, detto Fradel Piombo	Giov. Bellini; Il Giorgione, M. Angelo	painted in the strong and correct manner of this last, and coloured better		History Portr.	Venice, Rome	1547	62	Rome. S. Pietro in montorio, Cap. Chigi; France, Palais Royal
	Orazio Sammachini	Il Bagnacavallo, Innocenzo d'Imola			History	Bologna	1577	45	
	Lorenzetto Sabattini	the same			History	Bologna	——	—	
	Prospero Fontana	the same			His. Por.	Bologna	——	—	
5	Lavinia Fontana	Prospero, her father		5	His. Por.	Bologna	1602	50	
	Pelestrino Tibaldi	Il Bagnacavallo, Innocenzo d'Imola	a strong Michael Angelo manner		History	Bologna, Milan	1592	70	Bologna, the Academy; Spain, the Escurial.
	Primaticcio, detto il Bologna	the same; Julio Romano	gentilness		History	Bologna, France	1570	80	Fontainbleau; Chateau de Beauregard pres de Blois.
	Nicolo Bolognese, detto Messer Nicolo	Primaticcio			History	Modena	1372	60	Fontainbleau.
	Il Dosso	Lorenzo Costa, Titian			History Landsc.	Ferrara, Ferrara	——	—	
10	Bernazzano da Milano			10	Animals, landsc. & fruits	Milan	1550	—	
	Giov. Martino da Udina	Giov. Bellini			History	Udina, Venice	1564	70	
	Pelegrinoda san Daniele	the same			History	Venice	——	—	
	Giovanni Antonio Regillo, detto Licinio da Pordenone	Giorgione	fine colouring		History Portraits	Pordenone nel Friuli, Venice	1540	56	Venice.
	Girolamo da Trevigi				History buildings	Il Truigiano Engl.	1544	36	
15	Polidoro da Caravaggio	Rafaëlle	the correctness of design and imitation of the antique chiefly in chiaroscuro	15	History	Caravaggio, Messina	1543	51	Rome, Pal. Barberini, Maschera d'Oro, Casa di Belloni.

	Name	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Il Maturino	Rafaëlle	the same; they always painted together		History	Florence	1527	37	
	* FrancescoMazzuolo,detto Il Parmegiano	imitated Rafaëlle	great delicacy and gentilness of drawing		History	Parma	1540	36	Parma, the Dome Madonna della Steccata; in many Collections.
	Girolamo Mezzuoli	Francesco, his cousin	whom he always imitated		History	Parma	——	—	Parma, San Sepolcro
	Giacomo Palma, detto Il Vecchio	Titian and others	warm and mellow tints		His. Por.	Venice	1596	48	Venice, and in several Collections.
5	Lorenzo Lotto	imitated Bellini and Giorgione		5	His. Por.	Venice	1544	36	
	Francesco Monsignori	Bellini			Portraits	Venice	1519	64	
	Domenico Beccafumio Meccarino	imitated Pietro Perugino			History	Sienna	1549	65	Sienna, Pavement of the Dome.
	Giacomo Pontormo	Lionardo da Vinci, Albertinelli; Andrea del Sarto			History	Florence	1558	65	Florence.
	Girolamo Genga	Pietro Perugino			History	Urbino	1551	75	
10	Giov. Antonio da Verzelli, detto Il Sadoma			10	History	—— Sienna	1554	—	
	Bastiano Aristotile				History	Florence	1551	70	
	Benvenuto Garofalo	Baldini, Lorenzo Costa	like Rafaëlle		History	Ferrara	1559	78	In a few Collections.
	Girolamo da Carpi	Garofalo, he imitated Correggio			History	Ferrara	1556	55	
	Giov. Francesco Bezzi, detto Il Nosadella	Pelegrino Tibaldi			History	Bologna	1571	—	Bologna.
15	Ercole Procaccini	the same		15	History	Bologna	——	—	
	Bartolomeo & tre figli Passerotti	the same			History	Bologna	——	—	

Names	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Francesco Salviati	Andrea del Sarto		History	Florence 1563	54	Florence.
Giorgio Vasari	the same		His. Por.	Florence 1584	68	Rome, Santa Croce; Florence, the Palace.
Daniel Ricciarelli, detto da Volterra	Il Sodoma; Baldasar Peruzzi		History	Volterra 1566	57	Rome, S. Trinita del Monte S. Agostino.
Taddeo Zucchero	studied Rafaëlle		His. Por.	St Angelo in Vado, nell' Urbino Rome 1566	37	Rome, the Caprarola, Pal. Farnese.
5 Frederico Zucchero		painted with his brother	5 His. Por.	——— Rome 1609	66	Rome, several Collections.
Bartolomeo Cesi	Il Nosadella		History	Bologna ——	79	
Dionigi Calvart	Prospero Fontana		History	Antwerp, Bologna 1619	54	
John of Bruges	Hubert Van Eyck	said to have invented Oil-Painting	His. Por.	Venlo in Guelders, Bruges 1470	—	Ghent, the Cathedral.
Albert Durer	Hupse Martin		10 His. Por.	Nuremberg 1528	57	In many Collections
10 Quintin Matsys called the Smith of Antwerp		Nature, high finishing	His. Por.	Antwerp 1529	69	Antwerp, the Cathedral; England, in Collections.
Lucas Jacob, called Luca d'Ollanda	Cornelius Engelbert		His. Por.	Leyden 1533	—	Leyden, Hotel de Ville; many Collections.
Peter Brueghel, called Old Brueghel	Peter Koëk			Brueghel near Breda 1570	60	
* John Holbien, called Hans Holbien		great Nature, extreme finishing	His. Por.	Basil, London 1444	46	Basil, Hotel de Ville; England in many Collections.
Roger Vandensyde	John Van Eyck		History	Bruges ——	—	Brussels, Hotel de Ville.
15 John Schorel	Jacob Cornil		15 History	Alcmaer, Utrecht 1562	67	
Matthias Cock			Landsc.	Antwerp 1465	65	
Martin Heemskirke	John Schorel		Droll figures	Heemskirke, Haerlem 1574	76	
Francois Floris, called Franc-Flore	Lambart de Liege		History	Antwerp 1570	50	

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Francesco Vecelli	Titian, his brother		Portraits	Venice ——	—	
Orazio Vecelli	Titian, his father		Por. His.	Venice 1579	66	
Nadalino di Murano	Titian		Portraits	Murano, Venice ——	—	
Damiano Mazza	Titian		His. Por.	Padua ——	—	
5 Girolamo di Titiano	Titian		5 His. Por.	Venice ——	—	
Paris Bordone	Titian		His. Por.	Venice 1538	75	
Andrea Schiavone	Titian		History	Sebenico, Venice 1582	60	
Alessandro Bonvincino Detto, Il Moretto	Titian, imitated Rafaëlle		History	Brescia 1564	50	
Girolamo Romanino	Titian		History	Brescia 1567	63	
Il Muttano	Titian. Tad. Zucchero		10 Landsc. Ports.	Brescia, Rome 1590	62	
10 Pirro Ligorio	Giulio Romano		Antique monuments & buildings	Naples, 1573	80	
Dom. Giulio Clovio	Giulio Romano	chaste and gentill colouring, somewhat of M. Ang. in the drawing	Miniature, History	Sclavonia, Rome 1578	80	Rome, Vatican Library; Florence, the Palace; Naples, King's Collection.
Il Bronzino, Angelo-Allori	Giacomo Pontormo		His. Por.	Florence 1580	69	
Alessandro Allori	Bronzino, his uncle		History	Florence 1607	72	
Giacomo Sementi	Dionigi Calvart		History	Florence 1625	45	
15 Marcello Venusto	Perin del Vaga		15 History	Mantua 1576	61	
Marco da Faënza			History	Faënza ——	—	
Girolamo da Sermonetta	Perin del Vaga		History	Sermonetta 1550	46	
Battista Naldino	Il Bronzino		History	Florence ——	—	
Nicolo del Pomerancio			History	Pomerancio 1626	74	
Jean Cousin		commonly upon glass	History	Soucy-prôche de Sens; Paris 1589	—	Vincennes, the Minims, Paris.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death-		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Michael Coxis	Van Orlay, Raffaëlle		History	Mechlin, Antwerp	1592	95	
	John Bol			Miniatu. Landsc.	Mechlin, Brussels	1593	59	
	Peter Porbus				Bruges	1583	73	
	Antony More	John Schorel		Por. His.	Utrecht	1575	56	
5	George Hoefnaghel			5 Views of Cities, Landsc.	Antwerp	1600	—	
	Camillo Procaccini	Ercole, his father; Prospero Fontana	a dark, strong, expressive manner	History	Bologna, Milan	1626	80	Milan; Genoa, the Annonciate St Maria Carignano.
	Giulio Cesare Procaccini	Ercole, his father; Prospero Fontana	a dark, strong expressive manner	History	Bologna, Milan	1626	78	Milan; Genoa, the Annonciate St Maria Carignano.
	Jude Indocus Van-Winghen	studied in Italy		History	Brussels, Germ.	1603	62	
	John Strada	studied in Italy		Battles, hunting	Bruges, Flor.	1604	68	
10	Bartholomew Sprangher			10 History	Antw. Vienna	1623	77	
	Michael John Miervelt	Ant. Blockland		Portraits	Delft	1641	73	
	* Paolo Cagliari, detto Paul Veronese	Antonio Badiglio	rich and noble composition; fine warm colouring	History Portraits	Verona, Venice	1588	58	Venice and almost every where.
	Carlo Cagliari	Paolo his father	imitated his manner	the same	Venice	1596	26	
	Benedetto Cagliari	the same	the same	the same	the same	1598	60	
15	Gabrielle Cagliari	the same	the same	15 the same	the same	1631	63	
	Battista Zelotti	Ant. Badiglio, worked with Paul Veronese		History chiefly in Fresco	Venice	1592	60	
	Giacomo da Ponte, detto Il Bassano	Francesco, his father, Bonifacio Venetiano, imitated Titian	much Nature, and fine colouring	Rustic Figures, Animals, Por. His.	Vicenza	1592	82	Venice, &c.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
Francesco Bassano	Giacomo, his father	imitated his manner, and copied his pictures	the same	Venice	1594	34	
Leandro Bassano	the same	the same	the same	Venice	1623	65	
Giambattista Bassano	the same	the same	the same	Venice	1613	60	
Girolamo Bassano	the same	the same	the same	Venice	1622	62	
* Giacomo Robusti, detto Il Tintoretto	Titian, in his drawing imitated Michael Angelo	the strepito and mossa of his pencil; variety and correctness of design; seldom finished	History Portraits	Venice	1594	82	Venice, and every where.
Marietto Tintoretto	Tintoret, her father		Portraits	Venice	1590	30	
Paul Franceschi	Tintoret		Landsc.		1596	56	
Martin de Vos	Tintoret		Landsc.	Germany	1604	84	
John Rothenamer	Tintoret	designed after his manner	History	Munich	1606	42	
Palo Farinato	Antonio Badiglio		History	Verona	1606	84	Verona.
Marco Vecelli	Titian, his uncle			Venice	1611	66	
Livio Agresti	Perin del Vago		History	Forli	1580	—	
Marco da Sienna	Dan. Volterra		History	Sienna	1567	57	
Giacomo Rocca	Dan. Volterra		History	Rome		—	
Frederico Barocci	studied Raffaëlle	fine gentill drawing	His. Por.	Urbino, Rome	1612	84	
Il Cavaliero Francesco Vanni	Fred Baroccio	correct design and agreeable colouring	History	Sienna, Rome	1615	51	Sienna ; Rome, St Peter's ; Genoa, Santa Maria in Carignano.
* Michael Angelo Amerigi, detto, Il Caravaggi	Cav. Apino	a strong and close imitation of Nature, but without choice: exquisite colouring	History humorous figures	Caravaggio in Lombardy, Rome	1609	40	Rome, Pal. Barberini ; several Collections.
* Lodovico Caracci	Prospero Fontano	exquisite design ; noble and proper	History	Bologna	1619	64	Modena, Pal. Ducale ; Bologna, S. Michel in Bosco,

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
		composition; strong and harmonious colouring				S. Giorgio, La Certosa, &c.
* Agostino Caracci	Ludovico, his cousin	similarly accomplished	His. Por. Landsc.	Bologna, Parma 1602	44	Parma, Villa Ducale; Bologna, Pal. Magnani, La Certosa.
* Annibale Caracci	Ludovico, his cousin	similarly accomplished	His. Por, Landsc.	Bologna, Rome 1609	49	Rome, Pal. Farnese, &c. Bologna, S. Giorgio, &c. several Collections.
Domenico Zampieri, detto, Il Domenichino	the Caracci	correct design, strong and moving expression	History Portraits	Bologna, Naples 1641	60	Rome, S. Girolamo della Carita, Santa Maria Trastavere, S. Andrea della Valle, S. Andrea in Monte Celio, Grotta Ferrata, Pal. Ludovisio; S. Peter's S. Carlo a Catinari, S. Silvestro, &c.
* Guido Reni	Dionigi Calvart, the Caracci	divine and graceful airs and attitudes, gay and lightsome colouring	History Portraits	Bologna 1642	68	Rome, Pal. Rospigliosi, Pal. Spada, Capucini, S. Andrea della Valla, &c. Bologna, Mendicanti, S. Domenico, S. Michel in Bosco; and in many Collections.
5 * Cav. Giov. Lanfranco	the Caracci	great force and *fulgore*, chiefly in fresco	5 History	Parma, Naples 1647	66	Rome, S. Andrea della Valle; Naples, S. Carlo de Catinari; La Capella del Tesoro.
*Francesco Albani	Dionigi Calvart, the the Caracci	gentill poetical fancy, beautiful airy colouring, his Nymphs	History	Bologna 1660	82	The Duke of Modena's and many other Cabinets.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
			and Boys are most admired						
	Lucio Massari	the Caracci			History	Bologna	1633	64	Bologna, S. Michel in Bosco.
	Sisto Badalocchio	Annibal Caracci			History	Parma	——	—	Rome, Pal. Verospi.
	Antonio Caracci	Annibal, his uncle			History	Bologna, Rome	1618	35	Rome, S. Bartolomeo nell Ifola.
	Giuseppe Pini, Detto, Cavalier Arpino	Raffaelle da Rheggio	the *furia* and force of his composition.		History	Arpino, Rome	1640	80	Rome, the Capitol, &c.
5	Il Paduano			5	Portraits	Padua	——	—	
	Il Cigoli	Andrea del Sarto			History	Florence	1613	54	
	Domenico Feti	Cigoli			History	Rome	1624	35	
	Cherubino Alberti				History	Rome	1615	63	
	Cavaliere Passignano	Frederic Zucchero			History	Florence	1638	80	Florence, the Dome.
10	Orazio Gentileschi	Aurelio Lomi		10	History	Pisa	1647	84	
	Filippo d'Angeli, detto, Il Napolitano				Landsc.	Rome, Naples	1640	40	
	Paul Brill	after Titian and Annibale			Landsc.	Antwerp, Rome	1626	72	Rome, Vatican, Pal. Borghese, many Collections.
	Mathew Brill		worked with Paul, his brother		Landsc.	Antwerp, Rome	1584	34	
	Pietro Paolo Gobbo				Fruit. Landsc.	Cortona	1640	60	
15	Il Viola	Annibale Caracci			Landsc.	Rome	1622	50	Rome, Vigna Montalta, Vigna Aldobrandina, Vigna pia.
	Roland Severi	imitated Paul Brill	much finishing, but dry	15	Landsc.	——	1639	63	
	Bartolomeo Manfredi	M. Ang. Caravaggio			History	Mantua	——	—	
	Carlo Saracino	imitated Caravaggio			History	Venice	1625	40	
	Il Valentino	M. Ang. Caravaggio			History	France	1632	32	

Names.	Studied under.	Excelled in.	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Giuseppe Ribera, detto, Lo Spagnuoletto	M. Ang Caravaggio	a dark strong manner; dismal and cruel subjects	History	Valencia 1656	67	Naples, &c. many Collections.
John Mompre	studied Nature		Landsc.	Antwerp ——	—	
Henry Cornelius Wroon, or Vroon	Corn. Henrickson		Sea-ports Ships	Haerlem, Rome ——	—	
Agostino Tassi	Paul Brill		Ships Tempests, Landscapes Fruit, Perspectives	Bologna ——	—	Genoa; Leghorn; on the outsides of houses.
5 Fra. Matteo Zaccoline			5 Perspec.	Rome 1630	40	Rome, St. Silvestro.
Antonio Tempesta	John Strada		Animals, Battles, Huntings	Florence 1630	75	Florence, &c.
Octavius Van Veen, called Otho Vænius			History	Leyden 1634	78	
Jean Le Clerc	Carlo Saracino		History	Nancy 1633	—	Nancy, Les Jesuits.
Simon Vouet	Laurent, his father		His. Por.	Paris; Paris 1641	59	Paris, in many Churches.
10 Peter Noefs	Henry Steinwick		Perspec.	Antwerp 1651	85	
Henry Stienwick	John De Vries		10 Buildings places illuminated by fire and candles.	Steinwick 1603	53	
Theodore Rombouts	Abraham Jansens		Low Life	Antwerp 1640	43	

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Gerard Segres	Abraham Jansens	imitated M. A. Caravaggio		Antwerp 1651	62	
Sir Peter Paul Rubens	Otho Vænius	admirable colouring; great magnificence & harmony of composition: a gay and lightsome manner	History Portraits Landscape	Antwerp 1641	63	Flanders, Holland, &c. Dusseldorp; the Elector Palatine's Collec France. Palais Luxemburgh, &c. England, Whitehall, &c. Genoa, St. Ambrosio, &c.
Sir Antony Vandyck	Rubens	his master's excellencies with more grace and correctness	Portraits History	Antwerp London 1641	42	Genoa, Pal. Durazzo, &c. Flanders, Holland, &c. France, Versailles, &c. England, the Pembroke and Walpole Collections, &c.
Rembrant		great knowledge and execution of the Clair-obscure; high finishing sometimes a very bold pencil and distinct colouring; vast nature	History Portraits Low Life	—— 1674	68	France, King's and Monsieur's Collections, &c. &c. Florence, the Palace, Amsterdam, &c.
5 Cornelius Polembourg	Abraham Bloemart		5 Miniatur. Landsc. with figures	Utrecht 1660	74	Many Cabinets
John Brueghel, called Velvet Brueghel	Old Brueghel, his father	extreme neatness and finishing	Little Landsc. with figures, animals & flowers	Brussels 1625	65	

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted.	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Moses, called the Little	Corn. Polembourg		Small Landsc. with figures	——	1650	—	
	F. Dan Legres	Young Brueghel		Flowers	Antwerp	1666	70	
	Gaspar Craes	Coxis			Brussels	1669	84	
5	Bartholomew Briemberg	studied at Rome		Landsc.	——	1660	40	
	John Asselyn, called Little John	Esaias Vander Velde		5 Landsc.	——	1660	50	
	Francis Snyders	painted with Rubens		Animals dead & alive	Antwerp	1657	78	
	Ert Veest			Sea-fights Tempests	Brussels	1670	—	
	Lewis Cousin				——	1670	—	
	Philip Wouvermans	John Wynants			Haerlem	1668	48	
10	Gerard Dow	Rembrandt		10 Little figures	Leyden	1474	61	
	Pietro Francesco Mola	Albani Cav. Arpino	strong painting	History	Como; Rome	1666	56	Rome, Monte Cavallo; Pal. Costaguti, &c.
	Giov. Battista Mola	Albani	the same	History Landsc.	——	——	—	
	Giacomo Cavedone	Ludov. Caracci		History	Bologna	1660	80	Bologna, St Michaeli in Bosco, &c.
	Agostino Metelli			Buildings Perspective	Bologna; Spain	1660	51	Bologna, &c.
15	Angelo Michale Colona	Ferrantino		15 Buildings History	Bologna	1687	87	Bologna, &c.
	Giov. Benedetto Castiglione, detto, Il Genoese	Paggi, Vandyke			Genoa	——	—	

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Pietro Testa	Domenichino	capricious and strange designs	History Whims.	Lucca 1650	39	
Matthew Platten, called Il Montagna	Asselyn		Sea pieces	Antw. Venice ——	—	
Francesco Barbieri, detto, Il Guercino da Cento	the Caracci	a medium between the Caracci and Caravaggio, he has two manners, one a dark and strong one; the other more gay and gracious	History	Cento nel Bolognese; Bologna 1667	76	Rome, Vigna, Ludovisia, St. Peter's; Grotto Ferrata
Pietro Berrettini, detto, Pietro da Cortona	Baccio Ciarpi	noble compositions bright and beautiful colouring	History	Cortona; Rome 1669	73	Rome, Pal. Barberini, Pal. Pamfili, Chiesa nuova, St. Peter's St. Agnes; Florence, Pal. Pitti, &c.
5 Antonino Barbalonga	Domenichino		5 History	Messina ——	—	Rome, St. Andreo della Valle Chiesa die Theatini, &c.
Andrea Camaceo	Domenichino		History	Bevagna; Rome 1657	55	Rome, St. Peter's St. Giov. in Laterano, Pal. Palastrina, &c.
Andrea Sacchi	Albani	a colouring more languid than Pietro Cortona, but extremely delicate and pleasing	History	Rome; Rome 1661	72	Rome, Pal. Barberini, &c. Chiesa, di St. Romualdo, St. Carlo di Catinari, &c.
Simone Cantarini	Guido		History	Pesaro; Bologna 1648	36	
Cav. Carlo Cignani	Albani	noble bold manner and bright colouring	History	Bologna; Bologna 1719	91	Bologna, Pal. Davia, Cer toso, &c.
10 Pietro Facini	Annibal Caracci		10 History	Bologna 1602	42	Bologna, &c.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in		Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged.	Principal Works are at
	Giov. Andrea Donducci detto, Il Masteletta	the Caracci			History	Bologna	1655	30	Bologna, &c.
	Alessandro Tiarini	Prospero Fontana			History	Bologna	1668	91	Bologna, &c.
	Leonello Spado	the Caracci			History	Bologna	1622	46	Bologna, &c.
	Giov. Andrea Sirani	Guido			History	Bologna	1670	60	Bologna, &c.
5	Elisabetta Sirani	Andrea, her father		5	His. Por.	Bologna	1664	26	Bologna, &c.
	Giacomo Sementi	Guido			History	Bologna	1665	45	Bologna, &c.
	Francesco Gessi	Guido	good imitation of his master		History	Bologna	——	—	Bologna, &c.
	Lorenzo Garbieri	Lud. Caracci			History	Bologna	1654	64	Bologna &c.
	G. Francesco Romanelli	Pietro Cortona			History	Viterbo; Rome	1662	45	France, &c. Rome, &c.
10	Diego Velasquez	Francesto Pacheco	great fire and force	10	Portraits	Spain	1660	66	Rome, Pal. Pamfili; France, Louvre.
	Alessandro Veronese	Felice Riccio	a weak but agreeable manner		History	Verona	1670	70	France, Versailles, &c.
	Mario de Fiori				Flowers	Rome	1656	—	
	Michelangelo del Campidoglio	Fioravante			Flowers & Fruits	Rome	1670	60	
	Salvator Rosa	Spagnuoletto and Daniel Falcone	savage and uncouth places; very great and noble style; stories that have something of horror or cruelty		Landscs. History	Naples; Rome	1673	59	Rome, Pal. Palavicini; Paris. the King's Collection, &c.
15	Il Cav. Calabrese	Guercino		15	History	Calabria	1688	86	Rome, St. Andrea della Valle, &c.
	Fer. amola Fiovarenti				Vases, Instruments, Carpets, & still life	Brescia	1512	—	

Names	Studied under	Excelled in	Painted	Country. Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Il Maltese			the same	——	—	
Claudee Gelee, called Claude Lorraine	Godfrey Wals; Agostino Tassi	rural & pleasing scenes with various accidents of nature, as gleams of sunshine, the rising moon, &c.	Landsc.	Toul; Rome 1682	82	Rome, Pal. Chigi, Altieri, Colonna; many Collections.
Nicholas Poussin	Quintin Varin	exquisite knowledge of the antique; fine expression; skilful & well chosen composition and design. Scenes of the country with ancient buildings and historical figures intermixed	History Landsc.	Andilly; Rome 1665	71	France, Versailles, Palais Royal, &c. Rome, Cav. Pozzo's Collection, and in many more elsewhere.
Gaspar du Ghet, called Gasp Poussin	Nicolas, his brother-in-law	a mixture of Nicolas and Claude Lorraine's style	Landsc.	Rome 1665	—	Rome; Paris, &c.
5 Eustache Le Seur	Simon Vouet	simplicity, dignity, & correctness of style, he is called the French Rafaelle	5 History	Paris 1655	38	Paris, the Chartreuse and Hotel in the Isle Notre Dame, &c.
Michelangelo delle Battaglie	Mozzo of Antwerp		Battles			
Jaques Stella	his father	upon marble frequently	His. Min.	Lyons; Paris 1647	51	Lyons; Paris, &c.
Carlo Maratti	Andrea Sacchi		History	Ancona; Rome 1713	88	Rome; many Churches and Palaces, &c.
Luca Giordano	Lo Spagnuoletto		History	Naples 1705	76	
10 Charles Le Brun	Simon Vouet; Nicolas Poussin		10 History	Paris 1690	71	Versailles.
Cav. Giacinto Brandi	Lanfranco		History	Poli; Rome 1713	90	Rome, &c.
Ciro Ferri	Pietro Cortona		History	Rome 1689	55	Rome, St. Agnes, Pal. Monte Cavallo, St. Ambrozio, &c. Florence, Pal. Pitti.

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